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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES,

EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

MY LORD,

VERY many favours and civilities (received from you in a private capacity) which I have no other way to acknowledge, will, I hope, excuſe this preſumption; but the juſtice I, as a *Spectator*, owe your character, places me above the want of an excuſe. Candour and openneſs of heart, which ſhine in all your words and actions, exact the higheſt eſteem from all who have the honour to know you; and a winning condeſcenſion to all ſubordinate to you, made buſineſs a pleaſure to thoſe who executed it under you, at the ſame time that it heightened her Majeſty's favour to all who had the happineſs of having it conveyed through your hands. A ſecretary of ſtate, in the intereſt of mankind, joined with that of his fellow-ſubjects, accompliſhed with a great facility and elegance in all the modern as well as

ancient languages, was a happy and proper member of a miniſtry, by whoſe ſervices your Sovereign and country are in ſo high and flouriſhing a condition, as makes all other princes and potentates powerful or inconſiderable in *Europe*, as they are friends or enemies to *Great Britain*. The importance of thoſe great events which happened during that adminiſtration, in which your Lordſhip bore ſo important a charge, will be acknowledged as long as time ſhall endure; I ſhall not therefore attempt to rehearſe thoſe illuſtrious paſſages, but give this application a more private and particular turn, in deſiring your Lordſhip would continue your favour and patronage to me, as you are a gentleman of the moſt polite literature, and perfectly accompliſhed in the knowledge of books and men, which makes it neceſſary to beſeech your indulgence to the following leaves, and the author of them: who is, with the greateſt truth and reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

obliged, obedient, and

humble Servant,

The SPECTATOR.

THE SPECTATOR.

No. 395. TUESDAY, JUNE 3, 1712.

——Quod nunc ratio eſt, impetus ante fuit.

OVID.

'Tis reaſon now, 'twas appetite before.

BEWARE *of the ides of* March, ſaid the *Roman* augur to *Julius Cæſar*: *Beware of the month of* May, ſays the *Britiſh Spectator* to his fair countrywomen. The caution of the firſt was unhappily neglected, and *Cæſar*'s confidence coſt him his life. I am apt to flatter myſelf, that my pretty readers had much more regard to the advice I gave them, ſince I have yet received very few accounts of any notorious trips made in the laſt month.

But, though I hope for the beſt, I ſhall not pronounce too poſitively on this point, till I have ſeen forty weeks well over, at which period of time, as my good friend Sir ROGER has often told me, he has more buſineſs, as a juſtice of peace, among the diſſolute young people in the country, than at any other ſeaſon of the year.

Neither muſt I forget a letter which I received near a fortnight ſince from a lady, who, it ſeems, could hold out no longer, telling me ſhe looked upon the month as then out, for that ſhe had all along reckoned by the new ſtyle.

On the other hand, I have great reaſon to believe, from ſeveral angry letters which have been ſent to me by diſappointed lovers, that my advice has been of very ſignal ſervice to the fair ſex, who, according to the old proverb, were *fore-warn'd fore-arm'd*.

One of theſe gentlemen tells me, that he would have given me an hundred pounds, rather than I ſhould have publiſhed that paper; for that his miſtreſs, who had promiſed to explain herſelf to him about the beginning of *May*, upon reading that diſcourſe, told him that *ſhe would give him her anſwer in* June.

Thyrſis acquaints me, that when he deſired *Sylvia* to take a walk in the fields, ſhe told him, *the* Spectator *had forbidden her*.

Another of my correſpondents, who writes himſelf *Mat Meager*, complains, that whereas he conſtantly uſed to breakfaſt with his miſtreſs upon chocolate, going to wait upon her the firſt of *May* he found his uſual treat very much changed for the worſe, and has been forced to feed ever ſince upon green tea.

As I begun this critical ſeaſon with a caveat to the ladies, I ſhall conclude it with a congratulation, and do moſt heartily wiſh them joy of their happy deliverance.

They may now reflect with pleaſure on the dangers they have eſcaped, and look back with as much ſatisfaction on the perils that threatened them, as their great-grandmothers did formerly on the burning plough-ſhares, after having paſſed through the ordeal trial. The inſtigations of the ſpring are now abated. The nightingale gives over her *love-labour'd ſong*, as *Milton* phraſes it; the bloſſoms are fallen, and the beds of flowers ſwept away by the ſcythe of the mower.

I ſhall

I shall now allow my fair readers to return to their romances and chocolate, provided they make use of them with moderation, till about the middle of the month, when the sun shall have made some progress in the *Crab*. Nothing is more dangerous than too much confidence and security. The *Trojans*, who stood upon their guard all the while the *Grecians* lay before their city, when they fancied the siege was raised, and the danger past, were, the very next night, burnt in their beds. I must also observe, that, as in some climates there is perpetual *Spring*, so in some female constitutions there is a perpetual *May*: these are a kind of *Valetudinarians* in chastity, whom I would continue in a constant diet. I cannot think these wholly out of danger, till they have looked upon the other sex at least five years through a pair of spectacles. WILL HONEYCOMB has often assured me, that it is much easier to steal one of the species, when she had passed her grand climacteric, than to carry off an *icy* girl, on this side five and twenty; and that a rake of his acquaintance, who had in vain endeavoured to gain the affections of a young lady of fifteen, had at last made his fortune by running away with her grandmother.

But, as I do not design this speculation for the *Ever-greens* of the sex, I shall again apply myself to those who would willingly listen to the dictates of reason and virtue, and can now hear me in cold blood. If there are any who have forfeited their innocence, they must now consider themselves under that melancholy view, in which *Chamont* regards his sister, in those beautiful lines;

——Long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye:
'Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,
Crop't this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it like a lothsome weed away.

On

On the contrary, ſhe who has obſerved the timely cautions I gave her, and lived up to the rules of modeſty, will now flouriſh like *a roſe in June*, with all her virgin bluſhes and ſweetneſs about her: I muſt, however, deſire theſe laſt to conſider, how ſhameful it would be for a general who has made a ſucceſsful campaign, to be ſurpriſed in his winter-quarters: it would be no leſs diſhonourable for a lady to loſe, in any other month of the year, what ſhe has been at the pains to preſerve in *May*.

There is no charm in the female ſex, that can ſupply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible, good-breeding degenerates into wantonneſs, and wit into impudence. It is obſerved, that all the virtues are repreſented, by both painters and ſtatuaries, under female ſhapes, but if any one of them has a more particular title to that ſex, it is modeſty. I ſhall leave it to the divines to guard them againſt the oppoſite vice, as they may be overpowered by temptations: it is ſufficient for me to have warned them againſt it, as they may be led aſtray by inſtinct.

I deſire this paper may be read with more than ordinary attention, at all tea-tables within the cities of London *and* Weſtminſter. X

No. 396. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4.

Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton.*

HAVING a great deal of buſineſs upon my hands at preſent, I ſhall beg the reader's leave to preſent him with a letter that I received about half a year ago from a gentleman of *Cambridge*, who ſtyles himſelf *Peter de Quir*. I have kept it by me ſome months, and though I did not know at firſt what to make of it, upon my reading it over very frequently, I have at laſt diſcovered ſeveral conceits in it: I would not, therefore, have my reader diſcouraged, if he does not take them at the firſt peruſal.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

From St. John's *College*, Cambridge, *Feb.* 3, 1712.

'SIR,

'The monopoly of puns in this univerſity has 'been an immemorial privilege of the *Johnians*; 'and we can't help reſenting the late invaſion of our 'ancient right as to that particular, by a little pre-'tender to clenching in a neighbouring college, who, 'in an application to you by way of letter, a while 'ago, ſtyled himſelf *Philobrune*. Dear Sir, as you 'are by character a profeſt well-wiſher to ſpecula-'tion, you will excuſe a remark which this gentle-'man's paſſion for the *Brunette* has ſuggeſted to a 'brother theoriſt: it is an offer towards a mechani-'cal account of his lapſe to punning, for he belongs 'to a ſet of mortals who value themſelves upon an

* A barbarous verſe, invented by the logicians.

'uncom

‘ uncommon maſtery in the more humane and polite
‘ parts of letters. A conqueſt by one of this ſpe-
‘ cies of females gives a very odd turn to the intel-
‘ lectuals of the captivated perſon, and very different
‘ from that way of thinking which a triumph from
‘ the eyes of another, more emphatically of the fair
‘ ſex, does generally occaſion. It fills the imagina-
‘ tion with an aſſemblage of ſuch ideas and pictures
‘ as are hardly any thing but ſhade, ſuch as night,
‘ the devil, *&c.* Theſe portraitures very near over-
‘ power the light of the underſtanding, almoſt be-
‘ night the faculties, and give that melancholy tinc-
‘ ture to the moſt ſanguine complexion which this
‘ gentleman calls an inclination to be in a brown-
‘ ſtudy, and is uſually attended with worſe conſe-
‘ quences, in caſe of a repulſe. During this twilight
‘ of intellects, the patient is extremely apt, as love
‘ is the moſt witty paſſion in nature, to offer at ſome
‘ pert ſallies now and then, by way of flouriſh, upon
‘ the amiable enchantreſs, and unfortunately ſtum-
‘ bles upon that mungrel miſcreated (to ſpeak in
‘ *Miltonic*) kind of wit, vulgarly termed the Pun.
‘ It would not be much amiſs to conſult Dr. *T*——
‘ *W*——, (who is certainly a very able projector, and
‘ whoſe ſyſtem of divinity, and ſpiritual mechanics,
‘ obtains very much among the better part of our
‘ under-graduates), whether a general inter-marriage,
‘ enjoined by parliament, between this ſiſterhood of
‘ the olive-beauties, and the fraternity of the people
‘ called Quakers, would not be a very ſerviceable ex-
‘ pedient, and abate that overflow of light which
‘ ſhines within them ſo powerfully, that it dazzles
‘ their eyes, and dances them into a thouſand vaga-
‘ ries of error and enthuſiaſm. Theſe reflections
‘ may impart ſome light towards a diſcovery of the
‘ origin of punning among us, and the foundation
‘ of its prevailing ſo long in this famous body. It
‘ is notorious, from the inſtance under conſideration,
‘ that it muſt be owing chiefly to the uſe of brown
‘ jugs,

'jugs, muddy belch, and the fumes of a certain 'memorable place of rendezvous with us at meals, 'known by the name of *Staincoat Hole*: for the at-'moſphere of the kitchen, like the tail of a comet, 'predominates leaſt about the fire, but reſides be-'hind, and fills the fragrant receptacle above-men-'tioned. Beſides, it is farther obſervable, that the 'delicate ſpirits among us, who declare againſt theſe 'nauſeous proceedings, ſip tea, and put up for cri-'tic and amour, profeſs likewiſe an equal abhorrence 'for punning, the ancient innocent diverſions of this 'ſociety. After all, Sir, though it may appear ſome-'thing abſurd, that I ſeem to approach you with the 'air of an advocate for punning, (you who have 'juſtified your cenſures of the practice in a ſet diſ-'ſertation upon that ſubject), yet, I'm confident, 'you'll think it abundantly atoned for by obſerving, 'that this humbler exerciſe may be as inſtrumental 'in diverting us from any innovating ſchemes and 'hypotheſis in wit, as dwelling upon honeſt ortho-'dox logic would be in ſecuring us from hereſy in 'religion. Had Mr. *W*——*n*'s reſearches been con-'fined within the bounds of *Ramus* or *Crackenthorp*, 'that learned news-monger might have acquieſced 'in what the holy oracles pronounced upon the de-'luge, like other Chriſtians; and had the ſurpriſing 'Mr. *L*——*y* been content with the employment of 'refining upon *Shakeſpear*'s points and quibbles, (for 'which he muſt be allowed to have a ſuperlative ge-'nius), and now and then penning a catch or a ditty, 'inſtead of inditing odes and ſonnets, the gentlemen 'of the *Bon Goût* in the pit would never have been 'put to all that grimace in damning the ſtrippery of 'ſtate, the poverty and languor of thought, the un-'natural wit, and inartificial ſtructure of his dra-'mas. I am, SIR,

'Your very humble ſervant,

'PETER DE QUIR.'

THURSDAY,

No. 397. THURSDAY, JUNE 5.

———*Dolor ipſe diſertum*
Fecerat——— OVID. Met. l. xiii. v. 225.

For grief inſpir'd me then with eloquence.
DRYDEN.

AS the *Stoic* philoſophers diſcard all paſſions in general, they will not allow a wiſe man ſo much as to pity the afflictions of another. If thou ſeeſt thy friend in trouble, ſays *Epictetus*, thou mayſt put on a look of ſorrow, and condole with him, but take care that thy ſorrow be not real. The more rigid of this ſect would not comply ſo far as to ſhew even ſuch an outward appearance of grief, but when one told them of any calamity that had befallen even the neareſt of their acquaintance, would immediately reply, what is that to me? If you aggravated the circumſtances of the affliction, and ſhewed how one misfortune was followed by another, the anſwer was ſtill, all this may be true, but what is it to me?

For my own part, I am of opinion, compaſſion does not only refine and civilize human nature, but has ſomething in it more pleaſing and agreeable than what can be met with in ſuch an indolent happineſs, ſuch an indifference to mankind as that in which the *Stoics* placed their wiſdom. As love is the moſt delightful paſſion, pity is nothing elſe but love ſoftened by a degree of ſorrow: in ſhort, it is a kind of pleaſing anguiſh, as well as generous ſympathy, that knits mankind together, and blends them in the ſame common lot.

Thoſe who have laid down rules for rhetoric or poetry, adviſe the writer to work himſelf up, if poſſible, to the pitch of ſorrow which he endeavours to produce in others. There are none, therefore,

who ſtir up pity ſo much as thoſe who indite their own ſufferings. Grief has a natural eloquence belonging to it, and breaks out in more moving ſentiments than can be ſupplied by the fineſt imagination. Nature on this occaſion dictates a thouſand paſſionate things which cannot be ſupplied by art.

It is for this reaſon that the ſhort ſpeeches or ſentences, which we often meet with in hiſtories, make a deeper impreſſion on the mind of the reader, than the moſt laboured ſtrokes in a well-written tragedy. Truth and matter of fact ſets the perſon actually before us in the one, whom faction places at a greater diſtance from us in the other. I do not remember to have ſeen any ancient or modern ſtory more affecting than a letter of *Ann* of *Boleyn*, wife to King *Henry* the Eighth, and mother to Queen *Eliſabeth*, which is ſtill extant in the *Cotton* library, as written by her own hand.

Shakeſpeare himſelf could not have made her talk in a ſtrain ſo ſuitable to her condition and character. One ſees in it the expoſtulations of a ſlighted lover, the reſentments of an injured woman, and the ſorrows of an impriſoned queen. I need not acquaint my reader, that this princeſs was then under proſecution for diſloyalty to the king's bed, and that ſhe was afterwards publicly beheaded upon the ſame account, though this proſecution was believed by many to proceed, as ſhe herſelf intimates, rather from the king's love to *Jane Seymour*, than from any actual crime of *Ann* of *Boleyn*.

Queen Ann Boleyn's *laſt Letter to King* Henry.

'SIR,

Cotton Lib. Otho. C. 10. 'Your Grace's diſpleaſure, and my impriſonment, are things ſo ſtrange unto 'me, as what to write, or what to excuſe, I am alto'gether ignorant. Whereas you ſend unto me (wil'ling me to confeſs a truth, and ſo obtain your fa-

'vour) by ſuch an one, whom you know to be mine 'ancient profeſſed enemy, I no ſooner received this 'meſſage by him, than I rightly conceived your 'meaning; and if, as you ſay, confeſſing a truth 'indeed may procure my ſafety, I ſhall with all 'willingneſs and duty perform your command.

'But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your 'poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a 'fault, where not ſo much as a thought thereof 'preceded. And, to ſpeak a truth, never prince 'had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true 'affection, than you have ever found in *Ann Boleyn*; 'with which name and place I could willingly have 'contented myſelf, if God and your Grace's plea-'ſure had been ſo pleaſed. Neither did I at any 'time ſo far forget myſelf in my exaltation or receiv-'ed queenſhip, but that I always looked for ſuch an 'alteration as I now find; for the ground of my pre-'ferment being on no ſurer foundation than your 'Grace's fancy, the leaſt alteration I knew was fit 'and ſufficient to draw that fancy to ſome other ob-'ject. You have choſen me from a low eſtate to be 'your queen and companion, far beyond my deſert 'or deſire. If then you found me worthy of ſuch 'honour, good your Grace, let not any light fancy, 'or bad counſel of mine enemies, withdraw your 'princely favour from me; neither let that ſtain, 'that unworthy ſtain, of a diſloyal heart towards your 'good Grace, ever caſt ſo foul a blot on your moſt 'dutiful wife, and the infant princeſs your daugh-'ter. Try me, good King, but let me have a law-'ful trial, and let not my ſworn enemies ſit as my 'accuſers and judges; yea, let me receive an open 'trial, for my truth ſhall fear no open ſhame; then 'ſhall you ſee either mine innocence cleared, your 'ſuſpicion and conſcience ſatisfied, the ignominy and 'ſlander of the world ſtopped, or my guilt openly 'declared. So that, whatſoever God or you may 'determine of me, your Grace may be freed from

'an

‘ an open cenſure, and mine offence being ſo law-
‘ fully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before
‘ God and man, not only to execute worthy puniſh-
‘ ment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow
‘ your affection, already ſettled on that party for
‘ whoſe ſake I am now as I am, whoſe name I could
‘ ſome good while ſince have pointed unto, your
‘ Grace being not ignorant of my ſuſpicion therein.

‘ But if you have already determined of me, and
‘ that not only my death, but an infamous ſlander
‘ muſt bring you the enjoying of your deſired hap-
‘ pineſs; then I deſire of God, that he will pardon
‘ your great ſin therein, and likewiſe mine enemies,
‘ the inſtruments thereof, and that he will not call
‘ you to a ſtrict account for your unprincely and
‘ cruel uſage of me, at his general judgment-ſeat,
‘ where both you and myſelf muſt ſhortly appear,
‘ and in whoſe judgment I doubt not (whatſoever
‘ the world may think of me) mine innocence ſhall
‘ be openly known, and ſufficiently cleared.

‘ My laſt and only requeſt ſhall be, that myſelf
‘ may only bear the burden of your Grace's diſplea-
‘ ſure, and that it may not touch the innocent ſouls
‘ of thoſe poor gentlemen, who (as I underſtand)
‘ are likewiſe in ſtrait impriſonment for my ſake.
‘ If ever I have found favour in your ſight, if ever
‘ the name of *Ann Boleyn* hath been pleaſing in your
‘ ears, then let me obtain this requeſt, and I will ſo
‘ leave to trouble your Grace any further, with mine
‘ earneſt prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace
‘ in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your
‘ actions. From my doleful priſon in the *Tower*,
‘ this ſixth of *May*.

‘ Your moſt loyal
‘ and ever faithful wife,
‘ ANN BOLEYN.

No. 398. FRIDAY, JUNE 6.

Inſanire pares certâ ratione modoque.
HOR. Sat. iii. lib. ii. ver. 271.

——————You'd be a fool
With art and wiſdom, and be mad by rule.
CREECH.

CYNTHIO and *Flavia* are perſons of diſtinction in this town, who have been lovers theſe ten months laſt paſt, and writ to each other for gallantry's ſake, under thoſe feigned names; Mr. Such-a-one and Mrs. Such-a-one not being capable of raiſing the ſoul out of the ordinary tracts and paſſages of life, up to that elevation which makes the life of the enamoured ſo much ſuperior to that of the reſt of the world. But, ever ſince the beauteous *Cecilia* has made ſuch a figure as ſhe now does in the circle of charming women, *Cynthio* has been ſecretly one of her adorers. *Latitia* has been the fineſt woman in town theſe three months, and ſo long *Cynthio* has acted the part of a lover very awkwardly in the preſence of *Flavia*. *Flavia* has been too blind towards him, and has too ſincere an heart of her own to obſerve a thouſand things, which would have diſcovered this change of mind to any one leſs engaged than ſhe was. *Cynthio* was muſing yeſterday in the piazza in *Covent-Garden*, and was ſaying to himſelf, that he was a very ill man to go on in viſiting and profeſſing love to *Flavia*, when his heart was enthralled to another. It is an infirmity that I am not conſtant to *Flavia*; but it would be ſtill a greater crime, ſince I cannot continue to love her, to profeſs that I do. To marry a woman with the coldneſs that uſually

uſually indeed comes on after marriage, is ruining one's ſelf with one's eyes open; beſides, it is really doing her an injury. This laſt conſideration, forſooth, of injuring her in perſiſting, made him reſolve to break off upon the firſt favourable opportunity of making her angry. When he was in this thought, he ſaw *Robin* the porter, who waits at *Will*'s coffee-houſe, paſſing by. *Robin*, you muſt know, is the beſt man in town for carrying a billet; the fellow has a thin body, ſwift ſtep, demure looks, ſufficient ſenſe, and knows the town. This man carried *Cynthio*'s firſt letter to *Flavia*, and, by frequent errands ever ſince, is well known to her. The fellow covers his knowledge of the nature of his meſſages with the moſt exquiſite low humour imaginable: the firſt he obliged *Flavia* to take, was by complaining to her that he had a wife and three children, and if ſhe did not take that letter, which he was ſure there was no harm in, but rather love, his family muſt go ſupperleſs to bed; for the gentleman would pay him according as he did his buſineſs. *Robin*, therefore, *Cynthio* now thought fit to make uſe of, and gave him orders to wait before *Flavia*'s door, and if ſhe called him to her, and aſked whether it was *Cynthio* who paſſed by, he ſhould at firſt be loth to own it was, but upon importunity confeſs it. There needed not much ſearch into that part of the town to find a well-dreſſed huſſy fit for the purpoſe *Cynthio* deſigned her. As ſoon as he believed *Robin* was poſted, he drove by *Flavia*'s lodgings in an hackney-coach, and a woman in it. *Robin* was at the door talking with *Flavia*'s maid, and *Cynthio* pulled up the glaſs as ſurpriſed, and hid his aſſociate. The report of this circumſtance ſoon flew up ſtairs, and *Robin* could not deny but the gentleman favoured his maſter; yet, if it was he, he was ſure the lady was but his couſin whom he had ſeen aſk for him; adding, that he believed ſhe was a poor relation, becauſe they made her wait one morning till he was awake. *Fla-*

via immediately wrote the following epiſtle, which *Robin* brought to *Will*'s.

'SIR, *June* 4. 1712.

'It is in vain to deny it, baſeſt, falſeſt of mankind; my maid, as well as the bearer, ſaw you.

'The injured FLAVIA.'

After *Cynthio* had read the letter, he aſked *Robin* how ſhe looked, and what ſhe ſaid at the delivery of it. *Robin* ſaid ſhe ſpoke ſhort to him, and called him back again, and had nothing to ſay to him, and bid him and all the men in the world go out of her ſight; but the maid followed, and bid him bring an anſwer.

Cynthio returned as follows;

'MADAM, *June* 4. *Three Afternoon*, 1712.

'That your maid and the bearer has ſeen me very often is very certain; but I deſire to know, being engaged at picquet, what your letter means by, *It is in vain to deny it*. I ſhall ſtay here all the evening.

'Your amazed CYNTHIO.'

As ſoon as *Robin* arrived with this, *Flavia* anſwered:

'DEAR CYNTHIO,

'I have walked a turn or two in my anti-chamber ſince I writ to you, and have recovered myſelf from an impertinent fit which you ought to forgive me, and deſire you would come to me immediately, to laugh off a jealouſy, that you and a creature of the town went by in a hackney-coach an hour ago.

'I am your moſt humble ſervant,

'FLAVIA.'

'I will not open the letter which my *Cynthio* writ, upon the miſapprehenſion you muſt have been under when you writ, for want of hearing the whole circumſtance.'

Robin

Robin came back in an inſtant, and *Cynthio* anſwered;

Half an hour, ſix minutes, after three,
June 4. Will's *coffee-houſe.*

'MADAM,

'It is certain I went by your lodging with a gentlewoman to whom I have the honour to be known, 'ſhe is indeed my relation, and a pretty ſort of a 'woman. But your ſtarting manner of writing, and 'owning you have not done me the honour ſo much 'as to open my letter, has in it ſomething very unaccountable, and alarms one who has had thoughts 'of paſſing his days with you. But I am born to 'admire you with all your little imperfections.

'CYNTHIO.'

Robin ran back, and brought for anſwer;

'Exact Sir, that are at *Will*'s coffee-houſe ſix minutes after three, *June* 4. one that has had thoughts, 'and all my little imperfections. Sir, come to me 'immediately, or I ſhall determine what may perhaps not be very pleaſing to you.

'FLAVIA.'

Robin gave an account that ſhe looked exceſſive angry when ſhe gave him the letter; and that he told her, (for ſhe aſked), that *Cynthio* only looked at the clock, taking ſnuff, and writ two or three words on the top of the letter when he gave him his.

Now the plot thickened ſo well, as that *Cynthio* ſaw he had not much more to accompliſh being irreconcileably baniſhed, he writ,

'MADAM,

'I have that prejudice in favour of all you do, 'that it is not poſſible for you to determine upon 'what will not be very pleaſing to

'Your obedient ſervant,

'CYNTHIO.'

This

This was delivered, and the answer returned in a little more than two seconds.

'SIR,

'Is it come to this? You never loved me; and 'the creature you were with is the properest person 'for your associate. I despise you, and hope I shall 'soon hate you, as a villain to

'The credulous FLAVIA.'

Robin ran back with,

'MADAM,

'Your credulity when you are to gain your point, 'and suspicion when you fear to lose it, make it a 'very hard part to behave as becomes

'Your humble slave,

'CYNTHIO.'

Robin whipt away, and returned with,

'Mr. WELFORD,

'*Flavia* and *Cynthio* are no more. I relieve you 'from the hard part of which you complain, and 'banish you from my sight for ever.

'ANN HEART.'

Robin had a crown for his afternoon's work; and this is published to admonish *Cecilia* to avenge the injury done to *Flavia*. T

No. 399. SATURDAY JUNE 7.

Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere!——

PERS. Sat. iv. ver. 23.

None, none descends into himself, to find
The secret imperfections of his mind. DRYDEN.

HYPOCRISY at the fashionable end of the town, is very different from hypocrisy in the city. The

The modish hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the shew of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours which he is not guilty of: the latter assumes a face of sanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a seeming religious deportment.

But there is another kind of hypocrisy, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the subject of this paper: I mean that hypocrisy, by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often imposes on himself; that hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or mistake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypocrisy and self-deceit which is taken notice of in those words, *Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.*

If the open professors of impiety deserve the utmost applications and endeavours of moral writers to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may those lay a claim to their care and compassion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a course of virtue! I shall endeavour, therefore, to lay down some rules for the discovery of those vices that lurk in the secret corners of the soul, and to shew my reader those methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himself. The usual means prescribed for this purpose, are to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in Sacred Writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that person who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing example, as well as the great guide and instructor, of those who receive his doctrines. Though these two heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them,

since

ſince they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propoſe the following methods to the conſideration of ſuch as would find out their ſecret faults, and make a true eſtimate of themſelves.

In the firſt place, let them conſider well what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us, as much as our own hearts. They either do not ſee our faults, or conceal them from us, or ſoften them by their repreſentations, after ſuch a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adverſary, on the contrary, makes a ſtricter ſearch into us, diſcovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers, and though his malice may ſet them in too ſtrong a light, it has generally ſome ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wiſe man ſhould give a juſt attention to both of them, ſo far as they may tend to the improvement of the one, and the diminution of the other. *Plutarch* has written an eſſay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies, and, among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, that, by the reproaches which it caſts upon us, we ſee the worſt ſide of ourſelves, and open our eyes to ſeveral blemiſhes and defects in our lives and converſations, which we ſhould not have obſerved without the help of ſuch ill-natured monitors.

In order likewiſe to come at a true knowledge of ourſelves, we ſhould conſider, on the other hand, how far we may deſerve the praiſes and approbations which the world beſtow upon us: whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really poſſeſſed of the virtues which gain us applauſe among thoſe with whom we converſe. Such a reflection

reflection is abſolutely neceſſary, if we conſider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourſelves by the opinions of others, and to ſacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we may not deceive ourſelves in a point of ſo much importance, we ſhould not lay too great a ſtreſs on any ſuppoſed virtues we poſſeſs that are of a doubtful nature: and ſuch we may eſteem all thoſe in which multitudes of men diſſent from us, who are as good and wiſe as ourſelves. We ſhould always act with great cautiouſneſs and circumſpection in points where it is not impoſſible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry, and perſecution, for any party or opinion, how praiſe-worthy ſoever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature; and yet how many perſons eminent for piety ſuffer ſuch monſtrous and abſurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues? For my own part, I muſt own I never yet knew any party ſo juſt and reaſonable, that a man could follow it in its height and violence, and at the ſame time be innocent.

We ſhould likewiſe be very apprehenſive of thoſe actions which proceed from natural conſtitution, favourite paſſions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly intereſt or advantage. In theſe and the like caſes, a man's judgment is eaſily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. Theſe are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thouſand errors and ſecret faults find admiſſion, without being obſerved or taken notice of. A wiſe man will ſuſpect thoſe actions to which he is directed by ſomething beſides reaſon, and always apprehend ſome concealed evil in every reſolution that is of a diſputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular

particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleaſure or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us than thus diligently to ſift our thoughts, and examine all theſe dark receſſes of the mind, if we would eſtabliſh our ſouls in ſuch a ſolid and ſubſtantial virtue as will turn to account in that great day, when it muſt ſtand the teſt of infinite wiſdom and juſtice.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay with obſerving, that the two kinds of hypocriſy I have here ſpoken of, namely that of deceiving the world, and that of impoſing on ourſelves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred thirty-ninth pſalm. The folly of the firſt kind of hypocriſy is there ſet forth by reflections on God's omniſcience and omnipreſence, which are celebrated in as noble ſtrains of poetry as any other I ever met with, either ſacred or profane. The other kind of hypocriſy, whereby a man deceives himſelf, is intimated in the two laſt verſes, where the pſalmiſt addreſſes himſelf to the great Searcher of hearts in that emphatical petition, *Try me, O God, and ſeek the ground of my heart: prove me, and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedneſs in me, and lead me in the way everlaſting.* L

No. 400. MONDAY, JUNE 9.

——— *Latet anguis in herba.* VIRG. Ecl. iii. ver. 93.

There's a ſnake in the graſs. [*Engliſh* Proverb.]

IT ſhould, methinks, preſerve modeſty and its intereſts in the world, that the tranſgreſſion of it always creates offence; and the very purpoſes of wantonneſs are defeated by a carriage which has in it ſo much boldneſs, as to intimate that fear and reluctance

reluctance are quite extinguished in an object which would be otherwise desirable. It was said of a wit of the last age,

Sidney has that prevailing gentle art,
Which can with a resistless charm impart
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart;
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,
Between declining virtue and desire,
That the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.

This prevailing gentle art was made up of complaisance, courtship, and artful conformity to the modesty of a woman's manners. Rusticity, broad expression, and forward obtrusion, offend those of education, and make the transgressors odious to all who have merit enough to attract regard. It is in this taste that the scenery is so beautifully ordered in the description which *Antony* makes, in the dialogue between him and *Dolabella*, of *Cleopatra* in her barge.

Her galley down the silver Cidnos *row'd:*
The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold:
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails;
Her nymphs, like nereids, round her couch were plac'd,
Where she, another sea-born Venus, *lay:*
She lay, and lean'd her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders hearts,
Neglecting she could take them. Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
That play'd about her face: but, if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
That men's desiring eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the object. To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and, while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought——

Here the imagination is warmed with all the objects preſented, and yet there is nothing that is luſcious, or what raiſes any idea more looſe than that of a beautiful woman ſet off to advantage. The like, or a more delicate and careful ſpirit of modeſty, appears in the following paſſage in one of Mr. *Philips*'s paſtorals.

Breathe ſoft, ye winds, ye waters gently flow,
Shield her, ye trees, ye flow'rs around her grow;
Ye ſwains, I beg you, paſs in ſilence by,
My love in yonder vale aſleep does lie.

Deſire is corrected when there is a tenderneſs or admiration expreſſed which partakes the paſſion. Licentious language has ſomething brutal in it, which diſgraces humanity, and leaves us in the condition of the ſavages in the field. But it may be aſked, to what good uſe can tend a diſcourſe of this kind at all? It is to alarm chaſte ears againſt ſuch as have what is above called the prevailing gentle art. Maſters of that talent are capable of clothing their thoughts in ſo ſoft a dreſs, and ſomething ſo diſtant from the ſecret purpoſe of their heart, that the imagination of the unguarded is touched with a fondneſs which grows too inſenſibly to be reſiſted. Much care and concern for the lady's welfare, to ſeem afraid leſt ſhe ſhould be annoyed by the very air which ſurrounds her, and this uttered rather with kind looks, and expreſſed by an interjection, an Ah, or an Oh, at ſome little hazard in moving or making a ſtep, than in any direct profeſſion of love, are the methods of ſkilful admirers: they are honeſt arts when their purpoſe is ſuch, but infamous when miſapplied. It is certain that many a young woman in this town has had her heart irrecoverably won, by men who have not made one advance which ties their admirers, though the females languiſh with the utmoſt anxiety. I have often, by way of admonition to my female

male readers, given them warning againſt agreeable company of the other ſex, except they are well acquainted with their characters. Women may diſguiſe it if they think fit, and the more to do it, they may be angry at me for ſaying it; but I ſay it is natural to them, that they have no manner of approbation of men, without ſome degree of love: for this reaſon he is dangerous to be entertained as a friend or viſitant, who is capable of gaining any eminent eſteem or obſervation, though it be ever ſo remote from pretenſions as a lover. If a man's heart has not the abhorrence of any treacherous deſign, he may eaſily improve approbation into kindneſs, and kindneſs into paſſion. There may poſſibly be no manner of love between them in the eyes of all their acquaintance; no, it is all friendſhip; and yet they may be as fond as ſhepherd and ſhepherdeſs in a paſtoral, but ſtill the nymph and the ſwain may be to each other no other, I warrant you, than *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*.

When Lucy *decks with flow'rs her ſwelling breaſt,*
And on her elbow leans, diſſembling reſt,
Unable to reſtrain my madding mind,
Nor ſheep nor paſture worth my care I find.

Once Delia *ſlept, on eaſy moſs reclin'd,*
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind:
I ſmooth'd her coats, and ſtole a ſilent kiſs:
Condemn me, ſhepherds, if I did amiſs.

Such good offices as theſe, and ſuch friendly thoughts and concerns for one another, are what make up the amity, as they call it, between man and woman.

It is the permiſſion of ſuch intercourſe, that makes a young woman come to the arms of her huſband, after the diſappointment of four or five paſſions which ſhe has ſucceſſively had for different

men, before she is prudentially given to him for whom she has neither love nor friendship. For what should a poor creature do that has lost all her friends? There's *Marinet* the agreeable has, to my knowledge, had a friendship for Lord *Welford*, which had like to have broke her heart; then she had so great a friendship for Colonel *Hardy*, that she could not endure any woman else should do any thing but rail at him. Many and fatal have been disasters between friends who have fallen out; and these resentments are more keen than ever those of other men can possibly be: but in this it happens unfortunately, that, as there ought to be nothing concealed from one friend to another, the friends of different sexes very often find fatal effects from their unanimity.

For my part, who study to pass life in as much innocence and tranquillity as I can, I shun the company of agreeable women as much as possible; and must confess that I have, though a tolerable good philosopher, but a low opinion of Platonic love: for which reason I thought it necessary to give my fair readers a caution against it, having, to my great concern, observed the waist of a Platonist lately swell to a roundness which is inconsistent with that philosophy.

T

TUESDAY,

No. 401. Tuesday, June 10.

In amore hæc omnia in ſunt vitia; injuriæ,
Suſpiciones, inimicitiæ, induciæ,
Bellum, pax rurſum———

Ter. Eun. Act. i. Sc. 1.

It is the capricious ſtate of love to be attended with reproaches, ſuſpicions, enmities, truces, quarrelling, reconcilement.

I Shall publiſh, for the entertainment of this day, an odd ſort of a packet, which I have juſt received from one of my female correſpondents.

'Mr. Spectator,

'Since you have often confeſſed that you are not 'diſpleaſed your papers ſhould ſometimes convey the 'complaints of diſtreſſed lovers to each other, I am 'in hopes you will favour one who gives you an un-'doubted inſtance of her reformation, and at the 'ſame time a convincing proof of the happy influ-'ence your labours have had over the moſt incorri-'gible part of the moſt incorrigible ſex. You muſt 'know, Sir, I am one of that ſpecies of women, 'whom you have often characterized under the name 'of *Jilts*, and that I ſend you theſe lines as well to 'do public penance for having ſo long continued in 'a known error, as to beg pardon of the party of-'fended. I the rather chuſe this way, becauſe it in 'ſome meaſure anſwers the terms on which he inti-'mated the breach between us might poſſibly be 'made up, as you will ſee by the letter he ſent me 'the next day after I had diſcarded him; which I 'thought fit to ſend you a copy of, that you might 'the better know the whole caſe.

'I muſt further acquaint you, that, before I jilt-

'ed him, there had been the greateſt intimacy be-
'tween us for a year and a half together, during all
'which time I cheriſhed his hopes, and indulged
'his flame. I leave you to gueſs after this what muſt
'be his ſurpriſe, when, upon his preſſing for my
'full conſent one day, I told him I wondered what
'could make him fancy he had ever any place in my
'affections. His own ſex allow him ſenſe, and all
'ours good-breeding. His perſon is ſuch as might,
'without vanity, make him believe himſelf not in-
'capable to be beloved. Our fortunes indeed, weigh-
'ed in the nice ſcale of intereſt, are not exactly
'equal, which, by the way, was the true cauſe of
'my jilting him, and I had the aſſurance to ac-
'quaint him with the following maxim, That I
'ſhould always believe that man's paſſion to be the
'moſt violent, who could offer me the largeſt ſettle-
'ment. I have ſince changed my opinion, and have
'endeavoured to let him know ſo much by ſeveral
'letters; but the barbarous man has refuſed them
'all: ſo that I have no way left of writing to him
'but by your aſſiſtance. If you can bring him about
'once more, I promiſe to ſend you all gloves and
'favours, and ſhall deſire the favour of Sir ROGER
'and yourſelf to ſtand as god-fathers to my firſt
'boy.

'I am, SIR,

'Your moſt obedient, moſt humble ſervant,

'AMORET.'

Philander *to* Amoret.

'MADAM,

'I am ſo ſurpriſed at the queſtion you were plea-
'ſed to aſk me yeſterday, that I am ſtill at a loſs
'what to ſay to it. At leaſt my anſwer would be
'too long to trouble you with, as it would come
'from a perſon, who, it ſeems, is ſo very indiffer-
'ent to you. Inſtead of it, I ſhall only recommend
'to your conſideration the opinion of one whoſe

'ſentiments

'sentiments on these matters I have often heard you 'say are extremely just. *A generous and constant 'passion*, says your favourite author, *in an agreeable 'lover, where there is not too great a disparity in 'their circumstances, is the greatest blessing that can 'befal a person beloved, and, if overlooked in one, 'may perhaps never be found in another.*

'I do not, however, at all despair of being very 'shortly much better beloved by you than *Antenor* 'is at present; since, whenever my fortune shall ex-'ceed his, you were pleased to intimate your passion 'would increase accordingly.

'The world has seen me shamefully lose that time 'to please a fickle woman, which might have been 'employed much more to my credit and advantage 'in other pursuits. I shall, therefore, take the li-'berty to acquaint you, however harsh it may sound 'in a lady's ears, that though your love-fit should 'happen to return, unless you could contrive a way 'to make your recantation as well known to the pub-'lic, as they are already apprised of the manner with 'which you have treated me, you shall never more 'see

PHILANDER.'

Amoret *to* Philander.

'SIR,

'Upon reflection, I find the injury I have done 'both to you and myself to be so great, that though 'the part I now act may appear contrary to that de-'corum usually observed by our sex, yet I purposely 'break through all rules, that my repentance may in 'some measure equal my crime. I assure you that, 'in my present hopes of recovering you, I look upon '*Antenor*'s estate with contempt. The fop was here 'yesterday in a gilt chariot and new liveries, but I 'refused to see him. Though I dread to meet your 'eyes, after what has passed, I flatter myself, that, 'amidst all their confusion, you will discover such a 'tenderness in mine, as none can imitate but those

'who

'who love. I shall be all this month at Lady *D*——'s 'in the country; but the woods, the fields, and 'gardens, without *Philander*, afford no pleasures to 'the unhappy.

'AMORET.'

'I must desire you, dear Mr. SPECTATOR, to 'publish this my letter to *Philander* as soon as possi-'ble, and to assure him that I know nothing at all 'of the death of his rich uncle in *Gloucestershire*.'

X

No. 402. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11.

——quæ
Spectator tradit sibi——

Hor. Ars. Poet. ver. 181.

By the Spectator given to himself.

WERE I to publish all the advertisements I receive from different hands, and persons of different circumstances and quality, the very mention of them, without reflections on the several subjects, would raise all the passions which can be felt by human minds. As instances of this, I shall give you two or three letters; the writers of which can have no recourse to any legal power for redress, and seem to have written rather to vent their sorrow, than to receive consolation.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young woman of beauty and quality, 'and suitably married to a gentleman who dotes on 'me. But this person of mine is the object of an

'unjust

'unjuſt paſſion in a nobleman who is very intimate 'with my huſband. This friendſhip gives him very 'eaſy acceſs, and frequent opportunities of enter- 'taining me apart. My heart is in the utmoſt an- 'guiſh, and my face is covered over with confuſion, 'when I impart to you another circumſtance, which 'is, that my mother, the moſt mercenary of all 'women, is gained by this falſe friend of my huſ- 'band to ſolicit me for him. I am frequently chid 'by the poor believing man my huſband, for ſhew- 'ing an impatience of his friend's company; and I 'am never alone with my mother, but ſhe tells me 'ſtories of the diſcretionary part of the world, and 'ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, who are guilty of as 'much as ſhe adviſes me to. She laughs at my 'aſtoniſhment, and ſeems to hint to me, that, as 'virtuous as ſhe had always appeared, I am not the 'daughter of her huſband. It is poſſible that print- 'ing this letter may relieve me from the unnatural 'importunity of my mother, and the perfidious 'courtſhip of my huſband's friend. I have an un- 'feigned love of virtue, and am reſolved to preſerve 'my innocence. The only way I can think of to 'avoid the fatal conſequences of the diſcovery of this 'matter, is to fly away for ever; which I muſt do 'to avoid my huſband's fatal reſentment againſt the 'man who attempts to abuſe him, and the ſhame of 'expoſing a parent to infamy. The perſons concern- 'ed will know theſe circumſtances relate to them; 'and, though the regard of virtue is dead in them, 'I have ſome hopes from their fear of ſhame, upon 'reading this in your paper; which I conjure you to 'do, if you have any compaſſion for injured virtue.

'SYLVIA.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am the huſband of a woman of merit, but am 'fallen in love, as they call it, with a lady of her 'acquaintance,

'acquaintance, who is going to be married to a 'gentleman who deſerves her. I am in a truſt re-'lating to this lady's fortune, which makes my con-'currence in this matter neceſſary; but I have ſo ir-'reſiſtible a rage and envy riſing in me when I conſi-'ſider his future happineſs, that, againſt all reaſon, 'equity, and common juſtice, I am ever playing 'mean tricks to ſuſpend the nuptials. I have no 'manner of hopes for myſelf: *Emilia*, for ſo I will 'call her, is a woman of the moſt ſtrict virtue; her 'lover is a gentleman who, of all others, I could 'wiſh my friend; but envy and jealouſy, though 'placed ſo unjuſtly, waſte my very being, and, with 'the torment and ſenſe of a demon, I am ever curſ-'ing what I cannot but approve. I wiſh it were the 'beginning of repentance, that I ſit down and de-'ſcribe my preſent diſpoſition with ſo helliſh an 'aſpect; but at preſent the deſtruction of theſe two 'excellent perſons would be more welcome to me 'than their happineſs. Mr. SPECTATOR, pray let 'me have a paper on theſe terrible groundleſs ſuf-'ferings, and do all you can to exorciſe crowds who 'are in ſome degree poſſeſſed as I am.

'CANIBAL.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have no other means but this to expreſs my 'thanks to one man, and my reſentment againſt 'another. My circumſtances are as follows. I have 'been for five years laſt paſt courted by a gentleman 'of greater fortune than I ought to expect, as the 'market for women goes. You muſt, to be ſure, 'have obſerved people who live in that ſort of way, 'as all their friends reckon it will be a match, and 'are marked out by all the world for each other. 'In this view we have been regarded for ſome time, 'and I have above theſe three years loved him ten-'derly. As he is very careful of his fortune, I

'always

'always thought he lived in a near manner to lay 'up what he thought was wanting in my fortune, 'to make up what he might expect in another. 'Within few months, I have obſerved his carriage 'very much altered, and he has affected a certain air 'of getting me alone, and talking with a mighty 'profuſion of paſſionate words, how I am not to be 'reſiſted longer, how irreſiſtible his wiſhes are, and 'the like. As long as I have been acquainted 'with him, I could not on ſuch occaſions ſay down-'right to him, You know you may make me yours 'when you pleaſe. But the other night he, with great 'frankneſs and impudence, explained to me, that he 'thought of me only as a miſtreſs. I anſwered 'this declaration as it deſerved; upon which he 'only doubled the terms on which he propoſed my 'yielding. When my anger heightened upon him, 'he told me he was ſorry he had made ſo little 'uſe of the unguarded hours we had been together ſo 'remote from company, as indeed, continued he, 'ſo we are at preſent. I flew from him to a neigh-'bouring gentlewoman's houſe, and, though her 'huſband was in the room, threw myſelf on a couch, 'and burſt into a paſſion of tears. My friend de-'ſired her huſband to leave the room. But, ſaid he, 'there is ſomething ſo extraordinary in this, that 'I will partake in the affliction; and be it what it 'will, ſhe is ſo much your friend, that ſhe knows 'you may command what ſervices I can do her. 'The man ſat down by me, and ſpoke ſo like a 'brother, that I told him my whole affliction. He 'ſpoke of the injury done me with ſo much indig-'nation, and animated me againſt the love, he ſaid 'he ſaw I had for the wretch who would have be-'trayed me, with ſo much reaſon and humanity to 'my weakneſs, that I doubt not of my perſeve-'rance. His wife and he are my comforters, and I 'am under no more reſtraint in their company, 'than if I were alone; and I doubt not but in a

'ſmall

'small time contempt and hatred will take place of 'the remains of affection to a raſcal.

'I am, SIR,

'Your affectionate reader,

'DORINDA.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I had the misfortune to be an uncle before I 'knew my nephews from my nieces, and now we 'are grown up to better acquaintance they deny me 'the reſpect they owe. One upbraids me with being 'their familiar, another will hardly be perſuaded that 'I am an uncle, a third calls me little uncle, and a 'fourth tells me there is no duty at all due to an un-'cle. I have a brother-in-law whoſe ſon will win all 'my affection, unleſs you ſhall think this worthy of 'your cognizance, and will be pleaſed to preſcribe 'ſome rules for our future reciprocal behaviour. It 'will be worthy the particularity of your genius to 'lay down rules for his conduct, who was as it were 'born an old man; in which you will much oblige,

'SIR,

'Your moſt obedient ſervant,

T 'CORNELIUS NEPOS.'

No. 403. THURSDAY, JUNE 12.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit———

HOR. Ars. Poet. ver. 142.

Who many towns, and change of manners ſaw.

ROSCOMMON.

WHEN I conſider this great city in its ſeveral quarters and diviſions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations, diſtinguiſhed from each other by their reſpective cuſtoms, manners, and intereſts. The courts of two countries do not

ſo

ſo much differ from one another, as the court and city in their peculiar ways of life and converſation. In ſhort, the inhabitants of St. *James*'s, notwithſtanding they live under the ſame laws, and ſpeak the ſame language, are a diſtinct people from thoſe of *Cheapſide*, who are likewiſe removed from thoſe of the *Temple* on the one ſide, and thoſe of *Smithfield* on the other ſide, by ſeveral climates and degrees in their way of thinking and converſing together.

For this reaſon, when any public affair is upon the anvil, I love to hear the reflections that ariſe upon it in the ſeveral diſtricts and pariſhes of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, and to ramble up and down a whole day together, in order to make myſelf acquainted with the opinions of my ingenious countrymen. By this means I know the faces of all the principal politicians within the bills of mortality; and as every coffee-houſe has ſome particular ſtateſman belonging to it, who is the mouth of the ſtreet where he lives, I always take care to place myſelf near him, in order to know his judgment on the preſent poſture of affairs. The laſt progreſs that I made with this intention, was about three months ago, when we had a current report of the King of *France*'s death. As I foreſaw this would produce a new face of things in *Europe*, and many curious ſpeculations in our *Britiſh* coffee-houſes, I was very deſirous to learn the thoughts of our moſt eminent politicians on that occaſion.

That I might begin as near the fountain-head as poſſible, I firſt of all called in at St. *James*'s, where I found the whole outward room in a buz of politics. The ſpeculations were but very indifferent towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the room, and were ſo very much improved by a knot of theoriſts, who ſat in the inner room, within the ſteams of the coffee-pot, that I there heard the whole *Spaniſh* monarchy diſpoſed of,

and all the line of *Bourbon* provided for in leſs than a quarter of an hour.

I afterwards called in at *Giles*'s, where I ſaw a board of *French* gentlemen ſitting upon the life and death of their *Grand Monarque*. Thoſe among them who had eſpouſed the Whig intereſt, very poſitively affirmed, that he departed this life about a week ſince, and therefore proceeded without any further delay to the releaſe of their friends in the gallies, and to their own re-eſtabliſhment; but finding they could not agree among themſelves, I proceeded on my intended progreſs.

Upon my arrival at *Jenny Man*'s I ſaw an *alerte* young fellow that cocked his hat upon a friend of his who entered juſt at the ſame time with myſelf, and accoſted him after the following manner. Well, *Jack*, the old prig is dead at laſt. Sharp's the word. Now or never, boy. Up to the walls of *Paris* directly. With ſeveral other deep reflections of the ſame nature.

I met with very little variation in the politics between *Charing-Croſs* and *Covent-Garden*. And upon my going into *Will*'s, I found their diſcourſe was gone off from the death of the *French* King to that of Monſieur *Boileau*, *Racine*, *Corneille*, and ſeveral other poets, whom they regretted upon this occaſion, as perſons who would have obliged the world with very noble elegies on the death of ſo great a Prince, and ſo eminent a patron of learning.

At a coffee-houſe near the *Temple*, I found a couple of young gentlemen engaged very ſmartly in a diſpute on the ſucceſſion to the *Spaniſh* monarchy. One of them ſeemed to have been retained as advocate for the Duke of *Anjou*, the other for his Imperial Majeſty. They were both for regulating the title to that kingdom by the ſtatute laws of *England*; but finding them going out of my depth, I paſſed forward to *Paul*'s church-yard, where I liſtened with great attention to a learned man who gave the company

pany an account of the deplorable ſtate of *France* during the minority of the *deceaſed* King.

I then turned on my right hand into *Fiſh-ſtreet*, where the chief politician of that quarter, upon hearing the news, (after having taken a pipe of tobacco, and ruminated for ſome time), if, ſays he, the King of *France* is certainly dead, we ſhall have plenty of mackarel this ſeaſon: our fiſhery will not be diſturbed by privateers, as it has been for theſe ten years paſt. He afterwards conſidered how the death of this great man would affect our pilchards, and by ſeveral other remarks infuſed a general joy into his whole audience.

I afterwards entered a bye coffee-houſe that ſtood at the upper end of a narrow lane, where I met with a Nonjurer, engaged very warmly with a Laceman, who was the great ſupport of a neighbouring conventicle. The matter in debate was, whether the *late French* King was moſt like *Auguſtus Cæſar*, or *Nero*. The controverſy was carried on with great heat on both ſides, and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the courſe of their debate, I was under ſome apprehenſion that they would appeal to me, and therefore laid down my penny at the bar, and made the beſt of my way to *Cheapſide*.

I here gazed upon the ſigns for ſome time before I found one to my purpoſe. The firſt object I met in the coffee-room was a perſon who expreſſed a great grief for the death of the *French* King; but upon his explaining himſelf, I found his ſorrows did did not ariſe from the loſs of the monarch, but for his having ſold out of the bank about three days before he heard the news of it. Upon which a haberdaſher, who was the oracle of the coffee-houſe, and had his circle of admirers about him, called ſeveral to witneſs that he had declared his opinion above a week before, that the *French* King was certainly dead; to which he added, that conſidering the late

advices we had received from *France*, it was impoſſible that it could be otherwiſe. As he was laying theſe together, and dictating to his hearers with great authority, there came in a gentleman from *Garraway's*, who told us that there were ſeveral letters from *France* juſt come in, with advice that the king was in good health, and was gone out a hunting the very morning the poſt came away: upon which the haberdaſher ſtole off his hat that hung upon a wooden peg by him, and retired to his ſhop with great confuſion. This intelligence put a ſtop to my travels, which I had proſecuted with ſo much ſatisfaction; not being a little pleaſed to hear ſo many different opinions upon ſo great an event, and to obſerve how naturally upon ſuch a piece of news every one is apt to conſider it with a regard to his particular intereſt and advantage. L.

No. 404. FRIDAY, JUNE 13.

——Non omnia poſſumus omnes.

VIRG. Ecl. viii. ver. 63.

With different talents form'd, we variouſly excel.

NATURE does nothing in vain: the Creator of the univerſe has appointed every thing to a certain uſe and purpoſe, and determined it to a ſettled courſe and ſphere of action, from which if it in the leaſt deviates, it becomes unfit to anſwer thoſe ends for which it was deſigned. In like manner it is in the diſpoſitions of ſociety, the civil economy is formed in a chain as well as the natural; and, in either caſe, the breach but of one link puts the whole in ſome diſorder. It is, I think, pretty

pretty plain, that moſt of the abſurdity and ridicule we meet with in the world is generally owing to the impertinent affectation of excelling in characters men are not fit for, and for which Nature never deſigned them.

Every man has one or more qualities which may make him uſeful both to himſelf and others: Nature never fails of pointing them out; and, while the infant continues under her guardianſhip, ſhe brings him on in his way, and then offers herſelf for a guide in what remains of the journey: if he proceeds in that courſe, he can hardly miſcarry. Nature makes good her engagements; for as ſhe never promiſes what ſhe is not able to perform, ſo ſhe never fails of performing what ſhe promiſes. But the misfortune is, men deſpiſe what they may be maſters of, and affect what they are not fit for; they reckon themſelves already poſſeſſed of what their genius inclined them to, and ſo bend all their ambition to excel in what is out of their reach. Thus they deſtroy the uſe of their natural talents, in the ſame manner as covetous men do their quiet and repoſe; they can enjoy no ſatisfaction in what they have, becauſe of the abſurd inclination they are poſſeſſed with for what they have not.

Cleanthes had good ſenſe, a great memory, and a conſtitution capable of the cloſeſt application. In a word, there was no profeſſion in which *Cleanthes* might not have made a very good figure: but this will not ſatisfy him, he takes up an unaccountable fondneſs for the character of a fine gentleman; all his thoughts are bent upon this: inſtead of attending a diſſection, frequenting the courts of juſtice, or ſtudying the fathers, *Cleanthes* reads plays, dances, dreſſes, and ſpends his time in drawing-rooms; inſtead of being a good lawyer, divine, or phyſician, *Cleanthes* is a downright coxcomb, and will remain to all that knew him a contemptible example of talents miſapplied. It is to this

affectation the world owes it whole race of coxcombs: Nature in her whole drama never drew ſuch a part; ſhe has ſometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making, by applying his talents otherwiſe than Nature deſigned, who ever bears a high reſentment for being put out of her courſe, and never fails of taking her revenge on thoſe that do ſo. Oppoſing her tendency in the application of a man's parts, has the ſame ſucceſs as declining from her courſe in the production of vegetables, by the aſſiſtance of art and an hot-bed: we may poſſibly extort an unwilling plant, or an untimely ſallad; but how weak, how taſteleſs and inſipid! Juſt as inſipid as the poetry of *Valerio*. *Valerio* had an univerſal character, was genteel, had learning, thought juſtly, ſpoke correctly; it was believed there was nothing in which *Valerio* did not excel; and it was ſo far true, that there was but one: *Valerio* hath no genius for poetry, yet he is reſolved to be a poet; he writes verſes, and takes great pains to convince the town, that *Valerio* is not that extraordinary perſon he was taken for.

If men would be content to graft upon Nature, and aſſiſt her operations, what mighty effects might we expect? *Tully* would not ſtand ſo much alone in oratory, *Virgil* in poetry, or *Caeſar* in war. To build upon Nature, is laying the foundation upon a rock; every thing diſpoſes itſelf into order as it were of courſe, and the whole work is half done as ſoon as undertaken. *Cicero*'s genius inclined him to oratory, *Virgil*'s to follow the train of the muſes; they piouſly obeyed the admonition, and were rewarded. Had *Virgil* attended the bar, his modeſt and ingenuous virtue would ſurely have made but a very indifferent figure; and *Tully*'s declamatory inclination would have been as uſeleſs in poetry. Nature, if left to herſelf, leads us on in the beſt courſe, but will do nothing

nothing by compulsion and constraint; and if we are not satisfied to go her way, we are always the greatest sufferers by it.

Wherever nature designs a production, she always disposes seeds proper for it, which are as absolutely necessary to the formation of any moral or intellectual excellence, as they are to the being and growth of plants; and I know not by what fate and folly it is, that men are taught not to reckon him equally absurd that will write verses in spite of nature, with that gardener that should undertake to raise a jonquil or tulip without the help of their respective seeds.

As there is no good or bad quality that does not affect both sexes, so it is not to be imagined but the fair sex must have suffered by an affectation of this nature, at least as much as the other: the ill effect of it is in none so conspicuous as in the two opposite characters of *Celia* and *Iras*: *Celia* has all the charms of person, together with an abundant sweetness of nature, but wants wit, and has a very ill voice; *Iras* is ugly and ungenteel, but has wit and good sense: if *Celia* would be silent, her beholders would adore her; if *Iras* would talk, her hearers would admire her; but *Celia*'s tongue runs incessantly, while *Iras* gives herself silent airs and soft languors; so that it is difficult to persuade one's self that *Celia* has beauty and *Iras* wit: each neglects her own excellence, and is ambitious of the other's character; *Iras* would be thought to have as much beauty as *Celia*, and *Celia* as much wit as *Iras*.

The great misfortune of this affectation is, that men not only lose a good quality, but also contract a bad one: they not only are unfit for what they were designed, but they assign themselves to what they are not fit for; and instead of making a very good figure one way, make a very ridiculous one another. If *Semanthe* would have been satisfied with

with her natural complexion, ſhe might ſtill have been celebrated by the name of the olive beauty; but *Semanthe* has taken up an affectation to white and red, and is now diſtinguiſhed by the character of the lady that paints ſo well. In a word, could the world be reformed to the obedience of that famed dictate, *Follow Nature*, which the oracle of *Delphos* pronounced to *Cicero*, when he conſulted what courſe of ſtudies he ſhould purſue, we would ſee almoſt every man as eminent in his proper ſphere as *Tully* was in his, and ſhould in a very ſhort time find impertinence and affectation baniſhed from among the women, and coxcombs and falſe characters from among the men. For my part, I could never conſider this prepoſterous repugnancy to nature any otherwiſe, than not only as the greateſt folly, but alſo one of the moſt heinous crimes, ſince it is a direct oppoſition to the diſpoſition of Providence, and, (as *Tully* expreſſes it), like the ſin of the giants, an actual rebellion againſt heaven. Z

No. 405. SATURDAY, JUNE 14.

Οἱ δὲ πανημέριοι μολπῇ θεὸν ἱλάσκοντο,
Καλὸν ἀείδοντες παιήονα κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
Μέλποντες· ἑκάεργον· ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετ' ἀκούων.
Hom. Iliad. i. v. 472.

With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends;
The Pæans lengthen'd till the ſun deſcends:
The *Greeks* reſtor'd the grateful notes prolong;
Apollo liſtens, and approves the ſong. Pope.

I Am very ſorry to find, by the opera bills for this day, that we are likely to loſe the greateſt performer in dramatic muſic that is now living, or that perhaps ever appeared upon a ſtage. I need not

not acquaint my reader, that I am ſpeaking of *Signior Nicolini*. The town is highly obliged to that excellent artiſt, for having ſhewn us the *Italian* muſic in its perfection, as well as for that generous approbation he lately gave to an opera of our own country, in which the compoſer endeavoured to do juſtice to the beauty of the words, by following that noble example which has been ſet him by the greateſt foreign maſters in that art.

I could heartily wiſh there was the ſame application and endeavours to cultivate and improve our church-muſic, as have been lately beſtowed on that of the ſtage. Our compoſers have one very great incitement to it: they are ſure to meet with excellent words, and at the ſame time, a wonderful variety of them. There is no paſſion that is not finely expreſſed in thoſe parts of the inſpired writings, which are proper for divine ſongs and anthems.

There is a certain coolneſs and indifference in the phraſes of our *European* languages, when they are compared with the oriental forms of ſpeech; and it happens very luckily, that the *Hebrew* idioms run into the *Engliſh* tongue with a particular grace and beauty. Our language has received innumerable elegancies and improvements from that infuſion of *Hebraiſms*, which are derived to it out of the poetical paſſages in Holy Writ. They give a force and energy to our expreſſions, warm and animate our language, and convey our thoughts in more ardent and intenſe phraſes, than any that are to be met with in our own tongue. There is ſomething ſo pathetic in this kind of diction, that it often ſets the mind in a flame, and makes our hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a prayer appear, that is compoſed in the moſt elegant and polite forms of ſpeech, which are natural to our tongue, when it is not heightened by that ſolemnity of phraſe which may be drawn from the

Sacred

Sacred Writings! It has been ſaid by ſome of the ancients, that if the gods were to talk with men, they would certainly ſpeak in *Plato*'s ſtyle; but I think we may ſay with juſtice, that when mortals converſe with their Creator, they cannot do it in ſo proper a ſtyle as in that of the Holy Scriptures.

If any one would judge of the beauties of poetry that are to be met with in the divine writings, and examine how kindly the *Hebrew* manners of ſpeech mix and incorporate with the *Engliſh* language; after having peruſed the book of Pſalms, let him read a literal tranſlation of *Horace* or *Pindar*. He will find in theſe two laſt ſuch an abſurdity and confuſion of ſtyle, with ſuch a comparative poverty of imagination, as will make him very ſenſible of what I have been here advancing.

Since we have therefore ſuch a treaſury of words, ſo beautiful in themſelves, and ſo proper for the airs of muſic, I cannot but wonder that perſons of diſtinction ſhould give ſo little attention and encouragement to that kind of muſic which would have its foundation in reaſon, and which would improve our virtue in proportion as it raiſed our delight. The paſſions that are excited by ordinary compoſitions, generally flow from ſuch ſilly and abſurd occaſions, that a man is aſhamed to reflect upon them ſeriouſly; but the fear, the love, the ſorrow, the indignation, that are awakened in the mind by hymns and anthems, make the heart better, and proceed from ſuch cauſes as are altogether reaſonable and praiſe-worthy. Pleaſure and duty go hand in hand, and the greater our ſatisfaction is, the greater is our religion.

Muſic among thoſe who are ſtyled the choſen people was a religious art. The Songs of *Sion*, which we have reaſon to believe were in high repute among the courts of the eaſtern monarchs, were nothing elſe but pſalms and pieces of poetry that adored or celebrated the Supreme Being. The greateſt

greateſt conqueror in this holy nation, after the manner of the old *Grecian* lyrics, did not only compoſe the words of his divine odes, but generally ſet them to muſic himſelf: after which his works, though they were conſecrated to the tabernacle, became the national entertainment, as well as the devotion of his people.

The firſt original of the drama was a religious worſhip, conſiſting only of a chorus, which was nothing elſe but a hymn to a deity. As luxury and voluptuouſneſs prevailed over innocence and religion, this form of worſhip degenerated into tragedies; in which, however, the chorus ſo far remembered its firſt office, as to brand every thing that was vicious, and recommend every thing that was laudable, to intercede with heaven for the innocent, and to implore its vengeance on the criminal.

Homer and *Heſiod* intimate to us how this art ſhould be applied, when they repreſent the Muſes as ſurrounding *Jupiter*, and warbling their hymns about his throne. I might ſhew from innumerable paſſages in ancient writers, not only that vocal and inſtrumental muſic were made uſe of in their religious worſhip, but that their moſt favourite diverſions were filled with ſongs and hymns to their reſpective deities. Had we frequent entertainments of this nature among us, they would not a little purify and exalt our paſſions, give our thoughts a proper turn, and cheriſh thoſe divine impulſes in the ſoul, which every one feels that has not ſtifled them by ſenſual and immoderate pleaſures.

Muſic, when thus applied, raiſes noble hints in the mind of the hearer, and fills it with great conceptions. It ſtrengthens devotion, and advances praiſe into rapture, it lengthens out every act of worſhip, and produces more laſting and permanent impreſſions in the mind, than thoſe which accompany any tranſient form of words that are uttered in the ordinary method of religious worſhip.

No. 406. Monday, June 16.

Hæc ſtudia adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis ſolatium et perfugium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur. Tull.

These ſtudies improve youth, delight old age, are the ornament of proſperity, and refuge of adverſity; pleaſe at home, are no incumbrance abroad, lodge with us, travel with us, and retire into the country with us.

THE following letters bear a pleaſing image of the joys and ſatisfactions of a private life. The firſt is from a gentleman to a friend, for whom he has a very great reſpect, and to whom he communicates the ſatisfaction he takes in retirement; the other is a letter to me, occaſioned by an ode written by my *Lapland* lover; this correſpondent is ſo kind as to tranſlate another of *Scheffer*'s ſongs in a very agreeable manner. I publiſh them together, that the young and old may find ſomething in the ſame paper, which may be ſuitable to their reſpective taſtes in ſolitude; for I know no fault in the deſcription of ardent deſires, provided they are honourable.

'Dear Sir,

'You have obliged me with a very kind letter; 'by which I find you ſhift the ſcene of your life 'from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixt 'ſtate which wiſe men both delight in, and are qua-'lified for. Methinks moſt of the philoſophers and 'moraliſts have run too much into extremes, in 'praiſing entirely either ſolitude or public life; in 'the former, men generally grow uſeleſs by too much

'reſt,

'reſt, and in the latter are deſtroyed by too much 'precipitation: as waters, lying ſtill, putrify and are 'good for nothing; and, running violently on, do 'but the more miſchief in their paſſage to others, 'and are ſwallowed up and loſt the ſooner them-'ſelves. Thoſe who, like you, can make themſelves 'uſeful to all ſtates, ſhould be like gentle ſtreams, 'that not only glide through lonely vales and fo-'reſts, amidſt the flocks and ſhepherds, but viſit po-'pulous towns in their courſe, and are at once of 'ornament and ſervice to them. But there is another 'ſort of people who ſeem deſigned for ſolitude, thoſe 'I mean who have more to hide than to ſhew: as 'for my own part, I am one of thoſe whom *Seneca* 'ſays, *Tam umbratiles ſunt, ut putent in turbido 'eſſe quicquid in luce eſt.* Some men, like pictures, 'are fitter for a corner than a full light; and I be-'lieve ſuch as have a natural bent to ſolitude, are 'like waters which may be forced into fountains, 'and exalted to a great height, may make a much 'nobler figure and a much louder noiſe, but after 'all run more ſmoothly, equally, and plentifully, in 'their own natural courſe upon the ground. The 'conſideration of this would make me very well con-'tented with the poſſeſſion only of that quiet which '*Cowley* calls the companion of obſcurity; but who-'ever has the Muſes too for his companions, can 'never be idle enough to be uneaſy. Thus, Sir, 'you ſee I would flatter myſelf into a good opinion 'of my own way of living: *Plutarch* juſt now told 'me, that it is in human life as in a game at tables; 'one may wiſh he had the higheſt caſt; but, if his 'chance be otherwiſe, he is even to play it as well 'as he can, and make the beſt of it.

'I am, SIR,

'Your moſt obliged,

'and moſt humble ſervant.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The town being so well pleased with the fine 'picture of artless love which Nature inspired the '*Laplander* to paint in the ode you lately printed; 'we were in hopes that the ingenious translator 'would have obliged it with the other also which '*Scheffer* has given us; but since he has not, a much 'inferior hand has ventured to send you this.

'It is a custom with the northern lovers to divert 'themselves with a song, whilst they journey through 'the fenny moors to pay a visit to their mistresses. 'This is addressed by the lover to his rain-deer, 'which is the creature that in that country supplies 'the want of horses. The circumstances which suc-'cessively present themselves to him in his way are, 'I believe you will think, naturally interwoven. The 'anxiety of absence, the gloominess of the roads, 'and his resolution of frequenting only those, since 'those only can carry him to the object of his de-'sires; the dissatisfaction he expresses even at the 'greatest swiftness with which he is carried, and his 'joyful surprise at an unexpected sight of his mi-'stress as she is bathing, seem beautifully described 'in the original.

'If all those pretty images of rural nature are lost 'in the imitation, yet possibly you may think fit to 'let this supply the place of a long letter, when want 'of leisure or indisposition for writing will not per-'mit our being entertained by your own hand. I 'propose such a time, because though it is natural 'to have a fondness for what one does one's self, 'yet I assure you I would not have any thing of mine 'displace a single line of yours.

Haste,

I.

Haſte, my rain-deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous journey through this dreary waſte;
Haſte, my rain-deer! ſtill, ſtill thou art too ſlow,
Impetuous love demands the lightning's haſte.

II.

Around us far the ruſhy moors are ſpread:
Soon will the ſun withdraw his cheerful ray:
Darkling and tir'd we ſhall the marſhes tread,
No lay unſung to cheat the tedious way.

III.

The wat'ry length of theſe unjoyous moors
Does all the flow'ry meadows pride excel:
Through theſe I fly to her my ſoul adores;
Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewel.

IV.

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
My breaſt is tortur'd with impatient fires:
Fly, my rain-deer, fly ſwifter than the wind,
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce deſires.

V.

Our pleaſing toil will then be ſoon o'erpaid,
And thou, in wonder loſt, ſhalt view my fair,
Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
Her artleſs charms, her bloom, her ſprightly air.

VI.

But lo! with graceful motion there ſhe ſwims,
Gently removing each ambitious wave;
The crowding waves tranſported claſp her limbs:
When, when, oh! when ſhall I ſuch freedoms have!

VII.

In vain, ye envious ſtreams, ſo faſt ye flow,
To hide her from a lover's ardent gaze:
From every touch ye more tranſparent grow,
And all reveal'd the beauteous wanton plays. T

No. 407. TUESDAY, JUNE 17.

———*Abeſt facundis gratia dictis.*
OVID. Met. l. xiii. ver. 127.

Eloquent words a graceful manner want.

MOST foreign writers who have given any character of the *Engliſh* nation, whatever vices they aſcribe to it, allow in general, that the people are naturally modeſt. It proceeds perhaps from this our national virtue, that our orators are obſerved to make uſe of leſs geſture or action than thoſe of other countries. Our preachers ſtand ſtock ſtill in the pulpit, and will not ſo much as move a finger to ſet off the beſt ſermons in the world. We meet with the ſame ſpeaking ſtatues at our bars, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow from us in a ſmooth continued ſtream, without thoſe ſtrainings of the voice, motions of the body, and majeſty of the hand, which are ſo much celebrated in the orators of *Greece* and *Rome*. We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in a diſcourſe which turns upon every thing that is dear to us. Though our zeal breaks out in the fineſt tropes and figures, it is not able to ſtir a limb about us. I have heard it obſerved more than once by thoſe who have ſeen *Italy*, that an untravelled *Engliſhman* cannot reliſh all the beauties of *Italian* pictures, becauſe the geſtures which are expreſſed in them are often ſuch as are peculiar to that country. One who has not ſeen an *Italian* in the pulpit, will not know what to make of that noble geſture in *Raphael*'s picture of St. *Paul* preaching at *Athens*, where the apoſtle is repreſented as lifting up both his arms, and pouring out the thunder of his rhetoric amidſt an audience of Pagan philoſophers.

It

It is certain that proper geſtures and vehement exertions of the voice cannot be too much ſtudied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment to what he utters, and enforce every thing he ſays, with weak hearers, better than the ſtrongeſt argument he can make uſe of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them, at the ſame time that they ſhew the ſpeaker is in earneſt, and affected himſelf with what he ſo paſſionately recommends to others. Violent geſture and vociferation naturally ſhake the hearts of the ignorant, and fill them with a kind of religious horror. Nothing is more frequent than to ſee women weep and tremble at the ſight of a moving preacher, though he is placed quite out of their hearing; as in *England* we very frequently ſee people lulled aſleep with ſolid and elaborate diſcourſes of piety, who would be warmed and tranſported out of themſelves by the bellowings and diſtortions of enthuſiaſm.

If nonſenſe, when accompanied with ſuch an emotion of voice and body, has ſuch an influence on mens minds, what might we not expect from many of thoſe admirable diſcourſes which are printed in our tongue, were they delivered with a becoming fervour, and with the moſt agreeable graces of voice and geſture?

We are told that the great *Latin* orator very much impaired his health by this *laterum contentio*, this vehemence of action, with which he uſed to deliver himſelf. The *Greek* orator was likewiſe ſo very famous for this particular in rhetoric, that one of his antagoniſts, whom he had baniſhed from *Athens*, reading over the oration which had procured his baniſhment, and ſeeing his friends admire it, could not forbear aſking them, if they were ſo much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more would they have been alarmed, had they heard him actually throwing out ſuch a ſtorm of eloquence?

How cold and dead a figure, in compariſon of theſe two great men, does an orator oſten make at the *Britiſh* bar, holding up his head with the moſt inſipid ſerenity, and ſtroaking the ſides of a long wig that reaches down to his middle? The truth of it is, there is often nothing more ridiculous than the geſtures of an *Engliſh* ſpeaker. You ſee ſome of them running their hands into their pockets as far as ever they can thruſt them, and others looking with great attention on a piece of paper that has nothing written in it; you may ſee many a ſmart rhetorician turning his hat in his hands, moulding it into ſeveral different cocks, examining ſometimes the lining of it, and ſometimes the button, during the whole courſe of his harangue. A deaf man would think he was cheapening a beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the fate of the *Britiſh* nation. I remember when I was a young man, and uſed to frequent *Weſtminſter-Hall*, there was a counſellor who never pleaded without a piece of pack-thread in his hand, which he uſed to twiſt about a thumb or a finger all the while he was ſpeaking: the wags of thoſe days uſed to call it the thread of his diſcourſe, for he was not able to utter a word without it. One of his clients, who was more merry than wiſe, ſtole it from him one day in the midſt of his pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he loſt his cauſe by his jeſt.

I have all along acknowledged myſelf to be a dumb man, and therefore may be thought a very improper perſon to give rules for oratory; but I believe every one will agree with me in this, that we ought either to lay aſide all kinds of geſture, (which ſeems to be very ſuitable to the genius of our nation), or at leaſt to make uſe of ſuch only as are graceful and expreſſive.

O

WEDNESDAY,

No. 408. Wednesday, June 18.

Decet affectus animi neque se nimium erigere, nec subjacere serviliter. Tull. de Finibus.

We should keep our passions from being exalted above measure, or servilely depressed.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I have always been a very great lover of your 'speculations, as well in regard to the subject, 'as to your manner of treating it. Human nature 'I always thought the most useful object of human 'reason, and to make the consideration of it pleasant 'and entertaining, I always thought the best employ-'ment of human wit: other parts of philosophy 'may perhaps make us wiser, but this not only an-'swers that end, but makes us better too. Hence 'it was that the oracle pronounced *Socrates* the wis-'est of all men living, because he judiciously made 'choice of human nature for the object of his 'thoughts; an inquiry into which as much exceeds 'all other learning, as it is of more consequence to 'adjust the true nature and measures of right and 'wrong, than to settle the distance of the planets, 'and compute the times of their circumvolutions.

'One good effect that will immediately arise from 'a near observation of human nature, is, that we 'shall cease to wonder at those actions which men 'are used to reckon wholly unaccountable; for as 'nothing is produced without a cause, so by ob-'serving the nature and course of the passions, we 'shall be able to trace every action from its first 'conception to its death. We shall no more admire 'at the proceedings of *Catiline* or *Tiberius*, when 'we know the one was actuated by a cruel jealousy, 'the other by a furious ambition; for the actions

'of

of men follow their paſſions as naturally as light does heat, or as any other effect flows from its cauſe; reaſon muſt be employed in adjuſting the paſſions, but they muſt ever remain the principles of action.

The ſtrange and abſurd variety that is ſo apparent in men's actions, ſhews plainly they can never proceed immediately from reaſon; ſo pure a fountain emits no ſuch troubled waters: they muſt neceſſarily ariſe from the paſſions, which are to the mind as the winds to a ſhip, they only can move it, and they too often deſtroy it; if fair and gentle, they guide it into the harbour; if contrary and furious, they overſet it in the waves: in the ſame manner is the mind aſſiſted or endangered by the paſſions; reaſon muſt then take the place of pilot, and can never fail of ſecuring her charge if ſhe be not wanting to herſelf; the ſtrength of the paſſions will never be accepted as an excuſe for complying with them; they were deſigned for ſubjection, and if a man ſuffers them to get the upper hand, he then betrays the liberty of his own ſoul.

As nature has framed the ſeveral ſpecies of beings, as it were in a chain, ſo man ſeems to be placed as the middle link between angels and brutes: hence he participates both of fleſh and ſpirit by an admirable tie, which in him occaſions perpetual war of paſſions; and as a man inclines to the angelic or brute part of his conſtitution, he is then denominated good or bad, virtuous or wicked; if love, mercy, and good-nature prevail, they ſpeak him of the angel; if hatred, cruelty, and envy predominate, they declare his kindred to the brute. Hence it was that ſome of the ancients imagined, that as men in this life inclined more to the angel or the brute, ſo after their death they ſhould tranſmigrate into the one or the other; and it would be no unpleaſant notion to conſider the

‘ the ſeveral ſpecies of brutes, into which we may
‘ imagine that tyrants, miſers, the proud, malicious,
‘ and ill-natured, might be changed.

‘ As a conſequence of this original, all paſſions
‘ are in all men, but appear not in all; conſtitution,
‘ education, cuſtom of the country, reaſon, and the
‘ like cauſes, may improve or abate the ſtrength of
‘ them, but ſtill the ſeeds remain, which are ever
‘ ready to ſprout forth upon the leaſt encouragement.
‘ I have heard a ſtory of a good religious man, who,
‘ having been bred with the milk of a goat, was very
‘ modeſt in public by a careful reflection he made on
‘ his actions, but he frequently had an hour in ſe-
‘ cret, wherein he had his friſks and capers; and, if
‘ we had an opportunity of examining the retirement
‘ of the ſtricteſt philoſophers, no doubt but we ſhould
‘ find perpetual returns of thoſe paſſions they ſo art-
‘ fully conceal from the public. I remember *Ma-*
‘ *chiavel* obſerves, that every ſtate ſhould entertain a
‘ perpetual jealouſy of its neighbours, that ſo it
‘ ſhould never be unprovided when an emergency
‘ happens; in like manner ſhould reaſon be perpe-
‘ tually on its guard againſt the paſſions, and ne-
‘ ver ſuffer them to carry on any deſign that may be
‘ deſtructive of its ſecurity; yet at the ſame time it
‘ muſt be careful, that it do not ſo far break their
‘ ſtrength as to render them contemptible, and con-
‘ ſequently itſelf unguarded.

‘ The underſtanding being of itſelf too ſlow and
‘ lazy to exert itſelf into action, it is neceſſary it
‘ ſhould be put in motion by the gentle gales of the
‘ paſſions, which may preſerve it from ſtagnating
‘ and corruption; for they are neceſſary to the health
‘ of the mind, as the circulation of the animal ſpirits
‘ is to the health of the body; they keep it in life,
‘ and ſtrength, and vigour; nor is it poſſible for the
‘ mind to perform its offices without their aſſiſtance:
‘ theſe motions are given us with our being; they
‘ are little ſpirits that are born and die with us; to

‘ ſome

'ſome they are mild, eaſy, and gentle, to others 'wayward and unruly, yet never too ſtrong for the 'reins of reaſon, and the guidance of judgment.

'We may generally obſerve a pretty nice propor-'tion between the ſtrength of reaſon and paſſion; 'the greateſt geniuſes have commonly the ſtrongeſt 'affections; as, on the other hand, the weaker un-'derſtandings have generally the weaker paſſions; 'and it is fit the fury of the courſers ſhould not be 'too great for the ſtrength of the charioteer. Young 'men, whoſe paſſions are not a little unruly, give 'ſmall hopes of their ever being conſiderable; the 'fire of youth will of courſe abate, and is a fault, if 'it be a fault, that mends every day; but ſurely, 'unleſs a man has fire in youth, he can hardly have 'warmth in old age. We muſt therefore be very 'cautious, leſt, while we think to regulate the paſ-'ſions, we ſhould quite extinguiſh them, which is 'putting out the light of the ſoul; for to be without 'paſſion, or to be hurried away with it, makes a man 'equally blind. The extraordinary ſeverity uſed in 'moſt of our ſchools, has this fatal effect; it breaks 'the ſpring of the mind, and moſt certainly deſtroys 'more good geniuſes than it can poſſibly improve. 'And ſurely it is a mighty miſtake, that the paſſions 'ſhould be ſo entirely ſubdued; for little irregula-'rities are ſometimes not only to be borne with, but 'to be cultivated too, ſince they are frequently at-'tended with the greateſt perfections. All great 'geniuſes have faults mixed with their virtues, and 'reſemble the flaming buſh, which has thorns a-'mongſt lights.

'Since therefore the paſſions are the principles 'of human actions, we muſt endeavour to manage 'them ſo as to retain their vigour, yet keep them 'under ſtrict command; we muſt govern them ra-'ther like free ſubjects than ſlaves, leſt, while we 'intend to make them obedient, they become ab-'ject, and unfit for thoſe great purpoſes to which

'they

'they were designed. For my part, I must confess 'I could never have any regard to that sect of philo-'sophers, who so much insisted upon an absolute 'indifference and vacancy from all passion; for it 'seems to me a thing very inconsistent, for a man 'to divest himself of humanity, in order to acquire 'tranquillity of mind, and to eradicate the very 'principles of action, because it is possible they may 'produce ill effects.

'I am, SIR,

'Your affectionate admirer,

'T. B.'

Z.

No. 409. THURSDAY, JUNE 19.

———*Musæo contingere cuncta lepore.*
LUCR. lib. i. ver. 933.

To grace each subject with enliv'ning wit.

GRATIAN very often recommends *the fine taste*, as the utmost perfection of an accomplished man. As this word arises very often in conversation, I shall endeavour to give some account of it, and to lay down rules how we may know whether we are possessed of it, and how we may acquire that fine taste of writing, which is so much talked of among the polite world.

Most languages make use of this metaphor, to express that faculty of the mind, which distinguishes all the most concealed faults, and nicest perfections in writing. We may be sure this metaphor would not have been so general in all tongues, had there not not been a very great conformity between that mental taste, which is the subject of this paper, and that sensitive

ſenſitive taſte, which gives us a reliſh of every different flavour that affects the palate. Accordingly we find, there are as many degrees of refinement in the intellectual faculty, as in the ſenſe, which is marked out by this common denomination.

I knew a perſon who poſſeſſed the one in ſo great a perfection, that, after having taſted ten different kinds of tea, he would diſtinguiſh, without ſeeing the colour of it, the particular ſort which was offered him; and not only ſo, but any two ſorts of them that were mixed together in an equal proportion; nay, he has carried the experiment ſo far, as, upon taſting the compoſition of three different ſorts, to name the parcels from whence the three ſeveral ingredients were taken. A man of a fine taſte in writing will diſcern, after the ſame manner, not only the general beauties and imperfections of an author, but diſcover the ſeveral ways of thinking and expreſſing himſelf, which diverſify him from all other authors, with the ſeveral foreign infuſions of thought and language, and the particular authors from whom they were borrowed.

After having thus far explained what is generally meant by a fine taſte in writing, and ſhewn the propriety of the metaphor which is uſed on this occaſion, I think I may define it to be *that faculty of the ſoul, which diſcerns the beauties of an author with pleaſure, and the imperfections with diſlike.* If a man would know whether he is poſſeſſed of this faculty, I would have him read over the celebrated works of antiquity, which have ſtood the teſt of ſo many different ages and countries, or thoſe works among the moderns which have the ſanction of the politer part of our contemporaries. If, upon the peruſal of ſuch writings, he does not find himſelf delighted in an extraordinary manner, or if, upon reading the admired paſſages in ſuch authors, he finds a coldneſs and indifference in his thoughts, he ought to conclude, not (as is too uſual among taſteleſs

readers) that the author wants thoſe perfections which have been admired in him, but that he himſelf wants the faculty of diſcovering them.

He ſhould, in the ſecond place, be very careful to obſerve, whether he taſtes the diſtinguiſhing perfections, or, if I may be allowed to call them ſo, the ſpecific qualities of the author whom he peruſes; whether he is particularly pleaſed with *Livy* for his manner of telling a ſtory; with *Salluſt*, for his entering into thoſe internal principles of action which ariſe from the characters and manners of the perſons he deſcribes; or with *Tacitus*, for his diſplaying thoſe outward motives of ſafety and intereſt, which give birth to the whole ſeries of tranſactions which he relates.

He may likewiſe conſider, how differently he is affected by the ſame thought, which preſents itſelf in a great writer, from what he is when he finds it delivered by a perſon of an ordinary genius: for there is as much difference in apprehending a thought clothed in *Cicero*'s language, and that of a common author, as in ſeeing an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the ſun.

It is very difficult to lay down rules for the acquirement of ſuch a taſte as that I am here ſpeaking of. The faculty muſt in ſome degree be born with us, and it very often happens, that thoſe who have other qualities in perfection are wholly void of this. One of the moſt eminent mathematicians of the age has aſſured me, that the greateſt pleaſure he took in reading *Virgil*, was in examining *Æneas* his voyage by the map; as I queſtion not but many a modern compiler of hiſtory would be delighted with little more in that divine author, than the bare matters of fact.

But, notwithſtanding this faculty muſt in ſome meaſure be born with us, there are ſeveral methods for cultivating and improving it, and without which it will be very uncertain, and of little uſe to the

perſon that poſſeſſes it. The moſt natural method for this purpoſe is to be converſant among the writings of the moſt polite authors. A man who has any reliſh for fine writing, either diſcovers new beauties, or receives ſtronger impreſſions from the maſterly ſtrokes of a great author every time he peruſes him; beſides that he naturally wears himſelf into the ſame manner of ſpeaking and thinking.

Converſation with men of a polite genius is another method for improving our natural taſte. It is impoſſible for a man of the greateſt parts to conſider any thing in its whole extent, and in all its variety of lights. Every man, beſides thoſe general obſervations which are to be made upon an author, forms ſeveral reflections that are peculiar to his own manner of thinking; ſo that converſation will naturally furniſh us with hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other men's parts and reflections as well as our own. This is the beſt reaſon I can give for the obſervation which ſeverals have made, that men of great genius in the ſame way of writing, ſeldom riſe up ſingly, but at certain periods of time appear together, and in a body; as they did at *Rome* in the reign of *Auguſtus*, and in *Greece* about the age of *Socrates*. I cannot think that *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Moliere*, *Boileau*, *La Fontaine*, *Bruyere*, *Boſſu*, or the *Daciers*, would have written ſo well as they have done, had they not been friends and contemporaries.

It is likewiſe neceſſary for a man who would form to himſelf a finiſhed taſte of good writing, to be well verſed in the works of the beſt *critics* both ancient and modern. I muſt confeſs that I could wiſh there were authors of this kind, who, beſide the mechanical rules which a man of very little taſte may diſcourſe upon, would enter into the very ſpirit and ſoul of fine writing, and ſhew us the ſeveral ſources of that pleaſure which riſes in the mind upon the peruſal of a noble work. Thus, although

though in poetry it be abſolutely neceſſary that the unities of time, place, and action, with other points of the ſame nature, ſhould be thoroughly explained and underſtood, there is ſtill ſomething more eſſential to the art, ſomething that elevates and aſtoniſhes the fancy, and gives a greatneſs of mind to the reader, which few of the critics beſides *Longinus* have conſidered.

Our general taſte in *England* is for epigram, turns of wit, and forced conceits, which have no manner of influence, either for the bettering or enlarging the mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greateſt writers, both among the ancients and moderns. I have endeavoured in ſeveral of my ſpeculations to baniſh this *Gothic* taſte, which has taken poſſeſſion among us. I entertained the town for a week together with an eſſay upon wit, in which I endeavoured to detect ſeveral of thoſe falſe kinds which have been admired in the different ages of the world, and at the ſame time to ſhew wherein the nature of true wit conſiſts. I afterwards gave an inſtance of the great force which lies in a natural ſimplicity of thought to affect the mind of the reader, from ſuch vulgar pieces as have little elſe beſides this ſingle qualification to recommend them. I have likewiſe examined the works of the greateſt poet which our nation or perhaps any other has produced, and particularized moſt of thoſe rational and manly beauties which give a value to that divine work. I ſhall next *Saturday* enter upon an eſſay *on the pleaſures of imagination*, which, though it ſhall conſider that ſubject at large, will perhaps ſuggeſt to the reader what it is that gives a beauty to many paſſages of the fineſt writers both in proſe and verſe. As an undertaking of this nature is entirely new, I queſtion not but it will be received with candour. O

No. 410. FRIDAY, JUNE 20.

——Dum foris ſunt, nihil videtur mundius,
Nec magis compoſitum quidquam, nec magis elegans:
Quæ, cum amatore ſuo cum cœnant, liguriunt.
Harum videre ingluviem, ſordes, inopiam,
Quam inhoneſtæ ſolæ ſint domi, atque avidæ cibi,
Quo pacto ex jure heſterno panem atrum vorent:
Noſſe omnia hæc, ſalus eſt adoleſcentulus.
TER. Eun. Act. 5. Sc. 4.

When they are abroad, nothing is ſo clean and nicely dreſſed; and, when at ſupper with a gallant, they do but piddle, and pick the choiceſt bits: but, to ſee their naſtineſs and poverty at home, their gluttony, and how they devour black cruſts dipped in yeſterday's broth, is a perfect antidote againſt wenching.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who diſguiſes his preſent decay by viſiting the wenches of the town only by way of humour, told us, that the laſt rainy night, he, with Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, was driven into the *Temple* Cloiſter, whither had eſcaped alſo a lady moſt exactly dreſſed from head to foot. WILL made no ſcruple to acquaint us, that ſhe ſaluted him very familiarly by his name, and, turning immediately to the knight, ſhe ſaid, ſhe ſuppoſed that was his good friend, Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY: upon which nothing leſs could follow than Sir ROGER's approach to ſalutation, with, Madam, the ſame at your ſervice. She was dreſſed in a black tabby mantua and petticoat, without ribbons; her linen ſtripped muſlin, and in the whole in an agreeable ſecond-mourning; decent dreſſes being often affected by the creatures of the town, at once conſulting cheapneſs and the pretenſions to modeſty. She went on with a familiar eaſy air, Your

Your friend, Mr. HONEYCOMB, is a little ſurpriſed to ſee a woman here alone and unattended; but I diſmiſſed my coach at the gate, and tripped it down to my counſel's chambers; for lawyer's fees take up too much of a ſmall diſputed jointure to admit any other expences but mere neceſſaries. Mr. HONEYCOMB begged they might have the honour of ſetting her down, for Sir ROGER's ſervant was gone to call a coach. In the interim the footman returned, with no coach to be had; and there appeared nothing to be done but truſting herſelf with Mr. HONEYCOMB and his friend, to wait at the tavern at the gate for a coach, or to be ſubjected to all the impertinence ſhe muſt meet with in that public place. Mr. HONEYCOMB, being a man of honour, determined the choice of the firſt, and Sir ROGER, as the better man, took the Lady by the hand, leading her through all the ſhower, covering her with his hat, and gallanting a familiar acquaintance through rows of young fellows, who winked at *Sukey* in the ſtate ſhe marched off, WILL HONEYCOMB bringing up the rear.

Much importunity prevailed upon the fair one to admit of a collation, where, after declaring ſhe had no ſtomach, and eaten a couple of chickens, devoured a truſs of ſallad, and drunk a full bottle to her ſhare, ſhe ſung the Old Man's Wiſh to Sir ROGER. The Knight left the room for ſome time after ſupper, and writ the following billet, which he conveyed to *Sukey*, and *Sukey* to her friend WILL HONEYCOMB. WILL has given it to Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, who read it laſt night to the club.

'MADAM,

'I am not ſo mere a country-gentleman, but I can 'gueſs at the law-buſineſs you had at the *Temple*. 'If you would go down to the country, and leave 'off all your vanities but your ſinging, let me know

'at my lodgings in *Bow-ſtreet, Covent-garden*, and 'you ſhall be encouraged by

'Your humble ſervant,

'ROGER DE COVERLEY.'

My good friend could not well ſtand the raillery which was riſing upon him; but, to put a ſtop to it, I delivered WILL HONEYCOMB the following letter, and deſired him to read it to the board.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Having ſeen a tranſlation of one of the chapters 'in the *Canticles* into *Engliſh* verſe inſerted among 'your late papers, I have ventured to ſend you the 'viith chapter of the *Proverbs* in a poetical dreſs. 'If you think it worthy appearing among your ſpe- 'culations, it will be a ſufficient reward for the 'trouble of

'Your conſtant reader,

'A. B.'

MY ſon, th' inſtruction that my words impart,
Grave on the living tablet of thy heart;
And all the wholeſome precepts that I give,
Obſerve with ſtricteſt reverence, and live.
Let all thy homage be to Wiſdom paid,
Seek her protection, and implore her aid;
That ſhe may keep thy ſoul from harm ſecure,
And turn thy footſteps from the harlot's door,
Who with curs'd charms lures the unwary in,
And ſooths with flattery their ſouls to ſin.
Once from my window, as I caſt mine eye
On thoſe that paſs'd in giddy numbers by,
A youth among the fooliſh youths I ſpy'd,
Who took not ſacred Wiſdom for his guide.
Juſt as the ſun withdrew his cooler light,
And ev'ning ſoft led on the ſhades of night,
He ſtole in covert twilight to his fate,
And paſs'd the corner near the harlot's gate:

Whe-

When, lo, a woman comes!——
Looſe her attire, and ſuch her glaring dreſs,
As aptly did the harlot's mind expreſs:
Subtle ſhe is, and practis'd in the arts
By which the wanton conquer heedleſs hearts:
Stubborn and loud ſhe is; ſhe hates her home,
Varying her place and form, ſhe loves to roam:
Now ſhe's within, now in the ſtreets does ſtray,
Now at each corner ſtands, and waits her prey.
The youth ſhe ſeiz'd; and laying now aſide
All modeſty, the female's juſteſt pride,
She ſaid, with an embrace, Here at my houſe
Peace-offerings are, this day I paid my vows,
I therefore came abroad to meet my dear,
And, lo, in happy hour, I find thee here.
My chamber I've adorn'd, and o'er my bed
Are cov'rings of the richeſt tap'ſtry ſpread,
With linen it is deck'd from Egypt *brought,*
And carvings by the curious artiſt wrought;
It wants no glad perfume Arabia *yields,*
In all her citron groves, and ſpicy fields;
Here all her ſtore of richeſt odours meets,
I'll lay thee in a wilderneſs of ſweets.
Whatever to the ſenſe can grateful be
I have collected there—I want but thee.
My huſband's gone a journey far away,
Much gold he took abroad, and long will ſtay;
He nam'd for his return a diſtant day.
Upon her tongue did ſuch ſmooth miſchief dwell,
And from her lips ſuch welcome flatt'ry fell,
Th' unguarded youth, in ſilken fetters ty'd,
Reſign'd his reaſon, and with eaſe comply'd.
Thus does the ox to his own ſlaughter go,
And thus is ſenſeleſs of th' impending blow:
Thus flies the ſimple bird into the ſnare,
That ſkilful fowlers for his life prepare.
But let my ſons attend.—Attend may they
Whom youthful vigour may to ſin betray;

Let

Let them falſe charmers fly, and guard their hearts
Againſt the wily wanton's pleaſing arts;
With care direct their ſteps, nor turn aſtray
To tread the paths of her deceitful way:
Leſt they too late of her fell pow'r complain,
And fall, where many mightier have been ſlain. T

No. 411. SATURDAY, JUNE 21.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita ſolo: juvat integros accedere fonties,
Atque haurire:—— LUCR. lib. 1. v. 925.

——Inſpir'd I trace the muſes ſeats,
Untrodden yet: 'tis ſweet to viſit firſt
Untouch'd and virgin ſtreams, and quench my thirſt.
CREECH.

OUR ſight is the moſt perfect and moſt delightful of all our ſenſes. It fills the mind with the largeſt variety of ideas, converſes with its objects at the greateſt diſtance, and continues the longeſt in action without being tired or ſatiated with its proper enjoyments. The ſenſe of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extenſion, ſhape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours; but at the ſame time it is very much ſtraitened and confined in its operations to the number, bulk, and diſtance, of its particular objects. Our ſight ſeems deſigned to ſupply all theſe defects, and may be conſidered as a more delicate and diffuſive kind of touch, that ſpreads itſelf over an infinite multitude of bodies, comprehends the largeſt figures, and brings into our reach ſome of the moſt remote parts of the univerſe.

It is this ſenſe which furniſhes the imagination with its ideas; ſo that by the pleaſures of the imagination

nation or fancy, (which I ſhall uſe promiſcuouſly), I here mean ſuch as ariſe from viſible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call up their ideas into our minds by paintings, ſtatues, deſcriptions, or any the like occaſion. We cannot indeed have a ſingle image in the fancy that did not make its firſt entrance through the ſight; but we have the power of retaining, altering, and compounding thoſe images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of picture and viſion that are moſt agreeable to the imagination: for by this faculty a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himſelf with ſcenes and landſcapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compaſs of nature.

There are few words in the *Engliſh* language which are employed in a more looſe and uncircumſcribed ſenſe than thoſe of the *Fancy* and the *Imagination*. I therefore thought it neceſſary to fix and determine the notion of theſe two words, as I intend to make uſe of them in the thread of my following ſpeculations, that the reader may conceive rightly what is the ſubject which I proceed upon. I muſt therefore deſire him to remember, that, by the pleaſures of the imagination, I mean only ſuch pleaſures as ariſe only from ſight, and that I divide theſe pleaſures into two kinds: my deſign being firſt of all to diſcourſe of thoſe primary pleaſures of the imagination, which entirely proceed from ſuch objects as are before our eyes; and, in the next place, to ſpeak of thoſe ſecondary pleaſures of the imagination which flow from the ideas of viſible objects, when the objects are not actually before the eye, but are called up into our memories, or formed into agreeable viſions of things that are either abſent or fictitious.

The pleaſures of the imagination, taken in their full extent, are not ſo groſs as thoſe of ſenſe, nor ſo refined

fined as thoſe of the underſtanding. The laſt are, indeed, more preferable, becauſe they are founded on ſome new knowledge or improvement in the mind of man; yet it muſt be confeſſed, that thoſe of the imagination are as great and as tranſporting as the other. A beautiful proſpect delights the ſoul, as much as a demonſtration; and a deſcription in *Homer* has charmed more readers than a chapter in *Ariſtotle*. Beſides, the pleaſures of the imagination have this advantage, above thoſe of the underſtanding, that they are more obvious, and more eaſy to be acquired. It is but opening the eye, and the ſcene enters. The colours paint themſelves on the fancy, with very little attention of thought or application of mind in the beholder. We are ſtruck, we know not how, with the ſymmetry of any thing we ſee, and immediately aſſent to the beauty of an object, without inquiring into the particular cauſes and occaſions of it.

A man of a polite imagination is led into a great many pleaſures, that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converſe with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a ſtatue. He meets with a ſecret refreſhment in a deſcription, and often feels a greater ſatisfaction in the proſpects of fields and meadows, than another does in the poſſeſſion. It gives him, indeed, a kind of property in every thing he ſees, and makes the moſt rude uncultivated parts of nature adminiſter to his pleaſures: ſo that he looks upon the world, as it were, in another light, and diſcovers in it a multitude of charms, that conceal themſelves from the generality of mankind.

There are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a reliſh of any pleaſures that are not criminal; every diverſion they take is at the expence of ſome one virtue or another, and their very firſt ſtep out of buſineſs is into

into vice or folly. A man ſhould endeavour, therefore, to make the ſphere of his innocent pleaſures as wide as poſſible, that he may retire into them with ſafety, and find in them ſuch a ſatisfaction as a wiſe man would not bluſh to take. Of this nature are thoſe of the imagination, which do not require ſuch a bent of thought as is neceſſary to our more ſerious employments, nor, at the ſame time, ſuffer the mind to ſink into that negligence and remiſſneſs, which are apt to accompany our more ſenſual delights, but, like a gentle exerciſe to the faculties, awaken them from ſloth and idleneſs, without putting them upon any labour or difficulty.

We might here add, that the pleaſures of the fancy are more conducive to health, than thoſe of the underſtanding, which are worked out by dint of thinking, and attended with too violent a labour of the brain. Delightful ſcenes, whether in nature, painting, or poetry, have a kindly influence on the body, as well as the mind, and not only ſerves to clear and brighten the imagination, but are able to diſperſe grief and melancholy, and to ſet the animal ſpirits in pleaſing and agreeable motions. For this reaſon Sir *Francis Bacon*, in his Eſſay upon health, has not thought it improper to preſcribe to his reader a poem or a proſpect, where he particularly diſſuades him from knotty and ſubtle diſquiſitions, and adviſes him to purſue ſtudies that fill the mind with ſplendid and illuſtrious objects, as hiſtories, fables, and contemplations of nature.

I have in this paper, by way of introduction, ſettled the notion of thoſe pleaſures of the imagination which are the ſubject of my preſent undertaking, and endeavoured, by ſeveral conſiderations, to recommend to my reader the purſuit of thoſe pleaſures. I ſhall, in my next paper, examine the

the ſeveral ſources from whence theſe pleaſures are derived O

No. 412. Monday, June 23.

— *) iviſum ſic breve fiet opus.*

Mart. Ep. 83. lib. 4.

The work, divided aptly, ſhorter grows.

I Shall firſt conſider thoſe pleaſures of the imagination, which ariſe from the actual view and ſurvey of outward objects: and theſe, I think, all proceed from the ſight of what is *great*, *uncommon*, or *beautiful*. There may, indeed, be ſomething ſo terrible or offenſive, that the horror or lothſomeneſs of an object may overbear the pleaſure which reſults from its *greatneſs*, *novelty*, or *beauty*; but ſtill there will be ſuch a mixture of delight in the very diſguſt it gives us, as any of theſe three qualifications are moſt conſpicuous and prevailing.

By *greatneſs*, I do not only mean the bulk of any ſingle object, but the largeneſs of a whole view, conſidered as one entire piece. Such are the proſpects of an open champaign country, a vaſt uncultivated deſert of huge heaps of mountains, high rocks and precipices, or a wide expanſe of waters, where we are not ſtruck with the novelty or beauty of the ſight, but with that rude kind of magnificence which appears in many of thoſe ſtupendous works of nature. Our imagination loves to be filled with an object, or to graſp at any thing that is too big for its capacity. We are flung into a pleaſing aſtoniſhment at ſuch unbounded views, and feel a delightful ſtillneſs and amazement in the ſoul at the apprehenſions of them. The mind of man naturally hates every thing that looks like a reſtraint

reſtraint upon it, and is apt to fancy itſelf under a ſort of confinement, when the ſight is pent up in a narrow compaſs, and ſhortened on every ſide by the neighbourhood of walls or mountains. On the contrary, a ſpacious horizon is an image of liberty, where the eye has room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the immenſity of its views, and to loſe itſelf amidſt the variety of objects that offer themſelves to its obſervation. Such wide and undetermined proſpects are as pleaſing to the fancy, as the ſpeculations of eternity or infinitude are to the underſtanding. But if there be a beauty or uncommonneſs joined with this grandeur, as in a troubled ocean, a heaven adorned with ſtars and meteors, or a ſpacious landſcape cut out into rivers, woods, rocks, and meadows, the pleaſure ſtill grows upon us, as it ariſes from more than a ſingle principle.

Every thing that is *new* or *uncommon* raiſes a pleaſure in the imagination, becauſe its fills the ſoul with an agreeable ſurpriſe, gratifies its curioſity, and gives it an idea of which it was not before poſſeſſed. We are indeed ſo often converſant with one ſet of objects, and tired out with ſo many repeated ſhows of the ſame things, that whatever is *new* or *uncommon* contributes a little to vary human life, and to divert our minds, for a while, with the ſtrangeneſs of its appearance: it ſerves us for a kind of refreſhment, and takes off from that ſatiety we are apt to complain of in our uſual and ordinary entertainments. It is this that beſtows charms on a monſter, and makes even the imperfections of nature pleaſe us. It is this that recommends variety, where the mind is every inſtant called off to ſomething new, and the attention not ſuffered to dwell too long, and waſte itſelf on any particular object. It is this, likewiſe, that improves what is great or beautiful, and makes it af-

ford the mind a double entertainment. Groves, fields, and meadows, are at any ſeaſon of the year pleaſant to look upon, but never ſo much as in the opening of the ſpring, when they are all new and freſh, with their firſt gloſs upon them, and not yet too much accuſtomed and familiar to the eye. For this reaſon there is nothing that more enlivens a proſpect than rivers, jetteaus, or falls of water, where the ſcene is perpetually ſhifting and entertaining the ſight every moment with ſomething that is new. We are quickly tired with looking upon hills and valleys, where every thing continues fixt and ſettled in the ſame place and poſture, but find our thoughts a little agitated and relieved at the ſight of ſuch objects as are ever in motion, and ſliding away from beneath the eye of the beholder.

But there is nothing that makes its way more directly to the ſoul than *beauty*, which immediately diffuſes a ſecret ſatisfaction and complacency through the imagination, and gives a finiſhing to any thing that is great or uncommon. The very firſt diſcovery of it ſtrikes the mind with an inward joy, and ſpreads a cheerfulneſs and delight through all its faculties. There is not perhaps any real beauty or deformity more in one piece of matter than another, becauſe we might have been ſo made, that whatſoever now appears lothſome to us, might have ſhewn itſelf agreeable; but we find by experience that there are ſeveral modifications of matter which the mind, without any previous conſideration, pronounces at the firſt ſight beautiful or deformed. Thus we ſee that every different ſpecies of ſenſible creatures has its different notions of beauty, and that each of them is moſt affected with the beauties of its own kind. This is no where more remarkable than in birds of the ſame ſhape and proportion, where we often ſee the male determined

ed in his courtſhip by the ſingle grain or tincture of a feather, and never diſcovering any charms but in the colour of its ſpecies.

Scit thalamo ſervare fidem, ſanctaſque veretur
Connubii leges: non illum in pectore candor
Sollicitat niveus: neque pravum accendit amorem
Splendida lanugo, vel honeſta in vertice criſta,
Purpureuſve nitor pennarum: aſt agmina late
Fœminea explorat cautas, maculaſque requirit
Cognatas, paribuſque interlita corpora guttis:
Ni faceret, pictis ſylvam circum undique monſtris
Confuſam aſpiceres vulgo, partuſque biformes,
Et genus ambiguum, et veneris monumenta nefandæ.
Hinc merula in nigro ſe oblectat nigra marito;
Hinc ſocium laſciva petit philomela canorum,
Agnoſcitque pares ſonitus: hinc noctua tetram
Canitiem alarum, et glaucos miratur ocellos.
Nempe ſibi ſemper conſtat, creſcitque quotannis
Lucida progenies, caſtos confeſſa parentes:
Dum virides inter ſaltus locoſque ſonoros
Vere novo exultat, plumaſque decora juventus
Explicat ad ſolem, patriiſque coloribus ardet.

The feather'd huſband, to his partner true,
Preſerves connubial rites inviolate.
With cold indiff'rence every charm he ſees,
The milky whiteneſs of the ſtately neck,
The ſhining down, proud creſt, and purple wings;
But cautious, with a ſearching eye, explores
The female tribes, his proper mate to find,
With kindred colours mark'd: did he not ſo,
The grove with painted monſters wou'd abound,
Th' ambiguous product of unnatural love.
The black-bird hence ſelects her ſooty ſpouſe;
The nightingale her muſical compeer,
Lur'd by the well-known voice: the bird of night,
mit with his duſky wings and greeniſh eyes,

Wooes his dun paramour. The beauteous race
Speak the chaſte loves of their progenitors;
When, by the ſpring invited, they exult
In woods and fields, and to the ſun unfold
Their plumes, that with paternal colours glow.

There is a ſecond kind of *beauty* that we find in the ſeveral products of art and nature, which does not work in the imagination with that warmth and violence as the beauty that appears in our proper ſpecies, but is apt, however, to raiſe in us a ſecret delight, and a kind of fondneſs for the places or objects in which we diſcover it. This conſiſts either in the gaiety or variety of colours, in the ſymmetry and proportion of parts, in the arrangement and diſpoſition of bodies, or in a juſt mixture and concurrence of all together. Among theſe ſeveral kinds of beauty, the eye takes moſt delight in colours. We no where meet with a more glorious or pleaſing ſhow in nature, than what appears in the heavens at the riſing and ſetting of the ſun, which is wholly made up of thoſe different ſtains of light that ſhew themſelves in clouds of a different ſituation. For this reaſon we find the poets, who are always addreſſing themſelves to the imagination, borrowing more of their epithets from colours than from any other topic.

As the fancy delights in every thing that is great, ſtrange, or beautiful, and is ſtill more pleaſed the more it finds of theſe perfections in the ſame object, ſo it is capable of receiving a new ſatisfaction by the aſſiſtance of another ſenſe. Thus any continued ſound, as the muſic of birds, or a fall of water, awakens every moment the mind of the beholder, and makes him more attentive to the ſeveral beauties of the place that lie before him. Thus, if there ariſes a fragrancy of ſmells or perfumes, they heighten the pleaſures of the imagination, and make

make even the colours and verdure of the landſcape appear more agreeable; for the ideas of both ſenſes recommend each other, and are pleaſanter together, than when they enter the mind ſeparately; as the different colours of a picture, when they are well diſpoſed, ſet off one another, and receive an additional beauty from the advantage of their ſituation. O

No. 413. TUESDAY, JUNE 24.

——Cauſa latet, vis eſt notiſſima——
OVID. Met. l. iv. ver. 207.

The cauſe is ſecret, but th' effect is known.
ADDISON.

THOUGH, in yeſterday's paper, we conſidered how every thing that is *great*, *new*, or *beautiful*, is apt to affect the imagination with pleaſure, we muſt own that it is impoſſible for us to aſſign the neceſſary cauſe of this pleaſure, becauſe we know neither the nature of an idea, nor the ſubſtance of a human ſoul, which might help us to diſcover the conformity or diſagreeableneſs of the one to the other; and therefore, for want of ſuch a light, all that we can do in ſpeculations of this kind, is to reflect on thoſe operations of the ſoul that are moſt agreeable, and to range, under their proper heads, what is pleaſing or diſpleaſing to the mind, without being able to trace out the ſeveral neceſſary and efficient cauſes, from whence the pleaſure or diſpleaſure ariſes.

Final cauſes lie more bare and open to our obſervation, as there are often a greater variety that belong to the ſame effect; and theſe, though they are not

not altogether so satisfactory, are generally more useful than the other, as they give us greater occasion of admiring the goodness and wisdom of the first contriver.

One of the final causes of our delight in any thing that is *great*, may be this. The Supreme Author of our being has so formed the soul of man, that nothing but himself can be its last, adequate, and proper happiness. Because, therefore, a great part of our happiness must arise from the contemplation of his being, that he might give our souls a just relish of such a contemplation, he has made them naturally delight in the apprehension of what is great or unlimited. Our admiration, which is a very pleasing motion of the mind, immediately rises at the consideration of any object that takes up a great deal of room in the fancy, and, by consequence, will improve into the highest pitch of astonishment and devotion when we contemplate his nature, that is neither circumscribed by time nor place, nor to be comprehended by the largest capacity of a created being.

He has annexed a secret pleasure to the idea of any thing that is *new* or *uncommon*, that he might encourage us in the pursuit after knowledge, and engage us to search into the wonders of his creation; for every new idea brings such a pleasure along with it, as rewards any pains we have taken in its acquisition, and consequently serves as a motive to put us upon fresh discoveries.

He has made every thing that is *beautiful in our own species* pleasant, that all creatures might be tempted to multiply their kind, and fill the world with inhabitants; for it is very remarkable, that where-ever Nature is crossed in the production of a monster, (the result of any unnatural mixture), the breed is incapable of propagating its likeness, and of founding a new order of creatures; so that, unless all animals

animals were allured by the beauty of their own species, generation would be at an end, and the earth unpeopled.

In the laſt place, he has made every thing that is beautiful in all other objects pleaſant, or rather has made ſo many objects appear beautiful, that he might render the whole creation more gay and delightful. He has given almoſt every thing about us the power of raiſing an agreeable idea in the imagination: ſo that it is impoſſible for us to behold his works with coldneſs or indifference, and to ſurvey ſo many beauties without a ſecret ſatisfaction and complacency. Things would make but a poor appearance to the eye, if we ſaw them only in their proper figures and motions: and what reaſon can we aſſign for their exciting in us many of thoſe ideas which are different from any thing that exiſts in the objects themſelves, (for ſuch are light and colours), were it not to add ſupernumerary ornaments to the univerſe, and make it more agreeable to the imagination? We are every where entertained with pleaſing ſhows and apparitions; we diſcover imaginary glories in the heavens, and in the earth; and ſee ſome of this viſionary beauty poured out upon the whole creation: but what a rough unſightly ſketch of nature ſhould we be entertained with, did all her colouring diſappear, and the ſeveral diſtinctions of light and ſhade vaniſh? In ſhort, our ſouls are at preſent delightfully loſt and bewildered in a pleaſing deluſion, and we walk about like the enchanted hero in a romance, who ſees beautiful caſtles, woods, and meadows; and at the ſame time hears the warbling of birds, and the purling of ſtreams; but, upon the finiſhing of ſome ſecret ſpell, the fantaſtic ſcene breaks up, and the diſconſolate knight finds himſelf on a barren heath, or in a ſolitary deſert. It is not improbable, that ſomething like this may be the ſtate of the ſoul after

ter its firſt ſeparation, in reſpect of the images it will receive from matter, though indeed the ideas of colours are ſo pleaſing and beautiful in the imagination, that it is poſſible the ſoul will not be deprived of them, but perhaps find them excited by ſome other occaſional cauſe, as they are at preſent by the different impreſſions of the ſubtle matter on the organ of ſight.

I have here ſuppoſed that my reader is acquainted with that great modern diſcovery, which is at preſent univerſally acknowledged by all the inquirers into natural philoſophy: namely, that light and colours, as apprehended by the imagination, are only ideas in the mind, and not qualities that have any exiſtence in matter. As this is a truth that has been proved inconteſtibly by many modern philoſophers, and is indeed one of the fineſt ſpeculations in that ſcience, if the *Engliſh* reader would ſee the notion explained at large, he may find it in the eighth chapter of the ſecond book of Mr. *Locke*'s Eſſay on Human Underſtanding. O

No. 414. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25.

———*Alterius ſic*
Altera poſcit opem res, et conjurat amice.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 411.

But mutually they need each other's help.
ROSCOMMON.

IF we conſider the works of *Nature* and *Art*, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we ſhall find the laſt very defective, in compariſon of the former; for though they may ſometimes appear as beautiful or ſtrange, they can have nothing in them of that vaſtneſs and immenſity, which afford ſo great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder.

beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never ſhew herſelf ſo auguſt and magnificent in the deſign. There is ſomething more bold and maſterly in the rough careleſs ſtrokes of nature, than in the nice touches and embelliſhments of art. The beauties of the moſt ſtately garden or palace lie in a narrow compaſs, the imagination immediately runs them over, and requires ſomething elſe to gratify her; but in the wide fields of nature, the ſight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain ſtint or number. For this reaſon we always find the poet in love with a country life, where nature appears in the greateſt perfection, and furniſhes out all thoſe ſcenes that are moſt apt to delight the imagination.

Sriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.
HOR. Ep. ii. lib. 2. ver. 77.

——To grottoes and to groves we run,
To eaſe and ſilence ev'ry Muſe's ſon. POPE.

Hic ſecura quies, et neſcia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum, hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; hic frigida tempe,
Mugituſque boum, molleſque ſub arbore ſomni.
VIRG. Georg. l. ii. ver. 467.

Here eaſy quiet, and a ſecure retreat,
A harmleſs life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bleſs,
And rural pleaſures crown his happineſs.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undiſturb'd with noiſe,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride
Of meads, and ſtreams that thro' the valley glide;
And ſhady groves that eaſy ſleep invite,
And, after toilſome days, a ſhort repoſe at night.
DRYDEN.

But

But though there are ſeveral of theſe wild ſcenes, that are more delightful than any artificial ſhows; yet we find the works of nature ſtill more pleaſant, the more they reſemble thoſe of art: for in this caſe our pleaſure riſes from a doubtful principle; from the agreeableneſs of the objects to the eye, and from their ſimilitude to other objects: we are pleaſed as well with comparing their beauties, as with ſurveying them, and can repreſent them to our minds, either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a proſpect which is well laid out, and diverſified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers; in thoſe accidental landſcapes of trees, clouds, and cities, that are ſometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious fretwork of rocks and grottos; and, in a word, in any thing that hath ſuch a variety or regularity as may ſeem the effect of deſign in what we call the works of chance.

If the products of nature riſe in value according as they more or leſs reſemble thoſe of art, we may be ſure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their reſemblance of ſuch as are natural; becauſe here the ſimilitude is not only pleaſant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettieſt landſcape I ever ſaw was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which ſtood oppoſite on one ſide to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics. Here you might diſcover the waves and fluctuations of the water in ſtrong and proper colours, with the picture of a ſhip entering at one end, and ſailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green ſhadows of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, and herds of deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I muſt confeſs, the novelty of ſuch a ſight may be one occaſion of its pleaſantneſs to the imagination; but certainly the chief reaſon is its near reſemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the

the colour and figure, but the motion of the thing it repreſents.

We have before obſerved, that there is generally in nature ſomething more grand and auguſt than what we meet with in curioſities of art. When, therefore, we ſee this imitated in any meaſure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleaſure, than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our *Engliſh* gardens are not ſo entertaining to the fancy as thoſe in *France* and *Italy*, where we ſee a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and foreſt, which repreſent every where an artificial rudeneſs, much more charming than that neatneſs and elegancy which we meet with in thoſe of our own country. It might, indeed, be of ill conſequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private perſons, to alienate ſo much ground from paſturage, and the plough, in many parts of a country that is ſo well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole eſtate be thrown into a kind of a garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit as the pleaſure of the owner! A marſh overgrown with willows, or a mountain ſhaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial than when they ly bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleaſant proſpect, and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by ſome ſmall additions of art, and the ſeveral rows of hedges ſet off by trees and flowers, that the ſoil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landſcape of his own poſſeſſions.

Writers who have given us an account of *China*, tell us the inhabitants of that country laugh at the plantations of our *Europeans*, which are laid out by the rule and line; becauſe, they ſay, any one may place trees in equal rows and uniform figures. They

chuſe

chuſe rather to ſhew a genius in works of this nature, and therefore always conceal the art by which they direct themſelves. They have a word, it ſeems, in their language, by which they expreſs the particular beauty of a plantation that thus ſtrikes the imagination at firſt ſight, without diſcovering what it is that has ſo agreeable an effect. Our *Britiſh* gardeners, on the contrary, inſtead of humouring nature, love to deviate from it as much as poſſible. Our trees riſe in cones, globes, and pyramids. We ſee the marks of the ſciſſars upon every plant and buſh. I do not know whether I am ſingular in my opinion, but for my own part, I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriancy and diffuſion of boughs and branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure; and cannot but fancy that an orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful, than all the little labyrinths of the moſt finiſhed parterre. But as our great modellers of gardens have their magazines of plants to diſpoſe of, it is very natural for them to tear up all the beautiful plantations of fruit-trees, and contrive a plan that may moſt turn to their own profit, in taking off their evergreens, and the like moveable plants, with which their ſhops are plentifully ſtocked. O

No. 415. THURSDAY, JUNE 26.

Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem.
VIRG. Georg. ii. ver. 155.

Next add our cities of illuſtrious name,
Their coſtly labour, and ſtupendous frame.
DRYDEN.

HAVING already ſhewn how the fancy is affected by the works of nature, and afterwards conſidered in general both the works of nature and of art, how they mutually aſſiſt and complete each other in forming ſuch ſcenes and proſpects as are moſt apt to delight the mind of the beholder; I ſhall in this paper throw together ſome reflections on that particular art, which has a more immediate tendency, than any other, to produce thoſe primary pleaſures of the imagination, which have hitherto been the ſubject of this diſcourſe. The art I mean is that of architecture, which I ſhall conſider only with regard to the light in which the foregoing ſpeculations have placed it, without entering into thoſe rules and maxims which the great maſters of architecture have laid down, and explained at large in numberleſs treatiſes upon that ſubject.

Greatneſs, in the works of architecture, may be conſidered as relating to the *bulk* and body of the ſtructure, or to the *manner* in which it is built. As for the firſt, we find the ancients, eſpecially among the eaſtern nations of the world, infinitely ſuperior to the moderns.

Not to mention the Tower of *Babel*, of which an old author ſays, there were the foundations to be ſeen in his time, which looked like a ſpacious mountain; what could be more noble than the walls of *Babylon*, its hanging gardens, and its tem-

ple to *Jupiter Belus*, that roſe a mile high by eight ſeveral ſtories, each ſtory a furlong in height, and on the top of which was the *Babylonian* obſervatory. I might here, likewiſe, take notice of the huge rock that was cut into the figure of *Semiramis*, with the ſmaller rocks that lay by it in the ſhape of tributary kings; the prodigious baſon, or artificial lake, which took in the whole *Euphrates* till ſuch time as a new canal was formed for its reception, with the ſeveral trenches through which that river was conveyed. I know there are perſons who look upon ſome of theſe wonders of art as fabulous, but I cannot find any ground for ſuch a ſuſpicion, unleſs it be that we have no ſuch works among us at preſent. There were indeed many greater advantages for building in thoſe times, and in that part of the world, than have been met with ever ſince. The earth was extremely fruitful, men lived generally on paſturage, which requires a much ſmaller number of hands than agriculture: there were few trades to employ the buſy part of mankind, and fewer arts and ſciences to give work to men of ſpeculative tempers; and, what is more than all the reſt, the Prince was abſolute; ſo that when he went to war, he put himſelf at the head of a whole people: as we find *Semiramis* leading her three millions to the field, and yet overpowered by the number of her enemies. It is no wonder, therefore, when ſhe was at peace, and turned her thoughts on building, that ſhe could accompliſh ſuch great works, with ſuch a prodigious multitude of labourers: beſides, that in her climate there was ſmall interruption of froſts and winters, which make the northern workmen lie half the year idle. I might mention too, among the benefits of the climate, what hiſtorians ſay of the earth, that it ſweated out a bitumen or natural kind of mortar, which is doubtleſs the ſame with that mentioned in Holy Writ,

Writ, as contributing to the ſtructure of *Babel*. *Slime they uſed inſtead of mortar.*

In *Egypt* we ſtill ſee their pyramids, which anſwer to the deſcriptions that have been made of them; and I queſtion not but a traveller might find out ſome remains of the labyrinth that covered a whole province, and had a hundred temples diſpoſed among its ſeveral quarters and diviſions.

The wall of *China* is one of theſe eaſtern pieces of magnificence, which makes a figure even in the map of the world, although an account of it would have been thought fabulous, were not the wall itſelf ſtill extant.

We are obliged to devotion for the nobleſt buildings that have adorned the ſeveral countries of the world. It is this which has ſet men at work on temples and public places of worſhip, not only that they might, by the magnificence of the building, invite the Deity to reſide within it, but that ſuch ſtupendous works might, at the ſame time, open the mind to vaſt conceptions, and fit it to converſe with the divinity of the place. For every thing that is majeſtic imprints an awfulneſs and reverence on the mind of the beholder, and ſtrikes in with the natural greatneſs of the ſoul.

In the ſecond place, we are to conſider the *greatneſs of manner* in architecture, which has ſuch force upon the imagination, that a ſmall building, where *it* appears, ſhall give the mind nobler ideas than one of twenty times the bulk, where the manner is ordinary or little. Thus, perhaps, a man would have been more aſtoniſhed with the majeſtic air that appeared in one of *Lyſippus*'s ſtatues of *Alexander*, though no bigger than the life, than he might have been with mount *Athos*, had it been cut into the figure of the hero, according to the propoſal of *Phidias*, with a river in one hand, and a city in the other.

Let any one reflect on the diſpoſition of mind he finds

finds in himſelf at his firſt entrance into the *Pantheon* at *Rome*, and how the imagination is filled with ſomething great and amazing; and, at the ſame time, conſider how little in proportion he is affected with the inſide of a *Gothic* cathedral, tho' it be five times larger than the other; which can ariſe from nothing elſe but the greatneſs of the manner in the one, and the meanneſs in the other.

I have ſeen an obſervation upon this ſubject in a *French* author, which very much pleaſed me. It is in Monſieur *Freart*'s parallel of the ancient and modern architecture. I ſhall give it to the reader with the ſame terms of art which he has made uſe of. *I am obſerving* (ſays he) *a thing, which, in my opinion, is very curious, whence it proceeds, that in the ſame quantity of ſuperficies, the one* manner *ſeems great and magnificent, and the other poor and trifling; the reaſon is fine and uncommon. I ſay then, that to introduce into architecture this grandeur of manner, we ought ſo to proceed, that the diviſion of the principal members of the order may conſiſt but of few parts, that they be all great and of a bold and ample relievo, and ſwelling; and that the eye beholding nothing little and mean, the imagination may be more vigorouſly touched and affected with the work that ſtands before it. For example; in a cornice, if the gola or cymatium of the corona, the coping, the modillions or denteli, make a noble ſhow by their graceful projections, if we ſee none of that ordinary confuſion which is the reſult of thoſe little cavities, quarter rounds of the aſtragal, and I know not how many other interming-led particulars, which produce no effect in great and maſſy works, and which very unprofitably take up place to the prejudice of the principal member, it is moſt certain that this manner will appear ſolemn and great; as, on the contrary, that it will have but a poor and mean effect, where there is a redundancy of thoſe ſmaller ornaments, which divide and ſcatter the angles of the ſight into ſuch a multitude of rays, ſo*

preſſed

preſſed together that the whole will appear but a confuſion.

Among all the figures in architecture, there are none that have a greater air than the concave and the convex, and we find in all the ancient and modern architecture, as well in the remote parts of *China*, as in countries nearer home, that round pillars and vaulted roofs make a great part of thoſe buildings which are deſigned for pomp and magnificence. The reaſon I take to be, becauſe in theſe figures we generally ſee more of the body, than in thoſe of other kinds. There are, indeed, figures of bodies, where the eye may take in two thirds of the ſurface; but as in ſuch bodies the ſight muſt ſplit upon ſeveral angles, it does not take in one uniform idea, but ſeveral ideas of the ſame kind. Look upon the outſide of a dome, your eye half ſurrounds it; look up into the inſide, and at one glance you have all the proſpect of it; the entire concavity falls into your eye at once, the ſight being as the center that collects and gathers into it the lines of the whole circumference: in a ſquare pillar, the ſight often takes in but a fourth part of the ſurface; and in a ſquare concave, muſt move up and down to the different ſides, before it is maſter of all the inward ſurface. For this reaſon, the fancy is infinitely more ſtruck with the view of the open air and ſkies, that paſſes through an arch, than what comes through a ſquare, or any other figure. The figure of the rainbow does not contribute leſs to its magnificence than the colours to its beauty, as it is very poetically deſcribed by the ſon of *Sirach*: *Look upon the rainbow, and praiſe him that made it; very beautiful it is in its brightneſs; it encompaſſes the heavens with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Moſt High have bended it.*

Having thus ſpoken of that greatneſs which affects the mind in architecture, I might next ſhow the pleaſure that riſes in the imagination from what

appears new and beautiful in this art; but as every beholder has naturally a greater taſte of theſe two perfections in every building which offers itſelf to his view, than of that which I have hitherto conſidered, I ſhall not trouble my reader with any reflections upon it. It is ſufficient for my preſent purpoſe to obſerve, that there is nothing in this whole art which pleaſes the imagination, but as it is great, uncommon, or beautiful. O

No. 416. FRIDAY, JUNE 27.

Quatenus hoc ſimile eſt oculis, quod mente videmus.
LUCR. l. 4. ver. 754.

———Objects ſtill appear the ſame
To mind and eye, in colour and in frame.
CREECH.

I At firſt divided the pleaſures of the imagination into ſuch as ariſe from objects that are actually before our eyes, or that once entered in at our eyes, and are afterwards called up into the mind, either barely by its own operations, or on occaſion of ſomething without us, as ſtatues, or deſcriptions. We have already conſidered the firſt diviſion, and ſhall therefore enter on the other, which, for diſtinction's ſake, I have called the ſecondary pleaſures of the imagination. When I ſay the ideas we receive from ſtatues, deſcriptions, or ſuch like occaſions, are the ſame that were once actually in our view, it muſt not be underſtood that we had once ſeen the very place, action, or perſon, which are carved or deſcribed. It is ſufficient that we have ſeen places, perſons, or actions in general, which bear a reſemblance, or at leaſt ſome remote analogy, with what we find repreſented. Since it is in the power of the imagination, when it is once ſtocked with particular ideas, to enlarge, compound, and vary them at her own pleaſure.

Among

Among the different kinds of repreſentation, *ſtatuary* is the moſt natural, and ſhews us ſomething *likeſt* the object that is repreſented. To make uſe of a common inſtance, let one who is born blind take an image in his hands, and trace out with his fingers the different furrows and impreſſions of the chiſſel, and he will eaſily conceive how the ſhape of a man, or beaſt, may be repreſented by it; but ſhould he draw his hand over a *picture*, where all is ſmooth and uniform, he would never be able to imagine how the ſeveral prominencies and depreſſions of a human body could be ſhewn on a plain piece of canvas, that has in it no unevenneſs or irregularity. *Deſcription* runs yet farther from the things it repreſents than painting; for a picture bears a real reſemblance to its original, which letters and ſyllables are wholly void of. Colours ſpeak all languages, but words are underſtood only by ſuch a people or nation. For this reaſon, though men's neceſſities quickly put them on finding out ſpeech, writing is probably of a later invention than painting; particularly we are told that in *America*, when the *Spaniards* firſt arrived there, expreſſes were ſent to the Emperor of *Mexico* in paint, and the news of his country delineated by the ſtrokes of a pencil, which was a more natural way than that of writing, though at the ſame time much more imperfect, becauſe it is impoſſible to draw the little connections of ſpeech, or to give the picture of a conjunction or an adverb. It would be yet more ſtrange, to repreſent viſible objects by ſounds that have no ideas annexed to them, and to make ſomething like deſcription in *muſic*. Yet it is certain, there may be confuſed, imperfect, notions of this nature raiſed in the imagination by an artificial compoſition of notes; and we find that great maſters in the art are able, ſometimes, to ſet their hearers in the heat and hurry of a battle, to overcaſt their minds with melancholy ſcenes and apprehenſions

henſions of deaths and funerals, or to lull them into pleaſing dreams of groves and elyſiums.

In all theſe inſtances, this ſecondary pleaſure of the imagination proceeds from that action of the mind, which compares the ideas ariſing from the original objects, with the ideas we receive from the ſtatue, picture, deſcription, or ſound that repreſents them. It is impoſſible for us to give the neceſſary reaſon, why this operation of the mind is attended with ſo much pleaſure, as I have before obſerved on the ſame occaſion; but we find a great variety of entertainments derived from this ſingle principle: for it is this that not only gives us a reliſh of ſtatuary, painting, and deſcription, but makes us delight in all the actions and arts of mimicry. It is this that makes the ſeveral kinds of wit pleaſant, which conſiſts, as I have formerly ſhewn, in the affinity of ideas: and we may add, it is this alſo that raiſes the little ſatisfaction we ſometimes find in the different ſorts of falſe wit; whether it conſiſts in the affinity of letters, as an anagram, acroſtic; or of ſyllables, as in doggerel rhymes, echoes; or of words, as in puns, quibbles; or of a whole ſentence or poem, as wings and altars. The *final cauſe*, probably, of annexing pleaſure to this operation of the mind, was to quicken and encourage us in our ſearches after truth, ſince the diſtinguiſhing one thing from another, and the right diſcerning betwixt our ideas, depends wholly upon our comparing them together, and obſerving the congruity or diſagreement that appears among the ſeveral works of nature.

But I ſhall here confine myſelf to thoſe pleaſures of the imagination, which proceed from ideas raiſed by *words*, becauſe moſt of the obſervations that agree with deſcriptions, are equally applicable to painting and ſtatuary.

Words, when well choſen, have ſo great a force in them, that a deſcription often gives us more lively ideas than the ſight of things themſelves. The reader

reader finds a ſcene drawn in ſtronger colours, and painted more to the life in his imagination, by the help of words, than by an actual ſurvey of the ſcene which they deſcribe. In this caſe the poet ſeems to get the better of nature; he takes, indeed, the landſcape after her, but gives it more vigorous touches, heightens its beauty, and ſo enlivens the whole piece, that the images, which flow from the objects themſelves, appear weak and faint, in compariſon of thoſe that come from the expreſſions. The reaſon probably may be, becauſe, in the ſurvey of any object, we have only ſo much of it painted on the imagination as comes in at the eye; but, in its deſcription, the poet gives us as free a view of it as he pleaſes, and diſcovers to us ſeveral parts, that either we did not attend to, or that lay out of our ſight when we firſt beheld it. As we look on any object, our idea of it is, perhaps, made up of two or three ſimple ideas; but, when the poet repreſents it, he may either give us a more complex idea of it, or only raiſe in us ſuch ideas as are moſt apt to affect the imagination.

It may be here worth our while to examine, how it comes to paſs that ſeveral readers, who are all acquainted with the ſame language, and know the meaning of the words they read, ſhould nevertheleſs have a different reliſh of the ſame deſcriptions. We find one tranſported with a paſſage, which another runs over with coldneſs and indifference, or finding the repreſentation extremely natural, where another can perceive nothing of likeneſs and conformity. This different taſte muſt proceed either from the *perfection of imagination* in one more than in another, or from the *different ideas* that ſeveral readers affix to the ſame words: for, to have a true reliſh, and form a right judgment of a deſcription, a man ſhould be born with a good imagination, and muſt have well weighed the force and energy that lie in the ſeveral words of a language, ſo as to be able to diſtinguiſh which are moſt ſignificant

cant and expreſſive of their proper ideas, and what additional ſtrength and beauty they are capable of receiving from conjunction with others. The fancy muſt be warm, to retain the print of thoſe images it hath received from outward objects, and the judgment diſcerning, to know what expreſſions are moſt proper to clothe and adorn them to the beſt advantage. A man who is deficient in either of theſe reſpects, though he may receive the general notion of a deſcription, can never ſee diſtinctly all its particular beauties: as a perſon with a weak ſight may have the confuſed proſpect of a place that lies before him, without entering into its ſeveral parts, or diſcerning the variety of its colours in their full glory and perfection.

O

SATURDAY

No. 417. Saturday, June 28.

Quem tu, Melpomene, ſemel
Naſcentem placido lumine videris,
Non illum labor Iſthmius
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger, &c.
Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluunt,
Et ſpiſſæ nemorum comæ
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.

Hor. Od. iii. l. 4. ver. 1.

At whoſe bleſt birth propitious rays
The Muſes ſhed, on whom they ſmile,
No duſky *Iſthmian* game
Shall ſtouteſt of the ring proclaim,
Or, to reward his toil,
Wreath ivy crowns, and grace his head with bays.
But fruitful *Tiber*'s ſhady groves,
Its pleaſant ſprings, and purling ſtreams,
Shall raiſe a laſting name,
And ſet him high in ſounding fame
For *Lyric* verſe.

Creech.

WE may obſerve, that any ſingle circumſtance of what we have formerly ſeen, often raiſes up a whole ſcene of imagery, and awakens numberleſs ideas that before ſlept in the imagination: ſuch a particular ſmell or colour is able to fill the mind, on a ſudden, with the picture of the fields or gardens where we firſt met with it, and to bring up into view all the variety of images that once attended it. Our imagination takes the hint, and leads us unexpectedly into cities or theatres, plains or meadows. We may further obſerve, when the fancy thus reflects on the ſcenes that have paſt in it formerly, thoſe, which were at firſt pleaſant to behold, appear more ſo upon reflection, and that the memory heightens

ens the delightfulneſs of the original. A *Carteſian* would account for both theſe inſtances in the following manner.

The ſet of ideas which we received from ſuch a proſpect or garden, having entered the mind at the ſame time, have a ſet of traces belonging to them in the brain, bordering very near upon one another; when, therefore, any one of theſe ideas ariſes in the imagination, and conſequently diſpatches a flow of animal ſpirits to its proper trace, theſe ſpirits, in the violence of their motion, run not only into the trace to which they were more particularly directed, but into ſeveral of thoſe that ly about it: by this means they awaken others idea of the ſame ſet, which immediately determine a new diſpatch of ſpirits, that in the ſame manner open other neighbouring traces, till at laſt the whole ſet of them is blown up, and the whole proſpect or garden flouriſhes in the imagination. But becauſe the pleaſure we received from theſe places far ſurmounted and overcame the little diſagreeableneſs we found in them, for this reaſon there was at firſt a wider paſſage worn in the pleaſure traces, and on the contrary, ſo narrow a one in thoſe which belonged to the diſagreeable ideas, that they were quickly ſtopt up, and rendered incapable of receiving any animal ſpirits, and conſequently of exciting any unpleaſant ideas in the memory.

It would be in vain to inquire, whether the power of imagining things ſtrongly proceeds from any greater perfection in the ſoul, or from any nicer texture in the brain of one man than of another. But this is certain, that a noble writer ſhould be born with this faculty in its full ſtrength and vigour, ſo as to be able to receive lively ideas from outward objects, to retain them long, and to range them together, upon occaſion, in ſuch figures and repreſentations as are moſt likely to hit the fancy of the reader. A poet ſhould take as much pains in forming

forming his imagination, as a philoſopher in cultivating his underſtanding. He muſt gain a due reliſh of the works of nature, and be thoroughly converſant in the various ſcenery of a country life.

When he is ſtored with country images, if he would go beyond paſtoral, and the lower kinds of poetry, he ought to acquaint himſelf with the pomp and magnificence of courts. He ſhould be very well verſed in every thing that is noble and ſtately in the productions of art, whether it appear in painting or ſtatuary, in the great works of architecture which are in their preſent glory, or in the ruins of thoſe which flouriſhed in former ages.

Such advantages as theſe help to open a man's thoughts, and to enlarge his imagination, and will therefore have their influence on all kinds of writing, if the author knows how to make right uſe of them. And among thoſe of the learned languages who excel in this talent, the moſt perfect in their ſeveral kinds are perhaps *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Ovid*. The firſt ſtrikes the imagination wonderfully with what is great, the ſecond with what is beautiful, and the laſt with what is ſtrange. Reading the *Iliad* is like travelling through a country uninhabited, where the fancy is entertained with a thouſand ſavage proſpects of vaſt deſerts, wide uncultivated marſhes, huge foreſts, miſhapen rocks, and precipices. On the contrary, the *Æneid* is like a well ordered garden, where it is impoſſible to find out any part unadorned, or to caſt our eyes upon a ſingle ſpot that does not produce ſome beautiful plant or flower. But when we are in the *Metamorphoſis* we are walking on enchanted ground, and ſee nothing but ſcenes of magic lying round us.

Homer is in his province, when he is deſcribing a battle or a multitude, a hero or a god. *Virgil* is never better pleaſed than when he is in his *Elyſium*, or copying out an entertaining picture. *Homer*'s epithets generally mark out what is great, *Virgil*'s what

is agreeable. Nothing can be more magnificent than the figure *Jupiter* makes in the firſt *Iliad*, nor more charming than that of *Venus* in the firſt *Æneid*.

Ἦ. καὶ κυανέῃσιν ὑπ' ὀφρύσιν νεῦσε Κρονίων,
Ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο ἄνακτος
Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο· μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον.
Iliad lib. i. ver. 528.

He ſpoke, and awful bends his ſable brows;
Shakes his ambroſial curls, and gives the nod,
The ſtamp of fate, and ſanction of the God:
High heav'n with trembling the dread ſignal took,
And all *Olympus* to the center ſhook. POPE.

Dixit, et avertens roſeâ cervice refulſit:
Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: pedes veſtis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea—— Æn. i. ver. 406.

Thus having ſaid, ſhe turn'd and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and diſhevell'd hair;
Which, flowing from her ſhoulders, reach'd the ground,
And widely ſpread ambroſial ſcents around:
In length of train deſcends her ſweeping gown,
And by her graceful walk the Queen of Love is known. DRYDEN.

Homer's perſons are moſt of them godlike and terrible; *Virgil* has ſcarce admitted any into his poem, who are not beautiful, and has taken particular care to make his hero ſo:

——Lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflavit honores.
Æn. i. ver. 590.

And gave his rolling eyes a ſparkling grace,
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face.
DRYDEN.

In

In a word, *Homer* fills his readers with ſublime ideas, and, I believe, has raiſed the imagination of all the good poets that have come after him. I ſhall only inſtance *Horace*, who immediately takes fire at the firſt hint of any paſſage in the *Iliad* or *Odyſſey*, and always riſes above himſelf when he has *Homer* in his view. *Virgil* has drawn together, into his *Æneid*, all the pleaſing ſcenes his ſubject is capable of admitting, and in his *Georgics* has given us a collection of the moſt delightful landſcapes that can be made out of fields and woods, herds of cattle, and ſwarms of bees.

Ovid, in his *Metamorphoſis*, has ſhewn us how the imagination may be affected by what is ſtrange. He deſcribes a miracle in every ſtory, and always gives us the ſight of ſome new creature at the end of it. His art conſiſts chiefly in well-timing his deſcription, before the firſt ſhape is quite worn off, and the new one perfectly finiſhed; ſo that he every where entertains us with ſomething we never ſaw before, and ſhews monſter after monſter to the end of the *Metamorphoſis*.

If I were to name a poet that is a perfect maſter in all theſe arts of working on the imagination, I think *Milton* may paſs for one: and if his *Paradiſe Loſt* falls ſhort of the *Æneid* or *Iliad* in this reſpect, it proceeds rather from the fault of the language in which it is written, than from any defect of genius in the author. So divine a poem in *Engliſh* is like a ſtately palace built of brick, where one may ſee architecture in as great a perfection as in one of marble, though the materials are of a coarſer nature. But to conſider it only as it regards our preſent ſubject; what can be conceived greater than the battle of angels, the majeſty of Meſſiah, the ſtature and behaviour of Satan and his peers? What more beautiful than *Pandæmonium*, Paradiſe, Heaven, Angels, *Adam* and *Eve?* What more ſtrange than the creation of the world, the ſeveral metamorphoſes of the

fallen angels, and the ſurpriſing adventures their leader meets with in his ſearch after Paradiſe? No other ſubject could have furniſhed a poet with ſcenes ſo proper to ſtrike the imagination, as no other poet could have painted thoſe ſcenes in more ſtrong and lively colours. O

No. 418. MONDAY, JUNE 30.

———*Feret et rubus aſper amomum.*
VIRG. Ecl. iii. ver. 89.

The rugged thorn ſhall bear the fragrant roſe.

THE pleaſures of theſe ſecondary views of the imagination, are of a wider and more univerſal nature than thoſe it has when joined with ſight; for not only what is great, ſtrange, or beautiful, but any thing that is diſagreeable when looked upon, pleaſes us in an apt deſcription. Here, therefore, we muſt inquire after a new principle of pleaſure, which is nothing elſe but the action of the mind, which *compares* the ideas that ariſe from words, with the ideas that ariſe from the objects themſelves; and why this operation of the mind is attended with ſo much pleaſure, we have before conſidered. For this reaſon, therefore, the deſcription of a dunghill is pleaſing to the imagination, if the image be repreſented to our minds by ſuitable expreſſions; though, perhaps, this may be more properly called the pleaſure of the underſtanding than of the fancy, becauſe we are not ſo much delighted with the image that is contained in the deſcription, as with the aptneſs of the deſcription to excite the image.

But if the deſcription of what is little, common, or deformed, be acceptable to the imagination, the deſcription of what is great, ſurpriſing, or beauti-

ful,

ful, is much more ſo; becauſe here we are not only delighted with *comparing* the repreſentation with the original, but are highly pleaſed with the original itſelf. Moſt readers, I believe, are more charmed with *Milton*'s deſcription of Paradiſe, than of Hell; they are both, perhaps, equally perfect in their kind, but in the one the brimſtone and ſulphur are not ſo refreſhing to the imagination, as the beds of flowers and the wilderneſs of ſweets in the other.

There is yet another circumſtance which recommends a deſcription more than all the reſt, and that is if it repreſents to us ſuch objects as are apt to raiſe a ſecret ferment in the mind of the reader, and to work, with violence, upon his paſſions. For, in this caſe, we are at once warmed and enlightened, ſo that the pleaſure becomes more univerſal, and is ſeveral ways qualified to entertain us. Thus in painting, it is pleaſant to look on the picture of any face, where the reſemblance is hit; but the pleaſure increaſes, if it be the picture of a face that is beautiful, and is ſtill greater, if the beauty be ſoftened with an air of melancholy or ſorrow. The two leading paſſions which the more ſerious parts of poetry endeavour to ſtir up in us, are terror and pity. And here, by the way, one would wonder how it comes to paſs, that ſuch paſſions as are very unpleaſant at all other times, are very agreeable when excited by proper deſcriptions. It is not ſtrange, that we ſhould take delight in ſuch paſſages as are apt to produce hope, joy, admiration, love, or the like emotions in us, becauſe they never riſe in the mind without an inward pleaſure which attends them. But how comes it to paſs, that we ſhould take delight in being terrified or dejected by a deſcription, when we find ſo much uneaſineſs in the fear or grief which we receive from any other occaſion.

If we conſider, therefore, the nature of this pleaſure, we ſhall find that it does not ariſe ſo properly

perly from the deſcription of what is terrible, as from the reflection we make on ourſelves at the time of reading it. When we look on ſuch hideous objects, we are not a little pleaſed to think we are in no danger of them. We conſider them, at the ſame time, as dreadful and harmleſs; ſo that the more frightful appearance they make, the greater is the pleaſure we receive from the ſenſe of our own ſafety. In ſhort, we look upon the terrors of a deſcription, with the ſame curioſity and ſatisfaction that we ſurvey a dead monſter.

——————*Informe cadaver*
Protrahitur: nequeunt expleri corda tuendo
Terribiles oculos, vultum, villoſaque ſetis
Pectora ſemiferi, atque extinctos faucibus ignes.
VIRG. Æn. viii. ver. 264.

——They drag him from his den.
The wond'ring neighbourhood, with glad ſurpriſe,
Beheld his ſhagged breaſt, his giant ſize,
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguiſh'd eyes.
DRYDEN.

It is for the ſame reaſon that we are delighted with reflecting upon dangers that are paſt, or in looking on a precipice at a diſtance, which would fill us with a different kind of horror, if we ſaw it hanging over our heads.

In the like manner, when we read of torments, wounds, deaths, and the like diſmal accidents, our pleaſure does not flow ſo properly from the grief which ſuch melancholy deſcriptions give us, as from the ſecret compariſon which we make between ourſelves and the perſon who ſuffers. Such repreſentations teach us to ſet a juſt value upon our own condition, and make us prize our good fortune, which exempts us from the like calamities. This is, however, ſuch a kind of pleaſure as we are not capable of receiving, when we ſee a perſon actually

ly lying under the tortures that we meet with in a deſcription; becauſe, in this caſe, the object preſſes too cloſe upon our ſenſes, and bears ſo hard upon us, that it does not give us time or leiſure to reflect on ourſelves. Our thoughts are ſo intent upon the miſeries of the ſufferer, that we cannot turn them upon our own happineſs. Whereas, on the contrary, we conſider the misfortune we read in hiſtory or poetry, either as paſt, or as fictitious, ſo that the reflection upon ourſelves riſes in us inſenſibly, and overbears the ſorrow we conceive for the ſufferings of the afflicted.

But becauſe the mind of man requires ſomething more perfect in matter, than what it finds there, and can never meet with any ſight in nature which ſufficiently anſwers its higheſt ideas of pleaſantneſs; or, in other words, becauſe the imagination can fancy to itſelf things more great, ſtrange, or beautiful, than the eye ever ſaw, and is ſtill ſenſible of ſome defect in what it has ſeen; on this account it is the part of a poet to humour the imagination in our own notions, by mending and perfecting nature where he deſcribes a reality, and by adding greater beauties than are put together in nature, where he deſcribes a fiction.

He is not obliged to attend her in the ſlow advances which ſhe makes from one ſeaſon to another, or to obſerve her conduct in the ſucceſſive production of plants and flowers. He may draw into his deſcription all the beauties of the ſpring and autumn, and make the whole year contribute ſomething to render it the more agreeable. His roſe-trees, wood-bines, and jeſſamines may flower together, and his beds be covered at the ſame time with lilies, violets, and amaranths. His ſoil is not reſtrained to any particular ſet of plants, but is proper either for oaks or myrtles, and adapts itſelf to the products of every climate. Oranges may grow wild in it; myrrh may be met with in every hedge, and if he thinks it proper to have a

grove

grove of ſpices, he can quickly command ſun enough to raiſe it. If all this will not furniſh out an agreeable ſcene, he can make ſeveral new ſpecies of flowers, with richer ſcents and higher colours than any that grow in the gardens of Nature. His conſorts of birds may be as full and harmonious, and his woods as thick and gloomy as he pleaſes. He is at no more expence in a long viſta, than a ſhort one, and can as eaſily throw his caſcades from a precipice of half a mile high, as from one of twenty yards. He has his choice of the winds, and can turn the courſe of his rivers in all the variety of *meanders*, that are moſt delightful to the reader's imagination. In a word, he has the modelling of nature in his own hands, and may give her what charms he pleaſes, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into abſurdities, by endeavouring to excel. O

No. 419. TUESDAY, JULY 1.

——*Mentis gratiſſimus error.*

Hor. Ep. i. lib. 2. ver. 140.

In pleaſing error loſt, and charmingly deceiv'd.

THERE is a kind of writing, wherein the poet quite loſes ſight of nature, and entertains his reader's imagination with the characters and actions of ſuch perſons as have many of them no exiſtence but what he beſtows on them. Such are fairies, witches, magicians, demons, and departed ſpirits. This Mr. *Dryden* calls *The fairy way of writing*, which is, indeed, more difficult than any other that depends on the poet's fancy, becauſe he has no pattern to follow in it, and muſt work altogether out of his own invention.

There is a very odd turn of thought required for this

this ſort of writing, and it is impoſſible for a poet to ſucceed in it, who has not a particular caſt of fancy, and an imagination naturally fruitful and ſuperſtitious. Beſides this, he ought to be very well verſed in legends and fables, antiquated romances, and the traditions of nurſes and old women, that he may fall in with our natural prejudices, and humour thoſe notions which we have imbibed in our infancy. For otherwiſe he will be apt to make his fairies talk like people of his own ſpecies, and not like other ſets of beings, who converſe with different objects, and think in a different manner from that of mankind.

Sylvis deducti caveant, me judice, fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis, acpene forenſes,
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur verſibus.

HOR. ARS Poet. ver. 244.

A ſatyr, that comes ſtaring from the woods,
Muſt not at firſt ſpeak like an orator.

ROSCOMMON.

I do not ſay, with Mr. *Bays* in the *Rehearſal*, that ſpirits muſt not be confined to ſpeak ſenſe; but it is certain their ſenſe ought to be a little diſcoloured, that it may ſeem particular, and proper to the perſon and condition of the ſpeaker.

Theſe deſcriptions raiſe a pleaſing kind of horror in the mind of the reader, and amuſe his imagination with the ſtrangeneſs and novelty of the perſons who are repreſented in them. They bring up into our memory the ſtories we have heard in our childhood, and favour thoſe ſecret terrors and apprehenſions to which the mind of man is naturally ſubject. We are pleaſed with ſurveying the different habits and behaviours of foreign countries, how much more muſt we be delighted and ſurpriſed when we are led, as it were, into a new creation, and ſee the perſons and manners of another

ther ſpecies? Men of cold fancies, and philoſophical diſpoſitions, object to this kind of poetry, that it has not probability enough to affect the imagination. But to this it may be anſwered, that we are ſure, in general, there are many intellectual beings in the world beſides ourſelves, and ſeveral ſpecies of ſpirits, who are ſubject to different laws and economies from thoſe of mankind; when we ſee, therefore, any of theſe repreſented naturally, we cannot look upon the repreſentation as altogether impoſſible; nay, many are prepoſſeſſed with ſuch falſe opinions, as diſpoſe them to believe theſe particular deluſions; at leaſt, we have all heard ſo many pleaſing relations in favour of them, that we do not care for ſeeing through the falſehood, and willingly give ourſelves up to ſo agreeable an impoſture.

The ancients have not much of this poetry among them; for, indeed, almoſt the whole ſubſtance of it owes its original to the darkneſs and ſuperſtition of later ages, when pious frauds were made uſe of to amuſe mankind, and frighten them into a ſenſe of their duty. Our forefathers looked upon nature with more reverence and horror, before the world was enlightened by learning and philoſophy, and loved to aſtoniſh themſelves with the apprehenſions of witchcraft, prodigies, charms, and enchantments. There was not a village in *England* that had not a ghoſt in it, the church-yards were all haunted, every large common had a circle of fairies belonging to it, and there was ſcarce a ſhepherd to be met with who had not ſeen a ſpirit.

Among all the poets of this kind, our *Engliſh* are much the beſt, by what I have yet ſeen; whether it be that we abound with more ſtories of this nature, or that the genius of our country is fitter for this ſort of poetry: for the *Engliſh* are naturally fanciful, and very often diſpoſed by that gloominess and melancholy of temper, which is ſo frequent in our nation,

so

to many wild notions and viſions, to which others are not ſo liable.

Among the *Engliſh*, *Shakeſpear* has incomparably excelled all others. That noble extravagance of fancy, which he had in ſo great perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak ſuperſtitious part of his reader's imagination, and made him capable of ſucceeding, where he had nothing to ſupport him beſides the ſtrength of his own genius. There is ſomething ſo wild and yet ſo ſolemn in the ſpeeches of his ghoſts, fairies, witches, and the like imaginary perſons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, though we have no rule by which to judge of them, and muſt confeſs, if there are ſuch beings in the world, it looks highly probably they ſhould talk and act as he has repreſented them.

There is another ſort of imaginary beings, that we ſometimes meet with among the poets, when the author repreſents any paſſion, appetite, virtue, or vice, under a viſible ſhape, and makes it a perſon or an actor in his poem. Of this nature are the deſcriptions of Hunger and Envy in *Ovid*, of Fame in *Virgil*, and of Sin and Death in *Milton*. We find a whole creation of the like ſhadowy perſons in *Spenſer*, who had an admirable talent in repreſentations of this kind. I have diſcourſed of theſe emblematical perſons in former papers, and ſhall therefore only mention them in this place. Thus we ſee how many ways poetry addreſſes itſelf to the imagination, as it has not only the whole circle of nature for its province, but makes new worlds of its own, ſhews us perſons who are not to be found in being, and repreſents even the faculties of the ſoul, with the ſeveral virtues and vices, in a ſenſible ſhape and character.

I ſhall, in my two following papers, conſider in general, how other kinds of writing are qualified to pleaſe the imagination, with which I intend to conclude this eſſay. O

WEDNESDAY

No. 420. Wednesday, July 2.

——Quocunque volunt mentem auditoris agunto.
Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 100.

And raiſe men's paſſions to what height they will.
Roscommon.

As the writers in poetry and fiction borrow their ſeveral materials from outward objects, and join them together at their own pleaſure, there are others who are obliged to follow nature more cloſely, and to take entire ſcenes out of her. Such are hiſtorians, natural philoſophers, travellers, geographers, and, in a word, all who deſcribe viſible objects of a real exiſtence.

It is the moſt agreeable talent of an hiſtorian to be able to draw up his armies, and fight his battles in proper expreſſions, to ſet before our eyes the diviſions, cabals, and jealouſies of great men, and to lead us ſtep by ſtep into the ſeveral actions and events of his hiſtory. We love to ſee the ſubject unfolding itſelf by juſt degrees, and breaking upon us inſenſibly, that ſo we may be kept in a pleaſing ſuſpenſe, and have time given us to raiſe our expectations, and to ſide with one of the parties concerned in the relation. I confeſs this ſhews more the art than the veracity of the hiſtorian; but I am only to ſpeak of him as he is qualified to pleaſe the imagination. And in this reſpect *Livy* has, perhaps, excelled all who went before him, or have written ſince his time. He deſcribes every thing in ſo lively a manner, that his whole hiſtory is an admirable picture, and touches on ſuch proper circumſtances in every ſtory, that his reader becomes a kind of ſpectator, and feels in himſelf all the variety of paſſions which are

are correſpondent to the ſeveral parts of the relation.

But, among this ſet of writers, there are none who more gratify and enlarge the imagination, than the authors of the new philoſophy, whether we conſider their theories of the earth or heavens, the diſcoveries they have made by glaſſes, or any other of their contemplations on nature. We are not a little pleaſed to find every green leaf ſwarm with millions of animals, that at their largeſt growth are not viſible to the naked eye. There is ſomething very engaging to the fancy, as well as to our reaſon, in the treatiſes of metals, minerals, plants, and meteors. But when we ſurvey the whole earth at once, and the ſeveral planets that lie within its neighbourhood, we are filled with a pleaſing aſtoniſhment, to ſee ſo many worlds hanging one above another, and ſliding round their axles in ſuch an amazing pomp and ſolemnity. If, after this, we contemplate thoſe wild fields of *Ether*, that reach in height as far as from *Saturn* to the fixed ſtars, and run abroad almoſt to an infinitude, our imagination finds its capacity filled with ſo immenſe a proſpect, and puts itſelf upon the ſtretch to comprehend it. But if we yet riſe higher, and conſider the fixed ſtars as ſo many vaſt oceans of flame, that are each of them attended with a different ſet of planets, and ſtill diſcover new firmaments and new lights that are ſunk farther in thoſe unfathomable depths of *Ether*, ſo as not to be ſeen by the ſtrongeſt of our teleſcopes, we are loſt in ſuch a labyrinth of ſuns and worlds, and confounded with the immenſity and magnificence of nature.

Nothing is more pleaſant to the fancy, than to enlarge itſelf by degrees, in its contemplation of the various proportions which its ſeveral objects bear to each other, when it compares the body of man to the bulk of the whole earth, the earth to the circle it deſcribes round the ſun, that circle to the

ſphere of the fixed ſtars, the ſphere of the fixed ſtars to the circuit of the whole creation, the whole creation itſelf to the infinite ſpace that is every where diffuſed about it; or when the imagination works downward, and conſiders the bulk of a human body, in reſpect of an animal a hundred times leſs than a mite, the particular limbs of ſuch an animal, the different ſprings which actuate the limbs, the ſpirits which ſet theſe ſprings a going, and the proportionable minuteneſs of theſe ſeveral parts, before they have arrived at their full growth and perfection. But, if after all this, we take the leaſt particle of theſe animal ſpirits, and conſider its capacity of being wrought into a world that ſhall contain within thoſe narrow dimenſions a heaven and earth, ſtars and planets, and every different ſpecies of living creatures, in the ſame analogy and proportion they bear to each other in our own univerſe; ſuch a ſpeculation, by reaſon of its nicety, appears ridiculous to thoſe who have not turned their thoughts that way, though at the ſame time it is founded on no leſs than the evidence of a demonſtration. Nay, we may yet carry it farther, and diſcover in the ſmalleſt particle of this little world a new inexhauſted fund of matter, capable of being ſpun out into another univerſe.

I have dwelt the longer on this ſubject, becauſe I think it may ſhew us the proper limits, as well as the defectiveneſs of our imagination; how it is confined to a very ſmall quantity of ſpace, and immediately ſtopt in its operations, when it endeavours to take in any thing that is very great, or very little. Let a man try to conceive the different bulk of an animal, which is twenty, from another which is an hundred times leſs than a mite, or to compare, in his thoughts, a length of a thouſand diameters of the earth, with that of a million, and he will quickly find that he has no different meaſures in his mind, adjuſted to ſuch extraordinary degrees of grandeur or minuteneſs. The underſtanding, indeed, opens an infinite ſpace

ſpace on every ſide of us, but the imagination, after a few faint efforts, is immediately at a ſtand, and finds herſelf ſwallowed up in the immenſity of the void that ſurrounds it: our reaſon can purſue a particle of matter through an infinite variety of diviſions, but the fancy ſoon loſes ſight of it, and feels in itſelf a kind of chaſm, that wants to be filled with matter of a more ſenſible bulk. We can neither widen, nor contract the faculty to the dimenſions of either extreme. The object is too big for our capacity, when we would comprehend the circumference of a world, and dwindles into nothing when we endeavour after the idea of an atom.

It is poſſible this defect of imagination may not be in the ſoul itſelf, but as it acts in conjunction with the body. Perhaps there may not be room in the brain for ſuch a variety of impreſſions, or the animal ſpirits may be incapable of figuring them in ſuch a manner, as is neceſſary to excite ſo very large or very minute ideas. However it be, we may well ſuppoſe that beings of a higher nature very much excel us in this reſpect, as it is probable the ſoul of man will be infinitely more perfect hereafter in this faculty, as well as in all the reſt; inſomuch that, perhaps, the imagination will be able to keep pace with the underſtanding, and to form in itſelf diſtinct ideas of all the different modes and quantities of ſpace. O

No. 421. THURSDAY, JULY 3.

Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre
Flumina gaudebat; ſtudio minuente laborem.
OVID. Met. l. iv. ver. 294.

He ſought freſh fountains in a foreign ſoil:
The pleaſure leſſen'd the attending toil.
ADDISON.

THE pleaſures of the imagination are not wholly confined to ſuch particular authors as are converſant in material objects, but are often to be met with among the polite maſters of morality, criticiſm, and other ſpeculations abſtracted from matter, who, though they do not directly treat of the viſible parts of nature, often draw from them their ſimilitudes, metaphors, and allegories. By theſe alluſions a truth in the underſtanding is as it were reflected by the imagination; we are able to ſee ſomething like colour and ſhape in a notion, and to diſcover a ſcheme of thoughts traced out upon matter. And here the mind receives a great deal of ſatisfaction, and has two of its faculties gratified at the ſame time, while the fancy is buſy in copying after the underſtanding, and tranſcribing ideas out of the intellectual world into the material.

The great art of a writer ſhews itſelf in the choice of pleaſing alluſions, which are generally to be taken from the *great* or *beautiful* works of art or nature; for, though whatever is new or uncommon is apt to delight the imagination, the chief deſign of an alluſion being to illuſtrate and explain the paſſages of an author, it ſhould be always borrowed from what is more known and common, than the paſſages which are to be explained.

Allegories, when well choſen, are like ſo many tracks of light in a diſcourſe, that make every thing about

about them clear and beautiful. A noble metaphor, when it is placed to an advantage, caſts a kind of glory round it, and darts a luſtre through a whole ſentence. Theſe different kinds of alluſion are but ſo many different manners of ſimilitude; and, that they may pleaſe the imagination, the likeneſs ought to be very exact, or very agreeable, as we love to ſee a picture where the reſemblance is juſt, or the poſture and air graceful. But we often find eminent writers very faulty in this reſpect; great ſcholars are apt to fetch their compariſons and alluſions from the ſciences in which they are moſt converſant, ſo that a man may ſee the compaſs of their learning in a treatiſe on the moſt indifferent ſubject. I have read a diſcourſe upon love, which none but a profound chymiſt could underſtand, and have heard many a ſermon that ſhould only have been preached before a congregation of *Carteſians*. On the contrary, your men of buſineſs uſually have recourſe to ſuch inſtances as are too mean and familiar. They are for drawing the reader into a game of cheſs or tennis, or for leading him from ſhop to ſhop, in the cant of particular trades and employments. It is certain, there may be found an infinite variety of very agreeable alluſions in both theſe kinds; but, for the generality, the moſt entertaining ones lie in the works of nature, which are obvious to all capacities, and more delightful than what is to be found in arts and ſciences.

It is this talent of affecting the imagination, that gives an embelliſhment to good ſenſe, and makes one man's compoſitions more agreeable than another's. It ſets off all writings in general, but is the very life and higheſt perfection of poetry; where it ſhines in an eminent degree, it has preſerved ſeveral poems for many ages, that have nothing elſe to recommend them; and where all the other beauties are preſent, the work appears dry and inſipid, if this ſingle one be

be wanting. It has ſomething in it like creation: it beſtows a kind of exiſtence, and draws up to the reader's view ſeveral objects which are not to be found in being. It makes additions to nature, and gives greater variety to God's works. In a word, it is able to beautify and adorn the moſt illuſtrious ſcenes in the univerſe, or to fill the mind with more glorious ſhows and apparitions, than can be found in any part of it.

We have now diſcovered the ſeveral originals of thoſe pleaſures that gratify the fancy; and here, perhaps, it would not be very difficult to caſt under their proper heads thoſe contrary objects, which are apt to fill it with diſtaſte and terror; for the imagination is as liable to pain as pleaſure. When the brain is hurt by any accident, or the mind diſordered by dreams or ſickneſs, the fancy is over-run with wild diſmal ideas, and terrified with a thouſand hideous monſters of its own framing.

Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,
Et ſolem geminum, et duplices ſe oſtendere Thebas:
Aut Agamemnonius ſcenis agitatus Oreſtes,
Armatam facibus matrem et ſerpentibus atris
Cum fugit, ultriceſque ſedent in limine diræ.
VIRG. Æn. iv. ver. 469.

Like *Pentheus*, when, diſtracted with his fear,
He ſaw two ſuns, and double *Thebes* appear:
Or mad *Oreſtes*, when his mother's ghoſt
Full in his face infernal torches toſt,
And ſhook her ſnaky locks; he ſhuns the ſight,
Flies o'er the ſtage, ſurpris'd with mortal fright;
The furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.
DRYDEN.

There is not a ſight in nature ſo mortifying as that of a diſtracted perſon, when his imagination is troubled, and his whole ſoul diſordered and confuſed: *Babylon* in ruins is not ſo melancholy a ſpectacle.

But,

But, to quit ſo diſagreeable a ſubject, I ſhall only conſider, by way of concluſion, what an infinite advantage this faculty gives an Almighty Being over the ſoul of man, and how great a meaſure of happineſs or miſery we are capable of receiving from the imagination only.

We have already ſeen the influence that one man has over the fancy of another, and with what eaſe he conveys into it a variety of imagery; how great a power then may we ſuppoſe lodged in him, who knows all the ways of affecting the imagination, who can infuſe what ideas he pleaſes, and fill thoſe ideas with terror and delight to what degree he thinks fit? He can excite images in the mind without the help of words, and make ſcenes riſe up before us and ſeem preſent to the eye, without the aſſiſtance of bodies or exterior objects. He can tranſport the imagination with ſuch beautiful and glorious viſions, as cannot poſſibly enter into our preſent conceptions, or haunt it with ſuch ghaſtly ſpectres and apparitions, as would make us hope for annihilation, and think exiſtence no better than a curſe. In ſhort, he can ſo exquiſitely raviſh or torture the ſoul through this ſingle faculty, as might ſuffice to make up the whole heaven or hell of any finite being.

This eſſay on the Pleaſures of the Imagination having been publiſhed in ſeparate papers, I ſhall conclude it with a table of the principal contents of each paper.

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O

No. 422. FRIDAY, JULY 4.

Hæc ſcripſi non otii abundantia, ſed amoris erga te.
TULL. Epiſt.

I have written this, not out of abundance of leiſure, but of my affection towards you.

I Do not know any thing which gives greater diſturbance to converſation, than the falſe notion ſome people have of raillery. It ought certainly to be the firſt point to be aimed at in ſociety, to gain the good-will of thoſe with whom you converſe. The

The way to that, is to ſhow you are well inclined towards them; what then can be more abſurd, than to ſet up for being extremely ſharp and biting, as the term is, in your expreſſions to your familiars? A man, who has no good quality but courage, is in a very ill way towards making an agreeable figure in the world, becauſe that which he has ſuperior to other people cannot be exerted, without raiſing himſelf an enemy. Your gentleman of a ſatirical vein is in the like condition. To ſay a thing which perplexes the heart of him you ſpeak to, or brings bluſhes into his face, is a degree of murder; and it is, I think, an unpardonable offence to ſhew a man, you do not care whether he is pleaſed or diſpleaſed. But will not you then take a jeſt? Yes: But pray let it be a jeſt. It is no jeſt to put me, who am ſo unhappy as to have an utter averſion to ſpeaking to more than one man at a time, under a neceſſity to explain myſelf in much company, and reducing me to ſhame and deriſion, except I perform what my infirmity of ſilence diſables me to do.

Calliſthenes has great wit, accompanied with that quality, without which a man can have no wit at all, a ſound judgment. This gentleman rallies the beſt of any man I know; for he forms his ridicule upon a circumſtance which you are in your heart not unwilling to grant him, to wit, that you are guilty of an exceſs in ſomething which is in itſelf laudable. He very well underſtands what you would be, and needs not fear your anger for declaring you are a little too much that thing. The generous will bear being reproached as laviſh, and the valiant as raſh, without being provoked to reſentment againſt their monitor. What has been ſaid to be a mark of a good writer will fall in with the character of a good companion. The good writer makes his reader better pleaſed with himſelf, and the agreeable man makes his friends enjoy themſelves,

ſelves, rather than him, while he is in their company. *Calliſthenes* does this with inimitable pleaſantry. He whiſpered a friend the other day, ſo as to be overheard by a young officer, who gave ſymptoms of cocking upon the company, that gentleman has very much of the air of a general officer. The youth immediately put on a compoſed behaviour, and behaved himſelf ſuitably to the conceptions he believed the company had of him. It is to be allowed that *Calliſthenes* will make a man run into impertinent relations, to his own advantage, and expreſs the ſatisfaction he has in his own dear ſelf, till he is very ridiculous, but in this caſe the man is made a fool by his own conſent, and not expoſed as ſuch whether he will or no. I take it therefore, that, to make raillery agreeable, a man muſt either not know he is rallied, or think never the worſe of himſelf if he ſees he is.

Acetus is of a quite contrary genius, and is more generally admired than *Calliſthenes*, but not with juſtice. *Acetus* has no regard to the modeſty or weakneſs of the perſon he rallies; but if his quality or humility gives him any ſuperiority to the man he would fall upon, he has no mercy on making the onſet. He can be pleaſed to ſee his beſt friend out of countenance, while the laugh is loud in his own applauſe. His raillery always puts the company into little diviſions, and ſeparate intereſts, while that of *Calliſthenes* cements it, and makes every man not only better pleaſed with himſelf, but alſo with all the reſt in the converſation.

To rally well, it is abſolutely neceſſary that kindneſs muſt run through all you ſay, and you muſt ever preſerve the character of a friend, to ſupport your pretenſions to be free with a man. *Acetus* ought to be baniſhed human ſociety, becauſe he raiſes his mirth upon giving pain to the perſon upon whom he is pleaſant. Nothing but the malevolence, which is too general towards thoſe who excel,

excel, could make his company tolerated; but they, with whom he converſes, are ſure to ſee ſome man ſacrificed where-ever he is admitted, and all the credit he has for wit is owing to the gratification it gives to other men's ill-nature.

Minutius has a wit that conciliates a man's love, at the ſame time that it is exerted againſt his faults. He has an art of keeping the perſon he rallies in countenance, by inſinuating that he himſelf is guilty of the ſame imperfection. This he does with ſo much addreſs, that he ſeems rather to bewail himſelf, than fall upon his friend.

It is really monſtrous to ſee how unaccountably it prevails among men, to take the liberty of diſpleaſing each other. One would think ſometimes that the contention is, who ſhall be moſt diſagreeable. Alluſions to paſt follies, hints which revive what a man has a mind to forget for ever, and deſires that all the reſt of the world ſhould, are commonly brought forth even in company of men of diſtinction. They do not thruſt with the ſkill of fencers, but cut up with the barbarity of butchers. It is, methinks, below the character of men of humanity and good-manners, to be capable of mirth while there is any one in the company in pain and diſorder. They who have the true taſte of converſation, enjoy themſelves in a communication of each other's excellencies, and not in a triumph over their imperfections. *Fortius* would have been reckoned a wit, if there had never been a fool in the world; he wants not foils to be a beauty, but has that natural pleaſure in obſerving perfection in others, that his own faults are overlooked out of gratitude by all his acquaintance.

After theſe ſeveral characters of men who ſucceed or fail in raillery, it may not be amiſs to reflect a little further what one takes to be the moſt agreeable kind of it; and that to me appears when the ſatire is directed againſt vice, with an air of contempt of the fault, but no ill-will to the criminal. Mr. *Con-*

greve's Doris is a maſter-piece in this kind. It is the character of a woman utterly abandoned; but her impudence, by the fineſt piece of raillery, is made only generoſity.

Peculiar therefore is her way,
Whether by nature taught,
I ſhall not undertake to ſay,
Or by experience bought;

For who e'er night obtain'd her grace,
She can next day diſown,
And ſtare upon the ſtrange man's face,
As one ſhe ne'er had known.

So well ſhe can the truth diſguiſe,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or diſtruſts his eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some cenſure this as lewd or low,
Who are to bounty blind;
But to forget what we beſtow,
Beſpeaks a noble mind.

T

No. 423. SATURDAY, JULY 5.

——*Nuper idoneus.* Hor. Od. xxvi. l. iii. ver. 1.

Once fit myſelf.

I Look upon myſelf as a kind of guardian to the fair, and am always watchful to obſerve any thing which concerns their intereſt. The preſent paper ſhall be employed in the ſervice of a very fine young woman; and the admonitions I give her, may not be unuſeful to the reſt of the ſex. *Gloriana* ſhall be the name of the heroine in to-day's entertainment; and when I have told you that ſhe is rich,

rich, witty, young, and beautiful, you will believe she does not want admirers. She has had, since she came to town, about twenty-five of those lovers who make their addresses by way of jointure and settlement. These come and go, with great indifference on both sides; and as beautiful as she is, a line in a deed has had exception enough against it, to outweigh the lustre of her eyes, the readiness of her understanding, and the merit of her general character. Among the crowd of such cool adorers, she has two who are very assiduous in their attendance. There is something so extraordinary and artful in their manner of application, that I think it but common justice to alarm her in it. I have done it in the following letter.

'MADAM,

'I have for some time taken notice of two gentlemen who attend you in all public places, both of whom have also easy access to you at your own house: but the matter is adjusted between them, and *Damon*, who so passionately addresses you, has no design upon you; but *Strephon*, who seems to be indifferent to you, is the man, who is, as they have settled it, to have you. The plot was laid over a bottle of wine; and *Strephon*, when he first thought of you, proposed to *Damon* to be his rival. The manner of his breaking of it to him, I was so placed at a tavern, that I could not avoid hearing. *Damon*, said he, with a deep sigh, I have long languished for that miracle of beauty *Gloriana*, and if you will be very stedfastly my rival, I shall certainly obtain her. Do not, continued he, be offended at this overture; for I go upon the knowledge of the temper of the woman, rather than any vanity that I should profit by any opposition of your pretensions to those of your humble servant. *Gloriana* has very good sense, a quick relish of the satis-

'factions of life, and will not give herself, as the 'crowd of women do, to the arms of a man to 'whom she is indifferent. As she is a sensible wo-'man, expressions of rapture and adoration will 'not move her neither; but he that has her must 'be the object of her desire, not her pity. The 'way to this end I take to be that a man's general 'conduct should be agreeable, without addressing 'in particular to the women he loves. Now, Sir, 'if you will be so kind as to sigh and die for *Glori-'ana*, I will carry it with great respect towards her, 'but seem void of any thoughts as a lover. By 'this means I shall be in the most amiable light of 'which I am capable; I shall be received with 'freedom, you with reserve. *Damon*, who has 'himself no designs of marriage at all, easily fell 'into the scheme; and you may observe, that 'wherever you are, *Damon* appears also. You 'see he carries on an unaffecting exactness in his 'dress and manner, and strives always to be the 'very contrary of *Strephon*. They have already 'succeeded so far, that your eyes are ever in 'search of *Strephon*, and turn themselves of course 'from *Damon*. They meet and compare notes 'upon your carriage; and the letter which was 'brought to you the other day, was a contrivance 'to mark your resentment. When you saw the 'billet subscribed *Damon*, and turned away with 'a scornful air, and cried Impertinence! you gave 'hopes to him that shuns you, without mortifying 'him that languishes for you.

'What I am concerned for, Madam, is, that in 'the disposal of your heart, you should know what 'you are doing, and examine it before it is lost. '*Strephon* contradicts you in discourse with the ci-'vility of one who has a value for you, but gives 'up nothing like one that loves you. This seem-'ing unconcern gives his behaviour the advantage 'of sincerity, and insensibly obtains your good opi-

'nion,

'nion, by appearing diſintereſted in the purchaſe
'of it. If you watch theſe correſpondents hereaf-
'ter, you will find that *Strephon* makes his viſit of
'civility immediately after *Damon* has tired you
'with one of love. Though you are very diſcreet,
'you will find it no eaſy matter to eſcape the toils
'ſo well laid, as when one ſtudies to be diſagree-
'able in paſſion, the other to be pleaſing without it.
'All the turns of your temper are carefully watch-
'ed, and their quick and faithful intelligence gives
'your lovers irreſiſtible advantage. You will pleaſe,
'Madam, to be upon your guard, and take all the
'neceſſary precautions againſt one who is amiable to
'you before you know he is enamoured.

'I am,

'MADAM,

'Your moſt obedient ſervant.'

Strephon makes great progreſs in this lady's good graces; for moſt women being actuated by ſome little ſpirit of pride and contradiction, he has the good effects of both theſe motives by this covert way of courtſhip. He received a meſſage yeſterday from *Damon* in the following words, ſuperſcribed *With ſpeed.*

'All goes well; ſhe is very angry at me, and I
'dare ſay hates me in earneſt. It is a good time
'to viſit.

'Yours.'

The compariſon of *Strephon*'s gaiety to *Damon*'s languiſhment, ſtrikes her imagination with a proſpect of very agreeable hours with ſuch a man as the former, and abhorrence of the inſipid proſpect with one like the latter. To know when a lady is diſpleaſed with another, is to know the beſt time of advancing yourſelf. This method of two perſons playing into each other's hand is ſo dangerous, that I cannot

I cannot tell how a woman could be able to withſtand ſuch a ſiege. The condition of *Gloriana*, I am afraid, is irretrievable, for *Strephon* has had ſo many opportunities of pleaſing without ſuſpicion, that all which is left for her to do is to bring him, now ſhe is adviſed, to an explanation of his paſſion, and beginning again, if ſhe can conquer the kind ſentiments ſhe has already conceived for him. When one ſhews himſelf a creature to be avoided, the other proper to be fled to for ſuccour, they have the whole woman between them, and can occaſionally rebound her love and hatred from one to the other, in ſuch a manner as to keep her at a diſtance from all the reſt of the world, and caſt lots for the conqueſt.

N. B. *I have many other ſecrets which concern the empire of love, but I conſider, that while I alarm my women I inſtruct my men.* T

No. 424. MONDAY, JULY 7.

Eſt ulubris animus ſi te non deficit æquus.
HOR. Ep. xi. l. 1. ver. 30.

'Tis not the place diſguſt or pleaſure brings;
From our own mind our ſatisfaction ſprings.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *London, June* 24.

'A MAN who has it in his power to chuſe his 'own company, would certainly be much to 'blame, ſhould he not, to the beſt of his judgment, 'take ſuch as are of a temper moſt ſuitable to his 'own; and where that choice is wanting, or where 'a man is miſtaken in his choice, and yet under a 'neceſſity of continuing in the ſame company, it 'will certainly be his intereſt to carry himſelf as 'eaſily as poſſible.

'In this I am ſenſible I do but repeat what has 'been

'been ſaid a thouſand times, at which, however, I 'think no body has any title to take exception, but 'they who never failed to put this in practice.—— 'Not to uſe any longer preface, this being the ſea- 'ſon of the year in which great numbers of all ſorts 'of people retire from this place of buſineſs and 'pleaſure to country ſolitude, I think it not impro- 'per to adviſe them to take with them as great a 'ſtock of good-humour as they can; for though a 'country life is deſcribed as the moſt pleaſant of all 'others, and though it may in truth be ſo, yet it is 'ſo only to thoſe who know how to enjoy leiſure 'and retirement.

'As for thoſe who cannot live without the con- 'ſtant helps of buſineſs or company, let them con- 'ſider, that in the country there is no *Exchange*, 'there are no play-houſes, no variety of coffee- 'houſes, nor many of thoſe other amuſements, 'which ſerve here as ſo many reliefs from the re- 'peated occurrences in their own families; but that 'there the greateſt part of their time muſt be ſpent 'within themſelves, and conſequently it behoves 'them to conſider how agreeable it will be to them 'before they leave this dear town.

'I remember, Mr. SPECTATOR, we were very 'well entertained laſt year with the advices you 'gave us from Sir ROGER's country-ſeat; which I 'the rather mention, becauſe it is almoſt impoſſible 'not to live pleaſantly, where the maſter of the fami- 'ly is ſuch a one as you there deſcribe your friend, 'who cannot therefore (I mean as to his domeſtic 'character) be too often recommended to the imi- 'tation of others. How amiable is that affability 'and benevolence with which he treats his neigh- 'bours, and every one, even the meaneſt of his 'own family! And yet how ſeldom imitated? In- 'ſtead of which we commonly meet with ill natur- 'ed expoſtulations, noiſe, and chidings.—And 'this I hinted, becauſe the humour and diſpoſition

'of

'of the head, is what chiefly influences all the other 'parts of a family.

'An agreement and kind correſpondence be- 'tween friends and acquaintance, is the greateſt 'pleaſure of life. This is an undoubted truth, and 'yet any man who judges from the practice of the 'world, will be almoſt perſuaded to believe the 'contrary; for how can we ſuppoſe people ſhould 'be ſo induſtrious to make themſelves uneaſy? 'What can engage them to entertain and foment 'jealouſies of one another upon every the leaſt oc- 'caſion? Yet ſo it is, there are people who (as it 'ſhould ſeem) delight in being troubleſome and 'vexatious, who (as *Tully* ſpeaks) *Mira ſunt alacri- 'tate ad litigandum*, 'Have a certain cheerfulneſs in 'wrangling.' And thus it happens, that there 'are very few families in which there are not 'feuds and animoſities, though it is every one's 'intereſt, there more particularly, to avoid them, 'becauſe there (as I would willingly hope) no one 'gives another uneaſineſs, without feeling ſome 'ſhare of it.——But I am gone beyond what I de- 'ſigned, and had almoſt forgot what I chiefly pro- 'poſed; which was, barely to tell you how hardly 'we, who paſs moſt of our time in town, diſpenſe 'with a long vacation in the country, how uneaſy 'we grow to ourſelves and to one another, when 'our converſation is confined, inſomuch that by '*Michaelmas*, it is odds but we come to downright 'ſquabbling, and make as free with one another to 'our faces, as we do with the reſt of the world be- 'hind their backs. After I have told you this, I 'am to deſire that you would now and then give us 'a leſſon of good-humour, a family piece, which, 'ſince we are all very fond of you, I hope may have 'ſome influence upon us.

'After theſe plain obſervations, give me leave 'to give you an hint of what a ſet of company of 'my acquaintance, who are now gone into the 'country,

'country, and have the uſe of an abſent nobleman's 'ſeat, have ſettled among themſelves, to avoid the 'inconveniencies above-mentioned. They are a 'collection of ten or twelve, of the ſame good in-'clination towards each other, but of very different 'talents and inclinations: from hence they hope, 'that the variety of their tempers will only create 'variety of pleaſures. But as there always will a-'riſe, among the ſame people, either for want of 'diverſity of objects, or the like cauſes, a certain 'ſatiety, which may grow into ill-humour or diſcon-'tent, there is a large wing of the houſe which they 'deſign to employ in the nature of an infirmary. 'Whoever ſays a peeviſh thing, or acts any thing 'which betrays a ſourneſs or indiſpoſition to the com-'pany, is immediately to be conveyed to his cham-'bers in the infirmary; from whence he is not to be 'relieved, till by his manner of ſubmiſſion, and the 'ſentiments expreſſed in his petition for that pur-'poſe, he appears to the majority of the company to 'be again fit for ſociety. You are to underſtand, 'that all ill-natured words or uneaſy geſtures are 'ſufficient cauſe for baniſhment; ſpeaking impati-'ently to ſervants, making a man repeat what he 'ſays, or any thing that betrays inattention or diſ-'humour, are alſo criminal without reprieve: but it 'is provided, that whoever obſerves the ill-natured 'fit coming upon himſelf, and voluntarily retires, 'ſhall be received at his return from the infirmary 'with the higheſt marks of eſteem. By theſe and 'other wholeſome methods it is expected that if 'they cannot cure one another, yet at leſt they have 'taken care that the ill-humour of one ſhall not be 'troubleſome to the reſt of the company. There are 'many other rules which the ſocicty have eſtabliſh-'ed for the preſervation of their eaſe and tranquilli-'ty, the effects of which, with the incidents that

'ariſe

'arise among them shall be communicated to you 'from time to time for the public good, by,

'SIR,

'Your most humble servant,

T 'R. O.'

No. 425. TUESDAY, JULY 8.

Frigora mitescunt zephyris; ver proterit æstas
Interitura, simul
Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit; et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.

Hor. Od. vi. l. 4. ver. 9.

The cold grows soft with western gales,
The summer over spring prevails,
But yields to autumn's fruitful rain,
As this to winter storms and hails;
Each loss the hasting moon repairs again.

Sir W. TEMPLE.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is hardly any thing gives me a more 'sensible delight, than the enjoyment of a cool 'still evening after the uneasiness of a hot sultry 'day. Such a one I passed not long ago, which 'made me rejoice when the hour was come for the 'sun to set, that I might enjoy the freshness of the 'evening in my garden, which then affords me the 'pleasantest hours I pass in the whole four and twen-'ty. I immediately rose from my couch, and went 'down into it. You descend at first by twelve stone 'steps into a large square divided into four grass-'plots, in each of which is a statue of white marble. 'This is separated from a large parterre by a low 'wall, and from thence, through a pair of iron 'gates, you are led into a long broad walk of the 'finest turf, set on each side with tall yews, and on 'either

'either hand bordered by a canal, which on the right 'divides the walk from a wilderneſs parted into va- 'riety of alleys and arbours, and on the left from 'a kind of amphitheatre, which is the receptacle of 'a great number of oranges and myrtles. The 'moon ſhone bright, and ſeemed then moſt agree- 'ably to ſupply the place of the ſun, obliging me 'with as much light as was neceſſary to diſcover a 'thouſand pleaſing objects, and at the ſame time 'diveſted of all power of heat. The reflection of 'it in the water, the fanning of the wind, ruſtling 'on the leaves, the ſinging of the thruſh and night- 'ingale, and the coolneſs of the walks, all conſpir- 'ed to make me lay aſide all diſpleaſing thoughts, 'and brought me into ſuch a tranquillity of mind, 'as is, I believe, the next happineſs to that of here- 'after. In this ſweet retirement I naturally fell in- 'to the repetition of ſome lines out of a poem of '*Milton*'s, which he entitles *Il Penſeroſo*, the ideas 'of which were exquiſitely ſuited to my preſent 'wanderings of thought.

Sweet bird! that ſhun'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, chauntreſs, oft, the woods among,
I woo to hear thy evening ſong:
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth ſhaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that hath been led aſtray,
Thro' the Heav'n's wide pathleſs way,
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping thro' a fleecy cloud.
Then let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream
Wave with his wings in airy ſtream,
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid:

And

And, as I wake, ſweet muſic breathe,
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſpirits to mortals good,
Or th' unſeen genius of the wood.

'I reflected then upon the ſweet viciſſitudes of 'night and day, on the charming diſpoſition of the 'ſeaſons, and their return again in a perpetual cir-'cle; and oh! ſaid I, that I could from theſe my 'declining years return again to my firſt ſpring of 'youth and vigour; but that, alas! is impoſſible. 'All that remains within my power, is to ſoften 'the inconveniencies I feel, with an eaſy contented 'mind, and the enjoyment of ſuch delights as this 'ſolitude affords me. In this thought I ſat me down 'on a bank of flowers, and dropt into a ſlumber, 'which, whether it were the effect of fumes and 'vapours, or my preſent thoughts, I know not; 'but methought the genius of the garden ſtood be-'fore me, and introduced into the walk where I lay 'this drama and different ſcenes of the revolution of 'the year, which, whilſt I then ſaw, even in my 'dream, I reſolved to write down, and ſend to the 'SPECTATOR.

'The firſt perſon whom I ſaw advancing to-'wards me, was a youth of a moſt beautiful air 'and ſhape, though he ſeemed not yet arrived at 'that exact proportion and ſymmetry of parts 'which a little more time would have given him; 'but, however, there was ſuch a bloom in his 'countenance, ſuch ſatisfaction and joy, that I 'thought it the moſt deſireable form that I had ever 'ſeen. He was clothed in a flowing mantle of 'green ſilk, interwoven with flowers: he had a 'chaplet of roſes on his head, and a *Narciſſus* in 'his hand; primroſes and violets ſprang up under 'his feet, and all nature was cheered at his ap-'proach. *Flora* was on one hand, and *Vertumnus* 'on the other in a robe of changeable ſilk. After

'this I was ſurpriſed to ſee the moon beams reflected
'with a ſudden glare from armour, and to ſee a man
'completely armed and advancing with his ſword
'drawn. I was ſoon informed by the genius it was
'*Mars*, who had long uſurped a place among the
'attendants of the *Spring*. He made way for a ſoft-
'er appearance: it was *Venus*, without any orna-
'ment but her own beauties, not ſo much as her
'own *ceſtus*, with which ſhe had encompaſſed a
'globe, which ſhe held in her right hand, and in
'her left ſhe had a ſceptre of gold. After her fol-
'lowed the *Graces*, with their arms entwined with-
'in one another: their girdles were looſed, and they
'moved to the ſound of ſoft muſic, ſtriking the
'ground alternately with their feet. Then came up
'the three months which belong to this ſeaſon. As
'*March* advanced towards me, there was methought,
'in his look, a lowring roughneſs, which ill beſitted
'a month which was ranked in ſo ſoft a ſeaſon; but,
'as he came forwards, his features became inſenſi-
'bly more mild and gentle: he ſmoothed his brow,
'and looked with ſo ſweet a countenance, that I
'could not but lament his departure, though he
'made way for *April*. He appeared in the greateſt
'gaiety imaginable, and had a thouſand pleaſures to
'attend him: his look was frequently clouded, but
'immediately returned to its firſt compoſure, and
'remained fixed in a ſmile. Then came *May*, at-
'tended by *Cupid*, with his bow ſtrung, and in a
'poſture to let fly an arrow: as he paſſed by, me-
'thought I heard a confuſed noiſe of ſoft complaints,
'gentle eccſtacies, and tender ſighs of lovers; vows of
'conſtancy, and as many complainings of perfidi-
'ouſneſs; all which the winds wafted away as ſoon
'as they had reached my hearing. After theſe I ſaw
'a man advance, in the full prime and vigour of his
'age: his complexion was ſanguine and ruddy, his
'hair black, and fell down in beautiful ringlets be-
'neath his ſhoulders; a mantle of hair-coloured ſilk
'hung

'hung loosely upon him: he advanced with a hasty 'step after the *Spring*, and sought out the shade and 'cool fountains which played in the garden. He 'was particularly well pleased when a troop of *Ze-* 'phyrs fanned him with their wings: he had two 'companions who walked on each side, that made 'him appear the most agreeable; the one was *Au-* 'rora with fingers of roses, and her feet dewy, at- 'tired in gray; the other was *Vesper*, in a robe of 'azure beset with drops of gold, whose breath he 'caught whilst it passed over a bundle of honey-suc- 'kles and tuberoses which he held in his hand. '*Pan* and *Ceres* followed them with four reapers, 'who danced a morrice to the sound of oaten pipes 'and cymbals. Then came the attendant months. '*June* retained still some small likeness of the '*Spring*: but the other two seemed to step with a 'less vigorous tread, especially *August*, who seemed 'almost to faint, whilst, for half the steps he took, 'the dog-star levelled his rays full at his head: they 'passed on, and made way for a person that seemed 'to bend a little under the weight of years: his 'beard and hair, which were full grown, were com- 'posed of an equal number of black and gray; he 'wore a robe which he had girt about him of a 'yellowish cast, not unlike the colour of fallen 'leaves, which he walked upon. I thought he hard- 'ly made amends for expelling the foregoing scene 'by the large quantity of fruits which he bore in his 'hands. *Plenty* walked by his side with an heal- 'thy fresh countenance, pouring out from an horn 'all the various products of the year. *Pomona* fol- 'lowed with a glass of cyder in her hand, with *Bac-* 'chus in a chariot drawn by tygers, accompanied by 'a whole troop of satyrs, fauns, and sylvans. *Sep-* 'tember, who came next, seemed in his looks to 'promise a new *Spring*, and wore the livery of 'those months. The succeeding month was all 'soiled with the juice of grapes, as if he had just

'come

'come from the wine-preſs. *November*, though 'he was in this diviſion, yet, by the many ſtops he 'made, ſeemed rather inclined to the *Winter*, which 'followed cloſe at his heels. He advanced in the 'ſhape of an old man in the extremity of age: the 'hair he had was ſo very white it ſeemed a real 'ſnow; his eyes were red and piercing, and his 'beard hung with a great quantity of icicles: he 'was wrapt up in furs, but yet ſo pinched with 'exceſs of cold, that his limbs were all contracted, 'and his body bent to the ground; ſo that he could 'not have ſupported himſelf, had it not been for '*Comus* the god of revels, and *Neceſſity* the mother 'of *Fate*, who ſuſtained him on each ſide. The 'ſhape and mantle of *Comus* was one of the things 'that moſt ſurpriſed me; as he advanced towards 'me, his countenance ſeemed the moſt deſirable 'I had ever ſeen: on the fore part of his mantle 'was pictured joy, delight, and ſatisfaction, with 'a thouſand emblems of merriment, and jeſts, with 'faces looking two ways at once; but, as he paſſed 'from me, I was amazed at a ſhape ſo little corre-'ſpondent to his face: his head was bald, and all 'the reſt of his limbs appeared old and deformed. 'On the hinder part of his mantle was repreſented '*Murder*, with diſhevelled hair, and a dagger all 'bloody, *Anger* in a robe of ſcarlet, and *Suſpicion* 'ſquinting with both eyes; but, above all, the moſt 'conſpicuous was the battle of the *Lapithæ* and the '*Centaurs*. I deteſted ſo hideous a ſhape, and turn-'ed my eyes upon *Saturn*, who was ſtealing away 'behind him with a ſcythe in one hand, and an 'hour-glaſs in the other, unobſerved. Behind *Ne-'ceſſity* was *Veſta* the goddeſs of fire, with a lamp 'which was perpetually ſupplied with oil and whoſe 'flame was eternal. She cheered the rugged brow 'of *Neceſſity*, and warmed her ſo far, as almoſt to 'make her aſſume the features and likeneſs of *Choice*. '*December*, *January*, and *February*, paſſed on after

'the reſt all in furs; there was little diſtinction to
'be made amongſt them, and they were more or leſs
'diſpleaſing as they diſcovered more or leſs haſte to-
'wards the grateful return of *Spring*.' Z.

No. 426. Wednesday, July 9.

——*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,*
Auri ſacra fames?—— Virg. Æn. iii. ver. 56.

O ſacred hunger of pernicious gold!
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold?
Dryden.

A Very agreeable friend of mine, the other day, carrying me in his coach into the country to dinner, fell into diſcourſe concerning the care of parents due to their children, and the piety of children towards their parents. He was reflecting upon the ſucceſſion of particular virtues and qualities there might be preſerved from one generation to another, if theſe regards were reciprocally held in veneration: but, as he never fails to mix an air of mirth and good-humour with his good ſenſe and reaſoning, he entered into the following relation:

I will not be confident in what century, or under what reign it happened, that this want of mutual confidence and right underſtanding between father and ſon was fatal to the family of the *Valentines* in *Germany*. *Baſilius Valentinus* was a perſon who had arrived at the utmoſt perfection in the hermetic art, and initiated his ſon *Alexandrinus* in the ſame myſteries: but as you know they are not to be attained but by the painful, the pious, the chaſte, and pure of heart, *Baſilius* did not open to him, becauſe of his

his youth, and the deviations too natural to it, the greateſt ſecrets of which he was maſter, as well knowing that the operation would fail in the hands of a man ſo liable to errors in life as *Alexandrinus*. But believing, from a certain indiſpoſition of mind as well as body, his diſſolution was drawing nigh, he called *Alexandrinus* to him; and as he lay on a couch, over-againſt which his ſon was ſeated, and prepared by ſending out ſervants one after another, and admonition to examine that no one overheard them, he revealed the moſt important of his ſecrets with the ſolemnity and language of an adept. My ſon, ſaid he, many have been the watchings, long the lucubrations, conſtant the labours of thy father, not only to gain a great and plentiful eſtate to his poſterity, but alſo to take care that he ſhould have no poſterity. Be not amazed, my child; I do not mean that thou ſhalt be taken from me, but that I will never leave thee, and conſequently cannot be ſaid to have poſterity. Behold, my deareſt *Alexandrinus*, the effect of what was propagated in nine months: we are not to contradict nature, but to follow and help her; juſt as long as an infant is in the womb of its parent, ſo long are theſe medicines of revivification in preparing. Obſerve this ſmall phial and this little gallipot, in this an unguent, in the other a liquor. In theſe, my child, are collected ſuch powers, as ſhall revive the ſprings of life when they are yet but juſt ceaſed, and give new ſtrength, new ſpirits, and, in a word, wholly reſtore all the organs and ſenſes of the human body to as great a duration as it had before enjoyed from its birth to the day of the application of theſe my medicines. But, my beloved ſon, care muſt be taken to apply them within ten hours after the breath is out of the body, while yet the clay is warm with its late life, and yet capable of reſuſcitation. I find my frame grown crazy with perpetual toil and meditation; and I conjure you, as ſoon as I am dead, to

anoint me with this unguent; and when you ſee me begin to move, pour into my lips this ineſtimable liquor, elſe the force of the ointment will be ineffectual. By this means you will give me life as I have you, and we will from that hour mutually lay aſide the authority of having beſtowed life on each other, but live as brethren, and prepare new medicines againſt ſuch another period of time as will demand another application of the ſame reſtoratives. In a few days after theſe wonderful ingredients were delivered to *Alexandrinus*, *Baſilius* departed this life. But ſuch was the pious ſorrow of the ſon at the loſs of ſo excellent a father, and the firſt tranſports of grief had ſo wholly diſabled him from all manner of buſineſs, that he never thought of the medicines till the time to which his father had limited their efficacy was expired. To tell the truth, *Alexandrinus* was a man of wit and pleaſure, and conſidered his father had lived out his natural time, his life was long and uniform, ſuitable to the regularity of it; but that he himſelf, poor ſinner, wanted a new life, to repent of a very bad one hitherto; and, in the examination of his heart, reſolved to go on as he did with this natural being of his, but repent very faithfully, and ſpend very piouſly the life to which he ſhould be reſtored by application of theſe rarities, when time ſhould come, to his own perſon.

It has been obſerved, that Providence frequently puniſhes the ſelf-love of men, who would do immoderately for their own offſpring, with children very much below their characters and qualifications, inſomuch that they only tranſmit their names to be borne by thoſe who give daily proofs of the vanity of the labour and ambition of their progenitors.

It happened thus in the family of *Baſilius*; for *Alexandrinus* began to enjoy his ample fortune in all the extremities of houſehold expence, furniture, and inſolent equipage; and this he purſued till the day of his own departure began, as he grew ſenſible,

ble, to approach. As *Baſilius* was puniſhed with a ſon very unlike him, *Alexandrinus* was vitited with one of his own diſpoſition. It is natural that ill men ſhould be ſuſpicious, and *Alexandrinus*, beſides that jealouſy, had proofs of the vicious diſpoſition of his ſon *Renatus*, for that was his name.

Alexandrinus, as I obſerved, having very good reaſons for thinking it unſafe to truſt the real ſecret of his phial and gallipot to any man living, projected to make ſure work, and hope for his ſucceſs depending from the avarice, not the bounty, of his benefactor.

With this thought he called *Renatus* to his bedſide, and beſpoke him in the moſt pathetic geſture and accent. As much, my ſon, as you have been addicted to vanity and pleaſure, as I alſo have been before you, you nor I could eſcape the fame, or the good effects of the profound knowledge of our progenitor, the renowned *Baſilius*. His ſymbol is very well known in the philoſophic world, and I ſhall never forget the venerable air of his countenance, when he let me into the profound myſteries of *the ſmaragdine table of* Hermes. *It is true*, ſaid he, *and far removed from all colour of deceit; that which is inferior is like that which is ſuperior, by which are acquired and perfected all the miracles of a certain work. The father is the ſun, the mother the moon, the wind is the womb, the earth is the nurſe of it, and mother of all perfection. All this muſt be received with modeſty and wiſdom.* The chymical people carry in all their jargon a whimſical ſort of piety, which is ordinary with great lovers of money, and is no more but deceiving themſelves, that their regularity and ſtrictneſs of manners for the ends of this world, has ſome affinity to the innocence of heart which muſt recommend them to the next. *Renatus* wondered to hear his father talk ſo like an adept, and with ſuch a mixture of piety, while *Alexandrinus* obſerving his attention fixed, proceeded: this phial, child, and this little earthen pot will

will add to thy eſtate ſo much, as to make thee the richeſt man in the *German* empire. I am going to my long home, but ſhall not return to common duſt. Then he reſumed a countenance of alacrity, and told him, that if, within an hour after his death, he anointed his whole body, and poured down his throat that liquor which he had from old *Baſilius*, the corpſe would be converted into pure gold. I will not pretend to expreſs to you the unfeigned tenderneſſes that paſſed between theſe two extraordinary perſons; but if the father recommended the care of his remains with vehemence and affection, the ſon was not behind-hand in profeſſing that he would not cut the leaſt bit off him, but upon the utmoſt extremity, or to provide for his younger brothers and ſiſters.

Well, *Alexandrinus* died, and the heir of his body (as our term is) could not forbear, in the wantonneſſes of his heart, to meaſure the length and breadth of his beloved father, and caſt up the enſuing value of him before he proceeded to operation. When he knew the immenſe reward of his pains, he began the work: but lo! when he had anointed the corpſe all over, and began to apply the liquor, the body ſtirred, and *Renatus*, in a fright, broke the phial.

No. 427. THURSDAY, JULY 10.

Quantùm à rerum turpitudine abes, tantùm te à verborum libertate ſejungas. TULL.

We ſhould be as careful of our words as our actions; and as far from ſpeaking, as from doing ill.

IT is a certain ſign of an ill heart to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmleſs and innocent can have no gratification that way; but it ever

ever ariſes from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's ſelf, and an impatience of ſeeing it in another. Elſe why ſhould virtue provoke? Why ſhould beauty diſpleaſe in ſuch a degree, that a man given to ſcandal never lets the mention of either paſs by him without offering ſomething to the diminution of it? A lady the other day at a viſit, being attacked ſomewhat rudely by one whoſe own character has been very roughly treated, anſwered a great deal of heat and intemperance very calmly; *Good Madam, ſpare me, who am none of your match; I ſpeak ill of no body, and it is a new thing to me to be ſpoken ill of.* Little minds think fame conſiſts in the number of votes they have on their ſide among the multitude, whereas it is really the inſeparable follower of good and worthy actions. Fame is as natural a follower of merit, as a ſhadow is of the body. It is true, when crowds preſs upon you, this ſhadow cannot be ſeen; but, when they ſeparate from around you, it will again appear. The lazy, the idle, and the froward, are the perſons who are moſt pleaſed with the little tales which paſs about the town to the diſadvantage of the reſt of the world. Were it not for the pleaſure of ſpeaking ill, there are numbers of people who are too lazy to go out of their own houſes, and too ill-natured to open their lips in converſation. It was not a little diverting the other day to obſerve a lady reading a poſt-letter, and at theſe words, *After all her airs, he has heard ſome ſtory or other, and the match is broke off*, give orders in the midſt of her reading, *Put to the horſes.* That a young woman of merit has miſſed an advantageous ſettlement, was news not to be delayed, leſt ſomebody elſe ſhould give her malicious acquaintance that ſatisfaction before her. The unwillingneſs to receive good tidings, is a quality as inſeparable from a ſcandal-bearer as the readineſs to divulge bad. But, alas! how wretchedly low and contemptible is that ſtate

of

of mind, that cannot be pleaſed but by what is the ſubject of lamentation. This temper has ever been in the higheſt degree odious to gallant ſpirits. The *Perſian* ſoldier, who was heard reviling *Alexander the Great*, was well admoniſhed by his officer; *Sir, you are paid to fight againſt* Alexander, *and not to rail at him.*

Cicero in one of his pleadings, defending his client from general ſcandal, ſays very handſomely, and with much reaſon, *There are many who have particular engagements to the proſecutor: There are many who are known to have ill-will to him for whom I appear: there are many who are naturally addicted to defamation, and envious of any good to any man, who may have contributed to ſpread reports of this kind: for nothing is ſo ſwift as ſcandal, nothing is more eaſily ſent abroad, nothing received with more welcome, nothing diffuſes itſelf ſo univerſally. I ſhall not deſire, that if any report to our diſadvantage has any ground for it, you would overlook or extenuate it: but if there be any thing advanced without a perſon who can ſay whence he had it, or which is atteſted by one who forgot who told him it, or who had it from one of ſo little conſideration that he did not then think it worth his notice, all ſuch teſtimonies as theſe, I know you will think too ſlight to have any credit againſt the innocence and honour of your fellow-citizen.* When an ill report is traced, it very often vaniſhes among ſuch as the orator has here recited. And how deſpicable a creature muſt that be, who is in pain for what paſſes among ſo frivolous a people? There is a town in *Warwickſhire* of good note, and formerly pretty famous for much animoſity and diſſenſion, the chief families of which have now turned all their whiſpers, backbitings, envies, and private malices, into mirth and entertainment, by means of a peeviſh old gentlewoman, known by the title of the Lady *Bluemantle*. This heroine had for many years together out-done the whole ſiſterhood of goſſips, in invention,

tion, quick utterance, and unprovoked malice. This good body is of a lasting constitution, though extremely decayed in her eyes, and decrepid in her feet. The two circumstances of being always at home from her lameness, and very attentive from her blindness, make her lodgings the receptacle of all that passes in town, good or bad; but for the latter she seems to have the better memory. There is another thing to be noted of her, which is, That as it is usual with old people, she has a livelier memory of things which passed when she was very young, than of late years. Add to all this, that she does not only not love any body, but she hates every body. The statue in *Rome* does not serve to vent malice half so well, as this old Lady does to disappoint it. She does not know the author of any thing that is told her, but can readily repeat the matter itself; therefore, though she exposes all the whole town, she offends no one body in it. She is so exquisitely restless and peevish that she quarrels with all about her, and sometimes in a freak will instantly change her habitation. To indulge this humour, she is led about the grounds belonging to the same house she is in, and the person to whom she is to remove, being in the plot, are ready to receive her at her own chamber again. At stated times, the gentlewoman at whose house she supposes she is at the time, is sent for to quarrel with, according to her common custom; when they have a mind to drive the jest, she is immediately urged to that degree, that she will board in a family with which she has never yet been; and away she will go this instant, and tell them all that the rest have been saying of them. By this means she has been an inhabitant of every house in the place, without stirring from the same habitation; and the many stories which every body furnishes her with, to favour that deceit, make her the general intelligencer of the town, of all that can be said by one woman against another. Thus groundless stories die away,

away, and ſometimes truths are ſmothered under the general word, when they have a mind to diſcountenance a thing, Oh! that is in my Lady *Bluemantle*'s memoirs.

Whoever receives impreſſions to the diſadvantage of others without examination, is to be had in no other credit for intelligence than this good Lady *Bluemantle*, who is ſubjected to have her ears impoſed upon, for want of other helps to better information. Add to this, that other ſcandal-bearers ſuſpend the uſe of theſe faculties which ſhe has loſt, rather than apply them to do juſtice to their neighbours; and, I think, for the ſervice of my fair readers, to acquaint them, that there is a voluntary Lady *Bluemantle* at every viſit in town. T

No. 428. FRIDAY, JULY 11.

Occupet extremum ſcabies——

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 417.

The Devil take the hindmoſt!

[Engliſh Proverb.]

IT is an impertinent and unreaſonable fault in converſation, for one man to take up all the diſcourſe. It may poſſibly be objected to me myſelf, that I am guilty in this kind, in entertaining the town every day, and not giving ſo many able perſons who have it more in their power, and as much in their inclination, an opportunity to oblige mankind with their thoughts. Beſides, ſaid one whom I overheard the other day, why muſt this paper turn altogether upon topics of learning and morality? Why ſhould it pretend only to wit, humour, or the like? Things which are uſeful only to amuſe men of literature and ſuperior education. I would

have it conſiſt alſo of all things which may be neceſſary or uſeful to any part of ſociety, and the mechanic arts ſhould have their place as well as the liberal. The ways of gain, huſbandry, and thrift, will ſerve a greater number of people, than diſcourſes upon what was well ſaid or done by ſuch a philoſopher, hero, general, or poet. I no ſooner heard this critic talk of my works but I minuted what he had ſaid; and from that inſtant reſolved to enlarge the plan of my ſpeculations, by giving notice to all perſons of all orders, and each ſex, that if they are pleaſed to ſend me diſcourſes, with their names and places of abode to them, ſo that I can be ſatisfied the writings are authentic, ſuch their labours ſhall be faithfully inſerted in this paper. It will be of much more conſequence to a youth in his apprenticeſhip, to know by what rules and arts ſuch a one became ſheriff of the city of *London*, than to ſee the ſign of one of his own quality with a lion's heart in each hand. The world indeed is enchanted with romantic and improbable achievements, when the plain path to reſpective greatneſs and ſucceſs in the way of life a man is in, is wholly overlooked. Is it poſſible that a young man at preſent could paſs his time better, than in reading the hiſtory of ſtocks, and knowing by what ſecret ſprings they have had ſuch ſudden aſcents and falls in the ſame day? Could he be better conducted in his way to wealth, which is the great article of life, than in a treatiſe dated from *Change-Alley* by an able proficient there? Nothing certainly could be more uſeful, than to be well inſtructed in his hopes and fears; to be diffident when others exult, and with a ſecret joy buy when others think it their intereſt to ſell. I invite all perſons who have any thing to ſay for the profitable information of the public to take their turns in my paper: they are welcome, from the late noble inventor of the longitude, to the humble author of ſtrops for razors. If to carry ſhips in ſafety, to give help

to people toſſed in a troubled ſea, without knowing to what ſhore they bear, what rocks to avoid, or what coaſt to pray for in their extremity, be a worthy labour, and an invention that deſerves a ſtatue; and at the ſame time, he who has found a means to let the inſtrument which is to make your viſage leſs horrible, and your perſon more ſnug, eaſy in the operation, is worthy of ſome kind of good reception: if things of high moment meet with renown, thoſe of little conſideration, ſince of any conſideration, are not to be deſpiſed. In order that no merit may lie hid, and no art unimproved, I repeat it, that I call artificers as well as philoſophers, to my aſſiſtance in the public ſervice. It would be of great uſe if we had an exact hiſtory of the ſucceſſes of every great ſhop within the city-walls, what tracts of land have been purchaſed by a conſtant attendance within a walk of of thirty feet; if it could alſo be noted in the equipage of thoſe who are aſcended from the ſucceſsful trade of their anceſtors into figure and equipage. Such accounts would quicken induſtry in the purſuit of ſuch acquiſitions, and diſcountenance luxury in the enjoyment of them.

To diverſify theſe kinds of informations, the induſtry of the female world is not to be unobſerved: ſhe to whoſe houſehold virtues it is owing, that men do honour to her huſband, ſhould be recorded with veneration; ſhe who has waſted his labours, with infamy. When we are come into domeſtic life in this manner, to awaken caution and attendance to the main point, it would not be amiſs to give now and then a touch of tragedy, and deſcribe that moſt dreadful of all human conditions, the caſe of bankruptcy; how plenty, credit, cheerfulneſs, full hopes, and eaſy poſſeſſions, are in an inſtant turned into penury, faint aſpects, diffidence, ſorrow, and miſery; how the man, who, with an open hand the day before, could adminiſter to the extremities of others, is ſhunned to-day by the friend of his boſom. It would

would be useful to show how just this is on the negligent, how lamentable on the industrious. A paper written by a merchant, might give this island a true sense of the worth and importance of his character: it might be visible from what he could say, that no soldier entering a breach adventures more for honour than the trader does for wealth to his country. In both cases the adventurers have their own advantage, but I know no cases wherein every body else is a sharer in the success.

It is objected by readers of history, that the battles in those narrations are scarce ever to be understood. This misfortune is to be ascribed to the ignorance of historians in the methods of drawing up, changing the forms of a battalia, and the enemy retreating from, as well as approaching to, the charge. But in the discourses from the correspondents whom I now invite, the danger will be of another kind; and it is necessary to caution them only against using terms of art, and describing things that are familiar to them in words unknown to their reader. I promise myself a great harvest of new circumstances, persons, and things, from this proposal; and a world, which many think they are well acquainted with, discovered as wholly new. This sort of intelligence will give a lively image of the chain and mutual dependence of human society, take off impertinent prejudices, enlarge the minds of those whose views are confined to their own circumstances; and, in short, if the knowing in several arts, professions, and trades, will exert themselves, it cannot but produce a new field of diversion and instruction, more agreeable than has yet appeared. T

No. 429. SATURDAY, JULY 12.

——*Populumque falſis dedocet uti*
Vocibus—— HOR. Od. ii. l. 2. ver. 19.

From cheats of words the crowd ſhe brings
To real eſtimate of things. CREECH.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'SINCE I gave an account of an agreeable ſet of 'company which were gone down into the 'country, I have received advices from thence, that 'the inſtitution of an infirmary for thoſe who ſhould 'be out of humour, has had very good effects. My 'letters mention particular circumſtances of two or 'three perſons, who had the good ſenſe to retire of 'their own accord, and notified that they were with-'drawn, with the reaſons of it, to the company, in 'their reſpective memorials.

The Memorial of Mrs. Mary Dainty, *Spinſter.*

'Humbly ſheweth,

'That conſcious of her own want of merit, ac-'companied with a vanity of being admired, ſhe 'had gone into exile of her own accord.

'She is ſenſible, that a vain perſon is the moſt 'inſufferable creature living in a well bred aſſembly.

'That ſhe deſired, before ſhe appeared in public 'again, ſhe might have aſſurances, that, though ſhe 'might be thought handſome, there might not more 'addreſs of compliment be paid to her, than to the 'reſt of the company.

'That ſhe conceived it a kind of ſuperiority, that 'one perſon ſhould take upon him to commend a-'nother.

'Laſtly, That ſhe went into the infirmary to a-'void a particular perſon who took upon him to 'profeſs an admiration of her.

'She

'She therefore prayed, that to applaud out of due 'place might be declared an offence, and puniſhed 'in the ſame manner with detraction, in that the 'latter did but report perſons defective, and the 'former made them ſo.

'All which is ſubmitted, &c.'

There appeared a delicacy and ſincerity in this memorial very uncommon; but my friend informs me that the allegations of it were groundleſs, inſomuch that this declaration of an averſion to being praiſed, was underſtood to be no other than a ſecret trap to purchaſe it, for which reaſon it lies ſtill on the table unanſwered,

The humble Memorial of the Lady Lydia Loller.

'Sheweth,

'That the Lady *Lydia* is a woman of quality; 'married to a private gentleman.

'That ſhe finds herſelf neither well nor ill.

'That her huſband is a clown.

'That Lady *Lydia* cannot ſee company.

'That ſhe deſires the infirmary may be her apart-'ment during her ſtay in the country.

'That they would pleaſe to make merry with 'their equals.

'That Mr. *Loller* might ſtay with them, if he 'thought fit.'

It was immediately reſolved, that Lady *Lydia* was ſtill at *London*.

The humble Memorial of Thomas Sudden, *Eſq; of the* Inner-Temple.

'Sheweth,

'That Mr. *Sudden* is conſcious that he is too 'much given to argumentation.

'That he talks loud.

'That he is apt to think all things matter of de-'bate.

'That he ſtayed behind in *Weſtminſter-Hall* when 'the late ſhake of the roof happened, only becauſe 'a counſel of the other ſide aſſerted it was coming 'down.

'That he cannot for his life conſent to any thing.

'That he ſtays in the infirmary to forget himſelf.

'That as ſoon as he has forgot himſelf, he will 'wait on the company.'

His indiſpoſition was allowed to be ſufficient to require a ceſſation from company.

The Memorial of Frank Jolly.

Sheweth,

'That he hath put himſelf into the infirmary, in 'regard he is ſenſible of a certain ruſtic mirth which 'renders him unfit for polite converſation.

'That he intends to prepare himſelf by abſtinence 'and thin diet to be one of the company.

'That at preſent he comes into a room as if he 'were an expreſs from abroad.

'That he has choſen an apartment with a matted 'antichamber, to practiſe motion without being 'heard.

'That he bows, talks, drinks, eats, and helps 'himſelf before a glaſs, to learn to act with mo-'deration.

'That by reaſon of his luxuriant health he is 'oppreſſive to perſons of compoſed behaviour.

'That he is endeavouring to forget the word '*pſhaw, pſhaw.*

'That he is alſo weaning himſelf from his cane.

'That when he has learnt to live without his ſaid 'cane, he will wait on the company, *&c.*'

The Memorial of John Rhubarb, *Esq;*

'Sheweth,

'That your petitioner has retired to the infirmary, but that he is in perfect good health, except 'that he has by long use, and for want of discourse, 'contracted an habit of complaint that he is sick.

'That he wants for nothing under the sun, but 'what to say, and therefore has fallen into this unhappy malady of complaining that he is sick.

'That this custom of his makes him, by his own confession, fit only for the infirmary, and therefore 'he has not waited for being sentenced to it.

'That he is conscious there is nothing more improper than such a complaint in good company, in 'that they must pity, whether they think the lamenter ill or not, and that the complainant must 'make a silly figure, whether he is pitied or not.

'Your petitioner humbly prays, that he may have 'time to know how he does, and he will make his 'appearance.'

'The *Valetudinarian* was likewise easily excused: 'and this society being resolved not only to make it 'their business to pass their time agreeably for the 'present season, but also to commence such habits 'in themselves as may be of use in their future conduct in general, are very ready to give into a fancied or real incapacity to join with their measures, 'in order to have no humourist, proud man, impertinent or sufficient fellow, break in upon their happiness. Great evils seldom happen to disturb company; but indulgence in particularities of humour, 'is the seed of making half our time hang in suspence, or waste away under real discomposures.

'Among other things it is carefully provided, 'that there may not be disagreeable familiarities. 'No one is to appear in the public rooms undress-

'sed,

'sed, or enter abruptly into each other's apartment 'without intimation. Every one has hitherto been 'so careful in his behaviour, that there has but one 'offender in ten days time been sent into the infir-'mary, and that was for throwing away his cards at 'whist.

'He has offered his submission in the following 'terms.

The humble Petition of Jeoffry Hotspur, *Esq;*

'Sheweth,

'Though the petitioner swore, stamped, and threw 'down his cards, he has all imaginable respect for 'the ladies, and the whole company.

'That he humbly desires it may be considered, in 'the case of gaming, there are many motives which 'provoke to disorder.

'That the desire of gain, and the desire of victo-'ry, are both thwarted in losing.

'That all conversations in the world have indulg-'ed human infirmity in this case.

'Your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, 'that he may be restored to the company, and he 'hopes to bear ill fortune with a good grace for the 'future, and to demean himself so as to be no more 'than cheerful when he wins, than grave when he 'loses.'

T

MONDAY,

No. 430. MONDAY, JULY 14.

Quære peregrinum vicinia rauca reclamat,
Hor. Ep. xvii. l. i. ver. 62.

——The crowd replies,
Go ſeek a ſtranger to believe thy lies.
CREECH.

'SIR,

'AS you are Spectator-general, you may with 'authority cenſure whatſoever looks ill, and 'is offenſive to the ſight; the worſt nuiſance of which 'kind, methinks, is the ſcandalous appearance of 'the poor in all parts of this wealthy city. Such mi'ſerable objects affect the compaſſionate beholder 'with diſmal ideas, diſcompoſe the cheerfulneſs of 'his mind, and deprive him of the pleaſure that he 'might otherwiſe take in ſurveying the grandeur of 'our metropolis. Who can without remorſe ſee a 'diſabled ſailor, the purveyor of our luxury, deſtitute 'of neceſſaries? Who can behold an honeſt ſoldier, 'that bravely withſtood the enemy, proſtrate and in 'want amongſt his friends? It were endleſs to men'tion all the variety of wretchedneſs, and the num'berleſs poor that not only ſingly, but in companies, 'implore your charity. Spectacles of this nature 'every where occur; and it is unaccountable, that, 'amongſt the many lamentable cries that infeſt this 'town, your Comptroller-general ſhould not take 'notice of the moſt ſhocking, *viz.* thoſe of the 'needy and afflicted. I cannot but think he waved 'it merely out of good-breeding, chuſing rather to 'ſtifle his reſentment, than upbraid his countrymen 'with inhumanity; however, let not charity be ſa'crificed to popularity, and, if his ears were deaf to 'their complaints, let not your eyes overlook their 'perſons.

'persons. There are, I know, many impostures a-
'mong them. Lameness and blindness are certain-
'ly very often acted; but can those that have their
'sight and limbs, employ them better than in know-
'ing whether they are counterfeited or not? I know
'not which of the two misapplies his senses most, he
'who pretends himself blind to move compassion, or
'he who beholds a miserable object without pitying
'it. But in order to remove such impediments, I
'wish, Mr. SPECTATOR, you would give us a dis-
'course upon beggars, that we may not pass by true
'objects of charity, or give to impostors. I looked
'out of my window the other morning earlier than
'ordinary, and saw a blind beggar, an hour before
'the passage he stands in is frequented, with a needle
'and thread, thriftily mending his stockings: my
'astonishment was still greater, when I beheld a
'lame fellow, whose legs were too big to walk with-
'in an hour after, bring him a pot of ale. I will
'not mention the shakings, distortions, and convul-
'sions, which many of them practise to gain an
'alms: but sure I am, they ought to be taken care
'of in this condition, either by the beadle or the
'magistrate. They, it seems, relieve their posts ac-
'cording to their talents. There is the voice of an
'old woman never begins to beg till nine in the
'evening, and then she is destitute of lodging, turn-
'ed out for want of rent, and has the same ill-for-
'tune every night in the year. You should employ
'an officer to hear the distress of each beggar that is
'constant at a particular place, who is ever in the
'same tone, and succeeds because his audience is
'continually changing, though he does not alter his
'lamentation. If we have nothing else for our mo-
'ney, let us have more invention to be cheated with.
'All which is submitted to your spectatorial vigi-
'lance: and I am,

'SIR,

'Your most humble servant.'

SIR,

'SIR,

'I was laſt *Sunday* highly tranſported at our pa-
'riſh-church; the gentleman in the pulpit pleaded
'movingly in behalf of the poor children, and they
'for themſelves much more forcibly by ſinging an
'hymn; and I had the happineſs to be a contributor
'to this little religious inſtitution of innocents, and I
'am ſure I never diſpoſed of money more to my ſa-
'tisfaction and advantage. The inward joy I find
'in myſelf, and the good-will I bear to mankind,
'make me heartily wiſh thoſe pious works may be
'encouraged, that the preſent promoters may reap
'the delight, and poſterity the benefit of them. But
'whilſt we are building this beautiful edifice, let not
'the old ruins remain in view to ſully the proſpect:
'whilſt we are cultivating and improving this young
'hopeful offspring, let not the ancient and helpleſs
'creatures be ſhamefully neglected. The crowds of
'poor, or pretended poor, in every place, are a
'great reproach to us, and eclipſe the glory of all
'other charity. It is the utmoſt reproach to ſociety,
'that there ſhould be a poor man unrelieved, or a
'poor rogue unpuniſhed. I hope you will think no
'part of human life out of your conſideration, but
'will, at your leiſure, give us the hiſtory of plenty
'and want, and the natural gradations towards them,
'calculated for the cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

'I am, SIR,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'T. D.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I beg you would be pleaſed to take notice of a
'very great indecency, which is extremely common,
'though, I think, never yet under your cenſure. It
'is, Sir, the ſtrange freedoms ſome ill-bred married
'people take in company; the unſeaſonable fond-
'neſs of ſome huſbands, and the ill-timed tenderneſs

'of

'of ſome wives. They talk and act as if modeſty 'was only fit for maids and bachelors, and that too 'before both. I was once, Mr. SPECTATOR, where 'the fault I ſpeak of was ſo very flagrant, that (be-'ing, you muſt know, a very baſhful fellow, and 'ſeveral young ladies in the room) I proteſt I was 'quite out of countenance. *Lucina*, it ſeems, was 'breeding, and ſhe did nothing but entertain the 'company with a diſcourſe upon the difficulty of 'reckoning to a day, and ſaid ſhe knew thoſe who 'were certain to an hour; then fell a-laughing at a 'ſilly unexperienced creature, who was a month 'above her time. Upon her huſband's coming in, 'ſhe put ſeveral queſtions to him; which he not 'caring to reſolve, 'Well,' cries *Lucina*, 'I ſhall "have them all at night.'—But, leſt I ſhould ſeem 'guilty of the very fault I write againſt, I ſhall on-'ly entreat Mr. SPECTATOR to correct ſuch miſde-'meanours;

'*For higher of the genial bed by far,*
'*And with myſterious reverence, I deem.*

'I am, SIR,

'Your humble ſervant,

'T. MEANWELL.'

No. 431. TUESDAY, JULY 15.

Quid dulcius hominum generi a natura datum eſt quam ſui cuique liberi? TULL.

What is there in nature ſo dear to a man as his own children?

I HAVE lately been caſting in my thoughts the ſeveral unhappineſſes of life, and comparing the infelicities of old age to thoſe of infancy. The calamities of children are due to the negligence and miſconduct of parents, thoſe of age to the paſt life which led to it. I have here the hiſtory of a boy and a girl to their wedding-day, and think I cannot give the reader a livelier image of the inſipid way which time uncultivated paſſes, than by entertaining him with their authentic epiſtles, expreſſing all that was remarkable in their lives, until the period of their life above-mentioned. The ſentence at the head of this paper, which is only a warm interrogation, *What is there in nature ſo dear as a man's own children to him?* is all the reflection I ſhall at preſent make on thoſe who are negligent or cruel in the education of them.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am now entering into my one and twentieth 'year, and do not know that I had one day's tho-'rough ſatisfaction ſince I came to years of any re-'flection, until the time they ſay others loſe their 'liberty, the day of my marriage. I am ſon to a 'gentleman of a very great eſtate, who reſolved to 'keep me out of the vices of the age; and in or-'der to it never let me ſee any thing that he thought 'could give me the leaſt pleaſure. At ten years old 'I was put to a grammar-ſchool, where my maſter 'received orders every poſt to uſe me very ſeverely,

'and have no regard to my having a great eſtate. 'At fifteen I was removed to the Univerſity, where 'I lived, out of my father's great diſcretion, in 'ſcandalous poverty and want, until I was big e-'nough to be married, and I was ſent for to ſee the 'lady who ſends you the underwritten. When we 'were put together, we both conſidered that we 'could not be worſe than we were in taking one a-'nother, and out of a deſire of liberty entered into 'wedlock. My father ſays I am now a man, and 'may ſpeak to him like another gentleman,

'I am, SIR,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'RICHARD RENTFREE.'

'Mr. SPEC,

'I grew tall and wild at my mother's, who is a 'gay widow, and did not care for ſhewing me, till 'about two years and a half ago; at which time my 'guardian uncle ſent me to a boarding-ſchool, with 'orders to contradict me in nothing, for I had been 'miſuſed enough already. I had not been there a-'bove a month, when being in the kitchen, I ſaw 'ſome oat-meal on the dreſſer; I put two or three 'corns in my mouth, liked it, ſtole a handful, went 'into my chamber, chewed it, and for two months 'after never failed taking toll of every pennyworth 'of oatmeal that came into the houſe: but one day 'playing with a tobacco pipe between my teeth, it 'happened to break in my mouth, and the ſpitting 'out the pieces left ſuch a delicious roughneſs on 'my tongue, that I could not be ſatisfied until I had 'champed up the remaining part of the pipe. I 'forſook the oatmeal, and ſtuck to the pipes three 'months, in which time I had diſpenſed with thir-'ty ſeven foul pipes, all to the boles; they be-'longed to an old gentleman, father to my gover-

'neſs.

'ness.——He locked up the clean ones. I left off 'eating of pipes, and fell to licking of chalk. I 'was soon tired of this; I then nibbled all the red 'wax of our last ball-tickets, and three weeks after, 'the black wax from the burying-tickets of the old 'gentleman. Two months after this I lived upon 'thunder-bolts, a certain long, round, bluish stone, 'which I found among the gravel in our garden. I 'was wonderfully delighted with this; but thunder-'bolts growing scarce, I fastened tooth and nail upon 'our garden-wall, which I stuck to almost a twelve-'month, and had in that time peeled and devoured 'half a foot towards our neighbour's yard. I now 'thought myself the happiest creature in the world, 'and I believe in my conscience, I had eaten quite 'through, had I had it in my chamber; but now I 'became lazy and unwilling to stir, and was obliged 'to seek food nearer home. I then took a strange 'hankering to coals; I fell to scranching them, and 'had already consumed, I am certain, as much as 'would have dressed my wedding-dinner, when my 'uncle came for me home. He was in the parlour 'with my governess when I was called down. I 'went in, fell on my knees, for he made me call him 'father; and when I expected the blessing I asked, 'the good gentleman, in a supprise, turns himself to 'my governess, and asks, Whether this (pointing to 'me) was his daughter? This (added he) is the very 'picture of death. My child was a plump-faced, 'hale, fresh-coloured girl; but this looks as if she 'was half-starved, a mere skeleton. My governess, 'who is really a good woman, assured my father I 'had wanted for nothing; and withal told him I was 'continually eating some trash or other, and that I 'was almost eaten up with the green-sickness, her 'orders being never to cross me. But this signi-'fied but little with my father, who presently in a 'kind of pet, paying for my board took me home 'with him. I had not been long at home, but one

'*Sunday* at church (I ſhall never forget it) I ſaw a young neighbouring gentleman that pleaſed me hugely; I liked him of all men I ever ſaw in my life, and began to wiſh I could be as pleaſing to him. The very next day he came with his father, a viſiting to our houſe: we were left alone together, with directions on both ſides to be in love with one another, and in three weeks time we were married. I regained my former health and complexion, and am now as happy as the day is long. Now, Mr. SPEC, I deſire you would find out ſome name for theſe craving damſels, whether dignified or diſtinguiſhed under ſome or all of the following denominations, to wit, *Traſh-eaters*, *Oatmeal-chewers*, *Pipe-champers*, *Chalk-lickers*, *Wax-nibblers*, *Coal-ſcranchers*, *Wall-peelers*, or *Gravel-diggers*: and, good Sir, do your utmoſt endeavour to prevent (by expoſing) this unaccountable folly, ſo prevailing among the young ones of our ſex, who may not meet with ſuch ſudden good luck as,

'SIR,

'Your conſtant reader,

'And very humble ſervant,

'SABINA GREEN,

'*Now* SABINA RENTFREE.'

WEDNESDAY,

No. 432. WEDNESDAY, JULY 16.

———*Inter ſtrepit anſer olores.*

VIRG. Ecl. ix. ver. 36.

He gabbles like a gooſe amidſt the ſwan like quire.

DRYDEN.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *Oxford, July* 14.

'ACCORDING to a late invitation in one of your 'papers to every man who pleaſes to write, 'I have ſent you the following ſhort diſſertation 'againſt the vice of being prejudiced.

'Your moſt humble ſervant.

'Man is a ſociable creature, and a lover of glory; 'whence it is, that, when ſeveral perſons are united 'in the ſame ſociety, they are ſtudious to leſſen the 'reputation of others, in order to raiſe their own. 'The wiſe are content to guide the ſprings in ſi'lence, and rejoice in ſecret at their regular pro'greſs: to prate and triumph is the part allotted to 'the trifling and ſuperficial: the geeſe were provi'dentially ordained to ſave the *Capitol*. Hence it 'is, that the invention of marks and devices to di'ſtinguiſh parties, is owing to the *beaux* and *belles* 'of this iſland. Hats, moulded into different cocks 'and pinches, have long bid mutual defiance; 'patches have been ſet againſt patches in battle-ar'ray; ſtocks have riſen and fallen in proportion to 'head-dreſſes; and peace or war been expected, as 'the *white* or the *red* hood hath prevailed. Theſe 'are the ſtandard-bearers in our contending armies, 'the dwarfs and ſquires who carry the impreſſes of

'the giants or knights, not born to fight themſelves, 'but to prepare the way for the enſuing combat.

'It is matter of wonder to reflect how far men 'of weak underſtanding and ſtrong fancy are hur- 'ried by their prejudices, even to the believing that 'the whole body of the adverſe party are a band of 'villains and demons. Foreigners complain, that 'the *Engliſh* are the proudeſt nation under heaven. 'Perhaps they too have their ſhare; but, be that as 'it will, general charges againſt bodies of men is 'the fault I am writing againſt. It muſt be owned, 'to our ſhame, that our common people, and moſt 'who have not travelled, have an irrational contempt 'for the language, dreſs, cuſtoms, and even the ſhape 'and minds of other nations. Some men, other- 'wiſe of ſenſe, have wondered that a great genius 'ſhould ſpring out of *Ireland*, and think you mad 'in affirming, that fine odes have been written in '*Lapland*.

'This ſpirit of rivalſhip, which heretofore reigned 'in the two univerſities, is extinct, and almoſt over 'betwixt college and college: in pariſhes and ſchools 'the thirſt of glory ſtill obtains. At the ſeaſons of 'foot-ball and cock-fighting, theſe little republics re- 'aſſume their national hatred to each other. My te- 'nant in the country is verily perſuaded, that the pa- 'riſh of the enemy hath not one honeſt man in it.

'I always hated ſatires againſt women, and ſatires 'againſt men; I am apt to ſuſpect a ſtranger who 'laughs at the religion of *the faculty*: my ſpleen 'riſes at a dull rogue, who is ſevere upon mayors 'and aldermen; and was never better pleaſed than 'with a piece of juſtice executed upon the body of a 'templar, who was very arch upon parſons.

'The neceſſities of mankind require various em- 'ployments; and whoever excels in his province is 'worthy of praiſe. All men are not educated after 'the ſame manner, nor have all the ſame talents. 'Thoſe who are deficient deſerve our compaſſion,

'and

'and have a title to our aſſiſtance. All cannot be 'bred in the ſame place; but in all places there 'ariſe, at different times, ſuch perſons as do honour 'to their ſociety, which may raiſe envy in little ſouls, 'but are admired and cheriſhed by generous ſpirits.

'It is certainly a great happineſs to be educated 'in ſocieties of great and eminent men. Their in-'ſtructions and examples are of extraordinary advan-'tage. It is highly proper to inſtil ſuch a reverence 'of the governing perſons, and concern for the ho-'nour of the place, as may ſpur the growing mem-'bers to worthy purſuits and honeſt emulation: but 'to ſwell young minds with vain thoughts of the 'dignity of their own brotherhood, by debaſing and 'vilifying all others, doth them a real injury. By 'this means I have found, that their efforts have be-'come languid, and their prattle irkſome, as think-'ing it ſufficient praiſe that they are children of ſo 'illuſtrious and ample a family. I ſhould think it 'a ſurer as well as more generous method, to ſet 'before the eyes of youth ſuch perſons as have made 'a noble progreſs in fraternities leſs talked of; which 'ſeems tacitly to reproach their ſloth, who loll ſo 'heavily in the ſeats of mighty improvement: active 'ſpirits hereby would enlarge their notions; where-'as by a ſervile imitation of one, or perhaps two 'admired men, in their own body, they can only 'gain a ſecondary and derivative kind of fame. 'Theſe copiers of men, like thoſe of authors or 'painters, run into affectations of ſome oddneſs, 'which perhaps was not diſagreeable in the original, 'but ſits ungracefully on the narrow-ſouled tran-'ſcriber.

'By ſuch early corrections of vanity, while boys 'are growing into men, they will gradually learn 'not to cenſure ſuperficially, but imbibe thoſe prin-'ciples of general kindneſs and humanity, which 'alone can make them eaſy to themſelves, and be-'loved by others.

'Reflections

'Reflections of this nature have expunged all 'prejudices out of my heart, insomuch, that, though 'I am a firm Protestant, I hope to see the Pope and 'cardinals without violent emotions; and, though I 'am naturally grave, I expect to meet good compa-'ny at *Paris*.

'I am, SIR,

'Your obedient servant."

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I find you are a general undertaker, and have, 'by your correspondents or self, an insight into most 'things; which makes me apply myself to you at 'present in the sorest calamity that ever befel man. 'My wife has taken something ill of me, and has 'not spoke one word, good or bad, to me, or any 'body in the family, since *Friday* was se'ennight. 'What must a man do in that case? Your advice 'would be a great obligation to,

'SIR,

'Your most humble servant,

'RALPH THIMBLETON."

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'When you want a trifle to fill up a paper, by 'inserting this, you will lay an obligation on

'Your humble servant,

July 15, 1712.

'OLIVIA."

"Dear OLIVIA,

"It is but this moment I have had the hap-"piness of knowing to whom I am obliged for "the present I received the second of *April*. I am "heartily sorry it did not come to hand the day "before; for I cannot but think it very hard up-"on people to lose their jest, that offer at one but "once a year. I congratulate myself, however, up-

"on

" on the earneſt given me of ſomething further " intended in my favour; for I am told, that the " man who is thought worthy by a lady to make a " fool of, ſtands fair enough in her opinion to be- " come one day her huſband. Until ſuch time as " I have the honour of being ſworn, I take leave to " ſubſcribe myſelf,

" Dear OLIVIA,

" You fool elect,

T " NICODEMUNCIO."

No. 433. TUESDAY, JULY 17.

Perlege Mæonio cantatas carmine ranas,
Et frontem nugis ſolvere diſce meis.

MART. Ep. clxxxiii. lib. 14.

To baniſh anxious thoughts, and quiet pain,
Read *Homer*'s frogs, or my more trifling ſtrain.

THE moral world, as conſiſting of males and females, is of a mixed nature, and filled with ſeveral cuſtoms, faſhions, and ceremonies, which would have no place in it, were there but *one* ſex. Had our ſpecies no females in it, men would be quite different creatures from what they are at preſent; their endeavours to pleaſe the oppoſite ſex poliſhes and refines them out of thoſe manners which are moſt natural to them, and often ſets them upon modelling themſelves, not according to the plans which they approve in their own opinions, but according to thoſe plans which they think are moſt agreeable to the female world. In a word, man would not only be an unhappy, but a rude unfiniſhed creature, were he converſant with none but thoſe of his own make.

Women, on the other ſide, are apt to form themſelves in every thing with regard to that other half of reaſonable

reaſonable creatures, with whom they are here blended and confuſed; their thoughts are ever turned upon appearing amiable to the other ſex; they talk, and move, and ſmile, with a deſign upon us; every feature of their faces, every part of their dreſs, is filled with ſnares and allurements. There would be no ſuch animals as prudes or coquettes in the world, were there not ſuch an animal as man. In ſhort, it is the male that gives charms to womankind, that produces an air in their faces, a grace in their motions, a ſoftneſs in their voices, and a delicacy in their complexions.

As this mutual regard between the two ſexes tends to the improvement of each of them, we may obſerve, that men are apt to degenerate into rough and brutal natures, who live as if there were no ſuch things as women in the world; as, on the contrary, women, who have an indifference or averſion for their counter-parts in human nature, are generally ſour and unamiable, ſluttiſh and cenſorious.

I am led into this train of thoughts by a little manuſcript which is lately fallen into my hands, and which I ſhall communicate to the reader, as I have done ſome other curious pieces of the ſame nature, without troubling him with any inquiries about the author of it. It contains a ſummary account of two different ſtates which bordered upon one another. The one was a common-wealth of *Amazons*, or women without men; the other was a republic of males that had not a woman in their whole community. As theſe two ſtates bordered upon one another, it was their way, it ſeems, to meet upon their frontiers at a certain ſeaſon of the year, where thoſe among the men who had not made their choice in any former meeting, aſſociated themſelves with particular women, whom they were afterwards obliged to look upon as their wives in every one of thoſe yearly rencounters. The children

children that ſprung from this alliance, if males, were ſent to their reſpective fathers; if females, continued with their mothers. By means of this anniverſary carnival, which laſted about a week, the commonwealths were recruited from time to time, and ſupplied with their reſpective ſubjects.

Theſe two ſtates were engaged together in a perpetual league, offenſive and defenſive, ſo that if any foreign potentate offered to attack either of them, both the ſexes fell upon him at once, and quickly brought him to reaſon. It was remarkable that for many ages this agreement continued inviolable between the two ſtates, notwithſtanding, as was ſaid before, they were huſbands and wives: but this will not appear ſo wonderful, if we conſider that they did not live together above a week in a year.

In the account which my author gives of the male-republic, there were ſeveral cuſtoms very remarkable. The men never ſhaved their beards, or paired their nails above once in a twelvemonth, which was probably about the time of the great annual meeting upon their frontiers. I find the name of a miniſter of ſtate in one part of their hiſtory, who was fined for appearing too frequently in clean linen; and of a certain great general who was turned out of his poſt for effeminacy, it having been proved upon him by ſeveral credible witneſſes that he waſhed his face every morning. If any member of the commonwealth had a ſoft voice, a ſmooth face, or a ſupple behaviour, he was baniſhed into the commonwealth of females, where he was treated as a ſlave, dreſſed in petticoats, and ſet a ſpinning. They had no titles of honour among them, but ſuch as denoted ſome bodily ſtrength or perfection, as ſuch an one *the tall*, ſuch an one the *ſtocky*, ſuch an one the *gruff*. Their public debates were generally managed with kicks and cuffs, inſomuch that they often came from the

the council table with broken ſhins, black eyes, and bloody noſes. When they would reproach a man in the moſt bitter terms, they would tell him his teeth were white, or that he had a fair ſkin, and a ſoft hand. The greateſt man I meet with in their hiſtory, was one who could lift five hundred weight, and wore ſuch a prodigious pair of whiſkers as never had been ſeen in the commonwealth before his time. Theſe accompliſhments it ſeems had rendered him ſo popular, that if he had not died very ſeaſonably, it is thought he might have enſlaved the republic. Having made this ſhort extract out of the hiſtory of the male-commonwealth, I ſhall look into the hiſtory of the neighbouring ſtate which conſiſted of females, and if I find any thing in it, will not fail to communicate it to the public. C

FRIDAY,

No. 434. FRIDAY, JULY 18.

Quales Threiciæ, cum flumina Thermodoontis
Pulsant, et Pictis bellantur Amazones armis:
Seu circum Hippolyten, seu cum se Martia curru
Penthesilea refert: magnoque ululante tumultu
Feminea exultant lunatis agmina peltis,

VIRG. En. xi. ver. 660.

So march'd the Thracian *Amazons* of old,
When *Thermodon* with bloody billows roll'd;
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,
When *Theseus* met in fight their maiden queen.
Such to the field *Penthesilea* led,
From the fierce virgin when the *Grecians* fled.
With such return'd triumphant from the war,
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car:
They clash with manly force their moony shields;
With female shouts resound the *Phrygian* fields.

DRYDEN.

HAVING carefully perused the manuscript I mentioned in my yesterday's paper, so far as it relates to the republic of women, I find in it several particulars which may very well deserve the reader's attention.

The girls of quality, from six to twelve years old, were put to public schools, where they learned to box and play at cudgels, with several other accomplishments of the same nature; so that nothing was more usual than to see a little miss returning home at night with a broken pate, or two or three teeth knocked out of her head. They were afterwards taught to ride the great horse, to shoot, dart, or sling, and listed into several companies, in order to perfect themselves in military exercises. No woman was to be married till she had killed her man.

The ladies of fashion used to play with young lions instead of lap-dogs, and when they made any parties of diversion, instead of entertaining themselves at ombre and piquet, they would wrestle and pitch the bar for a whole afternoon together. There was never any such thing as a blush seen, or a sigh heard, in the commonwealth. The women never dressed but to look terrible, to which end they would sometimes after a battle paint their cheeks with the blood of their enemies. For this reason likewise the face which had the most scars was looked upon as the most beautiful. If they found lace, jewels, ribbons, or any ornaments in silver or gold among the booty which they had taken, they used to dress their horses with it, but never entertained a thought of wearing it themselves. There were particular rights and privileges allowed to any member of the commonwealth, who was a mother of three daughters. The senate was made up of old women; for, by the laws of the country, none was to be a counsellor of state, that was not past child-bearing. They used to boast their republic had continued four thousand years, which is altogether improbable, unless we may suppose, what I am very apt to think, that they measured their time by *lunar* years.

There was a great revolution brought about in this female republic, by means of a neighbouring king, who had made war upon them several years with various success, and at length overthrew them in a very great battle. This defeat they ascribe to several causes. Some say that the secretary of state having been troubled with the vapours, had committed some fatal mistakes in several dispatches about that time. Others pretend, that the first minister being big with child, could not attend the public affairs, as so great an exigency of state required; but this I can give no manner of credit to, since it seems to contradict a fundamental maxim in their government, which I have before mentioned. My author gives the most

probable

probable reaſon of this great diſaſter; for he affirms that the general was brought to bed, or (as others ſay) miſcarried the very night before the battle: however it was, this ſignal overthrow obliged them to call in the male republic to their aſſiſtance; but, notwithſtanding their common efforts to repulſe the victorious enemy, the war continued for many years before they could entirely bring it to a happy concluſion.

The campaigns which both ſexes paſſed together, made them ſo well acquainted with one another, that at the end of the war they did not care for parting. In the beginning of it they lodged in ſeparate camps, but afterwards, as they grew more familiar, they pitched their tents promiſcuouſly.

From this time the armies being chequered with both ſexes, they poliſhed apace. The men uſed to invite their fellow ſoldiers into their quarters, and would dreſs their tents with flowers and boughs for their reception. If they chanced to like one more than another, they would be cutting her name in the table, or chalking out her figure upon a wall, or talking of her in a kind of rapturous language, which by degrees improved into verſe and ſonnet. Theſe were as the firſt rudiments of architecture, painting and poetry, among this ſavage people. After any advantages over the enemy, both ſexes uſed to jump together, and make a clattering with their ſwords and ſhields, for joy, which in a few years produced ſeveral regular tunes and ſet dances.

As the two armies romped on theſe occaſions, the women complained of the thick buſhy beards and long nails of their confederates, who thereupon took care to prune themſelves into ſuch figures as were moſt pleaſing to their female friends and allies.

When they had taken any ſpoils from the enemy, the men would make a preſent of every thing that was rich and ſhowy to the women whom they moſt admired, and would frequently dreſs the necks, or

heads, or arms of their miſtreſſes, with any thing which they thought appeared gay or pretty. The women obſerving that the men took delight in looking upon them, when they were adorned with ſuch trappings and gewgaws, ſet their heads at work to find out new inventions, and to outſhine one another in all councils of war or the like ſolemn meetings. On the other hand, the men obſerving how the women's hearts were ſet upon finery, begun to embelliſh themſelves, and look as agreeably as they could in the eyes of their aſſociates. In ſhort, after a few years converſing together, the women had learnt to ſmile, and the men to ogle, the women grew ſoft, and the men lively.

When they had thus inſenſibly formed one another, upon the finiſhing of the war, which concluded with an entire conqueſt of their common enemy, the colonels in one army married the colonels in the other; the captains in the ſame manner took the captains to their wives: the whole body of common ſoldiers were matched, after the example of their leaders. By this means the two republics incorporated with one another, and became the moſt flouriſhing and poilte government in the part of the world which they inhabited. C

SATURDAY,

No. 435. SATURDAY, JULY 19.

Nec duo ſunt, at forma duplex, nec femina dici
Nec puer ut poſſint, neutrumque et utrumque videntur.
OVID Metam. l. iv. ver. 378.

Both bodies in a ſingle body mix,
A ſingle body with a double ſex.

ADDISON.

MOST of the papers I give the public are written on ſubjects that never vary, but are for ever fixt and immutable. Of this kind are all my more ſerious eſſays and diſcourſes; but there is another ſort of ſpeculations, which I conſider as occaſional papers, that take their riſe from the folly, extravagance, and caprice of the preſent age. For I look upon myſelf as one ſet to watch the manners and behaviour of my countrymen and contemporaries, and to mark down every abſurd faſhion, ridiculous cuſtom, or affected form of ſpeech that makes its appearance in the world, during the courſe of theſe my ſpeculations. The petticoat no ſooner begun to ſwell, but I obſerved its motions. The party-patches had not time to muſter themſelves before I detected them. I had intelligence of the coloured hood the very firſt time it appeared in a public aſſembly. I might here mention ſeveral other the like contingent ſubjects, upon which I have beſtowed diſtinct papers. By this means I have ſo effectually quaſhed thoſe irregularities which gave occaſion to them, that I am afraid poſterity will ſcarce have a ſufficient idea of them to reliſh thoſe diſcourſes which were in no little vogue at the time when they were written. They will be apt to think that the faſhions and cuſtoms I attacked were ſome fantaſtic conceits of my own, and that their great grandmothers could not be ſo

whimſical as I have repreſented them. For this reaſon, when I think on the figure my ſeveral volumes of ſpeculations will make about a hundred years hence, I conſider them as ſo many pieces of old plate, where the weight will be regarded, but the faſhion loſt.

Among the ſeveral female extravagancies I have already taken notice of, there is one which ſtill keeps its ground. I mean that of the ladies who dreſs themſelves in a hat and feather, a riding-coat and a periwig, or at leaſt tie up their hair in a bag or ribbon, in imitation of the ſmart part of the oppoſite ſex. As in my yeſterday's paper I gave an account of the mixture of two ſexes in one commonwealth, I ſhall here take notice of this mixture of two ſexes in one perſon. I have already ſhewn my diſlike of this immodeſt cuſtom more than once; but, in contempt of every thing I have hitherto ſaid, I am informed that the highways about this great city are ſtill very much infeſted with theſe female cavaliers.

I remember when I was at my friend SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY's about this time twelve-month, an equeſtrian lady of this order appeared upon the plains which lay at a diſtance from his houſe. I was at that time walking in the fields with my old friend; and, as his tenants ran out on every ſide to ſee ſo ſtrange a ſight, Sir ROGER aſked one of them who came by us, what it was? To which the country-fellow replied, 'Tis a gentlewoman, ſaving 'your worſhip's preſence, in a coat and hat.' This produced a great deal of mirth at the Knight's houſe, where we had a ſtory at the ſame time of another of his tenants, who, meeting this gentleman-like lady on the high-way, was aſked by her *whether that was* Coverley-Hall? The honeſt man, ſeeing only the male part of the queriſt, replied, *Yes, Sir;* but upon the ſecond queſtion, *whether Sir* ROGER DE COVERLEY *was a married man?* having

having dropped his eye upon the petticoat, he changed his note into *No, Madam.*

Had one of theſe hermaphrodites appeared in *Juvenal*'s days, with what an indignation ſhould we have ſeen her deſcribed by that excellent ſatiriſt? He would have repreſented her in a riding habit, as a greater monſter than the Centaur. He would have called for ſacrifices or purifying waters, to expiate the appearance of ſuch a prodigy. He would have invoked the ſhades of *Portia* or *Lucretia*, to ſee into what the *Roman* ladies had transformed themſelves.

For my own part, I am for treating the ſex with greater tenderneſs, and have all along made uſe of the moſt gentle methods to bring them off from any little extravagance into which they are ſometimes unwarily fallen: I think it, however, abſolutely neceſſary to keep up the partition between the two ſexes, and to take notice of the ſmalleſt encroachments which the one makes upon the other. I hope, therefore, that I ſhall not hear any more complaints on this ſubject. I am ſure my ſhe-diſciples, who peruſe theſe my daily lectures, have profited but little by them, if they are capable of giving into ſuch an amphibious dreſs. This I ſhould not have mentioned, had not I lately met one of theſe my female readers in *Hyde-Park*, who looked upon me with a maſculine aſſurance, and cocked her hat full in my face.

For my part, I have one general key to the behaviour of the fair ſex. When I ſee them ſingular in any part of their dreſs, I conclude it is not without ſome evil intention; and therefore queſtion not but the deſign of this ſtrange faſhion is to ſmite more effectually their male beholders. Now, to ſet them right in this particular, I would fain have them conſider with themſelves, whether we are not more likely to be ſtruck by a figure entirely female, than with ſuch an one as we may ſee every day in our glaſſes: or, if they pleaſe, let them reflect upon their own hearts, and think how they would be affected, ſhould they

they meet a man on horſeback, in his breeches and jack-boots, and at the ſame time dreſſed up in a commode and a night-raile.

I muſt obſerve that this faſhion was firſt of all brought to us from *France*, a country which has infected all the nations of *Europe* with its levity. I ſpeak not this in derogation of a whole people, having more than once found fault with thoſe general reflections, which ſtrike at kingdoms or commonwealths in the groſs: a piece of cruelty, which an ingenious writer of our own compares to that of *Caligula*, who wiſhed the *Roman* people had all but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I ſhall therefore only remark, that, as livelineſs and aſſurance are in a peculiar manner the qualifications of the *French* nation, the ſame habits and cuſtoms will not give the ſame offence to that people, which they produce among thoſe of our own country. Modeſty is our diſtinguiſhing character, as vivacity is theirs: and when this our national virtue appears in that female beauty, for which our *Britiſh* ladies are celebrated above all others in the univerſe, it makes up the moſt amiable object that the eye of man can poſſibly behold. C

No. 436. MONDAY, JULY 21.

——Verſo pollici vulgi
Quemlibet occidunt populariter——

Juv. Sat. iii. ver. 36.

With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.

DRYDEN.

BEING a perſon of inſatiable curioſity, I could not forbear going on *Wedneſday* laſt to a place of no ſmall renown for the gallantry of the lower order

order of *Britons*, namely, to the bear-garden at *Hockley in the Hole*; where (as a whitiſh brown paper, put into my hands in the ſtreet, informed me) there was to be a trial of ſkill to be exhibited between two maſters of the noble ſcience of defence, at two of the clock preciſely. I was not a little charmed with the ſolemnity of the challenge, which ran thus:

I James Miller, *Serjeant, (lately come from the frontiers of* Portugal), *maſter of the noble ſcience of defence, hearing in moſt places where I have been, of the great fame of* Timothy Buck *of* London, *maſter of the ſaid ſcience, do invite him to meet me, and exerciſe at the ſeveral weapons following,* viz.

Back ſword,	*Single falchion,*
Sword and dagger,	*Caſe of falchions,*
Sword and buckler,	*Quarter-ſtaff.*

If the generous ardour in *James Miller* to diſpute the reputation of *Timothy Buck*, had ſomething reſembling the old heroes of romance, *Timothy Buck* returned anſwer in the ſame paper with the like ſpirit, adding a little indignation at being challenged, and ſeeming to condeſcend to fight *James Miller*, not in regard to *Miller* himſelf, but in that, as the fame went out, he had fought *Parkes* of *Coventry*. The acceptance of the combat ran in theſe words:

I Timothy Buck *of* Clare-Market, *Maſter of the noble ſcience of defence, hearing he did fight Mr.* Parkes *of* Coventry, *will not fail (God willing) to meet this fair inviter at the time and place appointed, deſiring a clear ſtage and no favour.*

VIVAT REGINA.

I ſhall not here look back on the ſpectacles of the *Greeks* and *Romans* of this kind, but muſt believe

lieve this cuſtom took its riſe from the ages of knight-errantry; from thoſe who loved one woman ſo well, that they hated all men and women elſe; from thoſe who would fight you, whether you were or were not of their mind; from thoſe who demanded the combat of their contemporaries, both for admiring their miſtreſs or diſcommending her. I cannot therefore but lament, that the terrible part of the ancient fight is preſerved, when the amorous ſide of it is forgotten. We have retained the barbarity, but loſt the gallantry of the old combatants. I could wiſh, methinks, theſe gentlemen had conſulted me in the promulgation of the conflict. I was obliged by a fair young maid, whom I underſtood to be called *Eliſabeth Preſton*, daughter of the keeper of the garden, with a glaſs of water; whom I imagined might have been, for form's ſake, the general repreſentative of the lady fought for, and from her beauty the proper *Amarylis* on theſe occaſions. It would have run better in the challenge; *I* James Miller, *Serjeant, who have travelled parts abroad, and came laſt from the frontiers of* Portugal *for the love of* Eliſabeth Preſton, *do aſſert, that the ſaid* Eliſabeth is the faireſt of women. Then the anſwer; *I* Timothy Buck, *who have ſtayed in* Great Britain *during all the war in foreign parts, for the ſake of* Suſanna Page, *do deny that* Elizabeth Preſton *is ſo fair as the ſaid* Suſanna Page. Let *Suſanna Page* look on, and I deſire of *James Miller* no favour.

This would give the battle quite another turn; and a proper ſtation for the ladies, whoſe complexion was diſputed by the ſword, would animate the diſputants with a more gallant incentive than the expectation of money from the ſpectators; though I would not have that neglected, but thrown to that fair one, whoſe lover was approved by the donor.

Yet, conſidering the thing wants ſuch amendments, it was carried with great order. *James Mil-*

ler

ler came on firſt; preceded by two diſabled drummers, to ſhow, I ſuppoſe, that the proſpect of maimed bodies did not in the leaſt deter him. There aſcended with the daring *Miller* a gentleman whoſe name I could not learn, with a dogged air, as unſatisfied that he was not principal. This ſon of anger lowered at the whole aſſembly, and weighing himſelf as he marched around from ſide to ſide, with a ſtiff knee and ſhoulder, he gave intimations of the purpoſe he ſmothered till he ſaw the iſſue of this encounter. *Miller* had a blue ribband tied round the ſword arm; which ornament I conceive to be the remain of that cuſtom of wearing a miſtreſs's favour on ſuch occaſions of old.

Miller is a man of ſix feet eight inches height, of a kind but bold aſpect, well faſhioned, and ready of his limbs; and ſuch readineſs, as ſpoke his eaſe in them, was obtained from a habit of motion in military exerciſe.

The expectation of the ſpectators was now almoſt at its height, and the crowd preſſing in, ſeveral active perſons thought they were placed rather according to their fortune than their merit, and took it in their heads to prefer themſelves from the open area or pit, to the galleries. The diſpute between deſert and property brought many to the ground, and raiſed others in-proportion to the higheſt ſeats by turns, for the ſpace of ten minutes, till *Timothy Buck* came on, and the whole aſſembly giving up their diſputes, turned their eyes upon the champions. Then it was that every man's affection turned to one or the other irreſiſtibly. A judicious gentleman near me ſaid, *I could methinks be* Miller's *ſecond, but I had rather have* Buck *for mine. Miller* had an audacious look, that took the eye: *Buck* a perfect compoſure, that engaged the judgment. *Buck* came on in a plain coat, and kept all his air till the inſtant of engaging; at which time he undreſſed to his ſhirt,

ſhirt, his arm adorned with a bandage of red ribband. No one can deſcribe the ſudden concern in the whole aſſembly; the moſt tumultuous crowd in nature was as ſtill and as much engaged, as if all their lives depended on the firſt blow. The combatants met in the middle of the ſtage, and ſhaking hands as removing all malice, they retired with much grace to the extremities of it; from whence they immediately faced about, and approached each other, *Miller* with an heart full of reſolution, *Buck* with a watchful untroubled countenance; *Buck* regarding principally his own defence; *Miller* chiefly thoughtful of annoying his opponent. It is not eaſy to deſcribe the many eſcapes and imperceptible defences between two men of quick eyes and ready limbs; but *Miller*'s heat laid him open to the rebuke of the calm *Buck*, by a large cut on the forehead. Much effuſion of blood covered his eyes in a moment, and the huzzas of the crowd undoubtedly quickened the anguiſh. The aſſembly was divided into parties, upon their different ways of fighting; while a poor nymph in one of the galleries apparently ſuffered for *Miller*, and burſt into a flood of tears. As ſoon as his wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little rage, which ſtill diſabled him further. But what brave man can be wounded into more patience and caution? The next was a warm eager onſet, which ended in a deciſive ſtroke on the left leg of *Miller*. The Lady in the gallery, during this ſecond ſtrife, covered her face; and, for my part, I could not keep my thoughts from being moſtly employed on the conſideration of her unhappy circumſtance that moment, hearing the claſh of ſwords, and apprehending life or victory concerned her lover in every blow, but not daring to ſatisfy herſelf on whom they fell. The wound was expoſed to the view of all who could delight in it,

and ſewed up on the ſtage. The ſurly ſecond of *Miller* declared at this time, that he would that day fortnight fight Mr. *Buck* at the ſame weapons, declaring himſelf the maſter of the renowned *Gorman*: but *Buck* denied him the honour of that courageous diſciple, and aſſerting that he himſelf had taught that champion, accepted the challenge.

There is ſomething in nature very unaccountable on ſuch occaſions, when we ſee the people take a certain painful gratification in beholding theſe encounters. Is it cruelty that adminiſters this ſort of delight? Or is it a pleaſure which is taken in the exerciſe of pity? It was, methought, pretty remarkable, that the buſineſs of the day being a trial of ſkill, the popularity did not run ſo high as one would have expected on the ſide of *Buck*. Is it that people's paſſions have their riſe in ſelf-love, and thought themſelves (in ſpite of all the courage they had) liable to the fate of *Miller*, but could not ſo eaſily think themſelves qualified like *Buck*?

Tully ſpeaks of this cuſtom with leſs horror than one would expect, though he confeſſes it was much abuſed in his time, and ſeems directly to approve of it under its firſt regulations, when criminals only fought before the people. *Crudele gladiatorum ſpectaculum et inhumanum nonnullis videri ſolet et haud ſcio annon ita ſit ut nunc fit; cum vero fontes ferro depugnabant, auribus fortaſſe, multa, oculis quidem nulla, poterat eſſe fortior contra dolorem et mortem diſciplina.* 'The ſhows of gladiators may be thought 'barbarous and inhuman, and I know not but it is 'ſo as it is now practiſed; but in thoſe times, when 'only criminals were combatants, the ear perhaps 'might receive many better inſtructions: but it is 'impoſſible that any thing which affects our eyes, 'ſhould fortify us ſo well againſt pain and death.'

T

No. 437. Tuesday, July 22.

Tune impune hæc facias? Tune hic homines adoleſcentulos,
Imperitos rerum, eductos libere, in fraudem illicis?
Sollicitando et pollicitando eorum animos lactas?
Ac meretricios amores nuptiis conglutinas?
Ter. Andr. Act. v. Sc. 4.

Shall you eſcape with impunity? you, who lay ſnares for young men, of a liberal education, but unacquainted with the world, and, by force of importunity and promiſes, draw them in to marry harlots?

THE other day paſſed by me in her chariot a lady with that pale and wan complexion, which we ſometimes ſee in young people who are fallen into ſorrow, and private anxiety of mind, which antedate age and ſickneſs. It is not three years ago, ſince ſhe was gay, airy, and a little towards libertine in her carriage; but, methought, I eaſily forgave her that little inſolence, which ſhe ſo ſeverely pays for in her preſent condition. *Flavilla*, of whom I am ſpeaking, is married to a ſullen fool with wealth: her beauty and merit are loſt upon the dolt, who is inſenſible of perfection in any thing. Their hours together are either painful or inſipid: the minutes ſhe has to herſelf in his abſence are not ſufficient to give vent at her eyes to the grief and torment of his laſt converſation. This poor creature was ſacrificed (with a temper which under the cultivation of a man of ſenſe would have made the moſt agreeable companion) into the arms of this lothſome yoke-fellow by *Sempronia*. *Sempronia* is a good lady, who ſupports herſelf in an affluent condition, by contracting friendſhip with rich young widows, and maids of plentiful fortunes at their own

own diſpoſal, and beſtowing her friends upon worthleſs indigent fellows; on the other ſide, ſhe inſnares inconſiderate and raſh youths of great eſtates into the arms of vicious women. For this purpoſe, ſhe is accompliſhed in all the arts which can make her acceptable at impertinent viſits; ſhe knows all that paſſes in every quarter, and is well acquainted with all the favourite ſervants, buſybodies, dependents, and poor relations, of all perſons of condition in the whole town. At the price of a good ſum of money, *Sempronia*, by the inſtigation of *Flavilla*'s mother, brought about the match for the daughter; and the reputation of this, which is apparently, in point of fortune, more than *Flavilla* could expect, has gained her the viſits and frequent attendance of a crowd of mothers, who had rather ſee their children miſerable in great wealth, than the happieſt of the race of mankind in a leſs conſpicuous ſtate of life. When *Sempronia* is ſo well acquainted with a woman's temper and circumſtance, that ſhe believes marriage would be acceptable to her, and advantageous to the man who ſhall get her, her next ſtep is to look out for ſome one, whoſe condition has ſome ſecret wound in it, and wants a ſum, yet, in the eye of the world, not unſuitable to her. If ſuch is not eaſily had, ſhe immediately adorns a worthleſs fellow with what eſtate ſhe thinks convenient, and adds as great a ſhare of good-humour and ſobriety as is requiſite: after this is ſettled, no importunities, arts, and devices are omitted to haſten the lady to her happineſs. In the general indeed ſhe is a perſon of ſo ſtrict juſtice, that ſhe marries a poor gallant to a rich wench, and a moneyleſs girl to a man of fortune. But then ſhe has no manner of conſcience in the diſparity, when ſhe has a mind to impoſe a poor rogue for one of an eſtate; ſhe has no remorſe in adding to it, that he is illiterate, ignorant, and unfaſhioned; but makes theſe imperfections argu-

ments of the truth of his wealth, and will, on such an occasion, with a very grave face, charge the people of condition with negligence in the education of their children. Exception being made the other day against an ignorant booby of her own clothing, whom she was putting off for a rich heir, *Madam*, said she, *you know there is no making children, who know they have estates, attend their books.*

Sempronia, by these arts, is loaded with presents, importuned for her acquaintance, and admired by those who do not know the first taste of life, as a woman of exemplary good-breeding. But sure, to murder and to rob are less iniquities, than to raise profit by abuses, as irreparable as taking away life; but more grievous, as making it lastingly unhappy. To rob a lady at play of half her fortune, is not so ill as giving the whole and herself to an unworthy husband. But *Sempronia* can administer consolation to an unhappy fair at home, by leading her to an agreeable gallant elsewhere. She then can preach the general condition of all the married world, and tell an unexperienced young woman the methods of softening her affliction, and laugh at her simplicity and want of knowledge, with an *Oh! my dear, you will know better.*

The wickedness of *Sempronia*, one would think, should be superlative; but I cannot but esteem that of some parents equal to it; I mean such as sacrifice the greatest endowments and qualifications to base bargains. A parent who forces a child of a liberal and ingenuous spirit into the arms of a clown or a blockhead, obliges her to a crime too odious for a name. It is in a degree the unnatural conjunction of rational and brutal beings. Yet what is there so common, as the bestowing an accomplished woman with such a disparity? And I could name crowds who lead miserable lives for want of knowledge in their parents of this maxim, that good sense and good nature always go together.

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That which is attributed to fools, and called good-nature, is only an inability of obſerving what is faulty, which turns, in marriage, into a ſuſpicion of every thing as ſuch, from a conſciouſneſs of that inability.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am entirely of your opinion with relation to the 'equeſtrian females, who affect both the maſculine 'and feminine air at the ſame time; and cannot for-'bear making a preſentment againſt another order 'of them who grow very numerous and powerful; 'and, ſince our language is not very capable of good 'compound words, I muſt be contented to call them 'only the *Naked-ſhouldered*. Theſe beauties are not 'contented to make lovers where-ever they appear, 'but they muſt make rivals at the ſame time. Were 'you to ſee *Gatty* walk the *Park* at high Mall, you 'would expect thoſe who followed her, and thoſe 'who met her, would immediately draw their ſwords 'for her. I hope, Sir, you will provide for the fu-'ture, that women may ſtick to their faces for doing 'any future miſchief, and not allow any but direct 'traders in beauty to expoſe more than the fore-part 'of the neck, unleſs you pleaſe to allow this after-'game to thoſe who are very defective in the charms 'of the countenance. I can ſay, to my ſorrow, the 'preſent practice is very unfair, when to look back 'is death; and it may be ſaid of our beauties, as a 'great poet did of bullets;

They kill and wound like Parthians *as they fly.*

'I ſubmit this to your animadverſion; and am, for 'the little while I have left,

'Your humble ſervant,'

'The languiſhing PHILANTHUS.'

P. S. 'Suppoſe you mended my letter, and made 'a ſimile about the porcupine: but I ſubmit that 'alſo.' T

No. 438. WEDNESDAY, JULY 23.

———*Animum rege qui niſi paret*
Imperat——— HOR. Ep. ii. lib. i. ver. 62.

———Curb thy ſoul,
And check thy rage, which muſt be rul'd or rule.
CREECH.

IT is a very common expreſſion, That ſuch a one is very good-natured, but very paſſionate. The expreſſion indeed is very good-natured, to allow paſſionate people ſo much quarter; but I think a paſſionate man deſerves the leaſt indulgence imaginable. It is ſaid, it is ſoon over; that is, all the miſchief he does is quickly diſpatched, which, I think, is no great recommendation to favour. I have known one of theſe good-natured paſſionate men ſay in a mixed company, even to his own wife or child, ſuch things as the moſt inveterate enemy of his family would not have ſpoke, even in imagination. It is certain that quick ſenſibility is inſeparable from a ready underſtanding; but why ſhould not that good underſtanding call to itſelf all its force on ſuch occaſions, to maſter that ſudden inclination to anger? One of the greateſt ſouls now in the world is the moſt ſubject by nature to anger, and yet ſo famous for a conqueſt of himſelf this way, that he is the known example when you talk of temper and command of a man's ſelf. To contain the ſpirit of anger, is the worthieſt diſcipline we can put ourſelves to. When a man has made any progreſs this way, a frivolous fellow in a paſſion is to him as contemptible as a froward child. It ought to be the ſtudy of every man, for his own quiet and peace. When he ſtands combuſtible and ready to

flame

flame upon every thing that touches him, life is as uneasy to himself, as it is to all about him. *Syncropius* leads, of all men living, the most ridiculous life; he is ever offending, and begging pardon. If his man enters the room without what he sent for, *That blockhead*, begins he—*Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, but servants now-a-days*—The wrong plates are laid, they are thrown into the middle of the room; his wife stands by in pain for him, which he sees in her face, and answers, as if he had heard all she was thinking, *Why, what the devil! Why don't you take care to give orders in these things?* His friends sit down to a tasteless plenty of every thing, every minute expecting new insults from his impertinent passions. In a word, to eat with, or visit *Syncropius*, is no other than going to see him exercise his family, exercise their patience, and his own anger.

It is monstrous that the shame and confusion in which this good-natured angry man must needs behold his friends, while he thus lays about him, does not give him so much reflection as to create an amendment. This is the most scandalous disuse of reason imaginable; all the harmless part of him is no more than that of a bull-dog; they are tame no longer than they are not offended. One of these good-natured angry men shall, in an instant, assemble together so many allusions to secret circumstances, as are enough to dissolve the peace of all the families and friends he is acquainted with, in a quarter of an hour, and yet the next moment be the best-natured man in the whole world. If you would see passion in its purity, without mixture of reason, behold it represented in a mad hero, drawn by a mad poet. *Nat. Lee* makes his *Alexander* say thus:

Away, begone, and give a whirlwind room,
Or I will blow you up like dust! Avaunt!
Madness but meanly represents my toil:

Eternal

Eternal diſcord!
Fury! revenge! diſdain, and indignation!
Tear my ſwoln breaſt, make way for fire and tempeſt.
My brain is burſt, debate and reaſon quench'd!
The ſtorm is up, and my hot bleeding heart
Splits with the rack, while paſſions, like the wind,
Riſe up to heav'n, and put out all the ſtars!

Every paſſionate fellow in town talks half the day with as little conſiſtency, and threatens things as much out of his power.

The next diſagreeable perſon to the outrageous gentleman, is one of a much lower order of anger, and he is what we commonly call a peeviſh fellow. A peeviſh fellow is one who has ſome reaſon in himſelf for being out of humour, or has a natural incapacity for delight, and therefore diſturbs all who are happier than himſelf with piſhes and pſhaws, or other well-bred interjections, at every thing that is ſaid or done in his preſence. There ſhould be phyſic mixed in the food of all which theſe fellows eat in good company. This degree of anger paſſes, forſooth, for a delicacy of judgment, that will not admit of being eaſily pleaſed; but none above the character of wearing a peeviſh man's livery, ought to bear with his ill manners. All things among men of ſenſe and condition ſhould paſs the cenſure, and have the protection of the eye of reaſon.

No man ought to be tolerated in an habitual humour, whim, or particularity of behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for bread. Next to the peeviſh fellow is the ſnarler. This gentleman deals mightily in what we call the irony; and, as thoſe ſort of people exert themſelves moſt againſt thoſe below them, you ſee their humour beſt in their talk to their ſervants. That is ſo like you; You are a fine fellow; Thou art the quickeſt head-piece; and the like. One would think the hectoring, the ſtorming, the ſullen, and all the different ſpecies

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and ſubordinations of the angry, ſhould be cured by knowing they live only as pardoned men; and how pitiful is the condition of being only ſuffered? But I am interrupted by the pleaſanteſt ſcene of anger, and the diſappointment of it, that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet writing, and I overheard as I ſat in the back-room at a *French* book-ſeller's. There came into the ſhop a very learned man with an erect ſolemn air, and, though a perſon of great parts otherwiſe, ſlow in underſtanding any thing which makes againſt himſelf. The compoſure of the faulty man, and the whimſical perplexity of him that was juſtly angry, is perfectly new: after turning over many volumes, ſaid the ſeller to the buyer, *Sir, you know I have long aſked you to ſend me back the firſt volume of French ſermons I formerly lent you:* Sir, ſaid the chapman, I have often looked for it but cannot find it; it is certainly loſt, and I know not to whom I lent it, it is ſo many years ago: *Then, Sir, here is the other volume, I'll ſend you home that, and pleaſe to pay for both.* My friend, replied he, can'ſt thou be ſo ſenſeleſs as not to know that one volume is as imperfect in my library as in your ſhop? *Yes, Sir, but it is you have loſt the firſt volume, and, to be ſhort, I will be paid.* Sir, anſwered the chapman, you are a young man, your book is loſt, and learn by this little loſs to bear much greater adverſities, which you muſt expect to meet with. *Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I muſt, but I have not loſt now, for I ſay you have it, and ſhall pay me.* Friend, you grow warm, I tell you the book is loſt, and I foreſee in the courſe even of a proſperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this trifle. *Sir, there is in this caſe no need of bearing, for you have the book.* I ſay, Sir, I have not the book. But your paſſion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn reſignation of yourſelf to the diſtreſſes of this life: nay, do not fret and fume, it

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is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient ſpirit, and an impatient ſpirit is never without woe. *Was ever any thing like this?* Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The loſs is but a trifle, but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the leaſt pain; therefore let me adviſe you, be patient, the book is loſt, but do not you for that reaſon loſe yourſelf. T

No. 439. THURSDAY, JULY 24.

Hi narrata ferunt alio: menſuraque ficti
Creſcit; et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.
OVID. Met. l. xii. ver. 57.

Some tell what they have heard, or tales deviſe;
Each fiction ſtill improv'd with added lies.

OVID deſcribes the Palace of Fame as ſituated in the very centre of the univerſe, and perforated with ſo many windows and avenues as gave her the ſight of every thing that was done in the heavens, in the earth, and in the ſea. The ſtructure of it was contrived in ſo admirable a manner, that it echoed every word which was ſpoken in the whole compaſs of nature; ſo that the palace, ſays the poet, was always filled with a confuſed hubbub of low dying ſounds, the voices being almoſt ſpent and worn out before they arrived at this general rendezvous of ſpeeches and whiſpers.

I conſider courts with the ſame regard to the governments which they ſuperintend, as *Ovid*'s Palace of Fame with regard to the univerſe. The eyes of a watchful miniſter run through the whole people. There is ſcarce a murmur or complaint that does not reach his ears. They have news-gatherers and intelligencers diſtributed into their ſeveral walks and quar-

quarters, who bring in their reſpective quotas, and make them acquainted with the diſcourſe and converſation of the whole kingdom or commonwealth where they are employed. The wiſeſt of kings, alluding to theſe inviſible and unſuſpected ſpies, who are planted by kings and rulers over their fellow-citizens, as well as to thoſe involuntary informers that are buzzing about the ears of a great man, and making their court by ſuch ſecret methods of intelligence, has given us a very prudent caution: *Curſe not the king, no not in thy thought, and curſe not the rich in thy bed-chamber: for a bird of the air ſhall carry the voice, and that which hath wings ſhall tell the matter.*

As it is abſolutely neceſſary for rulers to make uſe of other people's eyes and ears, they ſhould take particular care to do it in ſuch a manner, that it may not bear too hard on the perſon whoſe life and converſation are inquired into. A man who is capable of ſo infamous a calling as that of a ſpy, is not very much to be relied upon. He can have no great ties of honour, or checks of conſcience, to reſtrain him in thoſe covert evidences, where the perſon accuſed has no opportunity of vindicating himſelf. He will be more induſtrious to carry that which is grateful than that which is true. There will be no occaſion for him if he does not hear and ſee things worth diſcovery; ſo that he naturally inflames every word and circumſtance, aggravates what is faulty, perverts what is good, and miſrepreſents what is indifferent. Nor is it to be doubted but that ſuch ignominious wretches let their private paſſions into theſe their clandeſtine informations, and often wreck their particular ſpite and malice againſt the perſon whom they are ſet to watch. It is a pleaſant ſcene enough which an *Italian* author deſcribes between a ſpy and a cardinal who employed him. The cardinal is repreſented as minuting down every thing that is told him. The ſpy begins with a low voice. Such an

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one, the advocate, whiſpered to one of his friends, within my hearing, that your eminence was a very great poltron; and after having given his patron time to take it down, adds, that another called him a mercenary raſcal in a public converſation. The cardinal replies, Very well, and bids him go on. The ſpy proceeds, and loads him with reports of the ſame nature, till the cardinal riſes in great wrath, calls him an impudent ſcoundrel, and kicks him out of the room.

It is obſerved of great and heroic minds, that they have not only ſhewn a particular diſregard to thoſe unmerited reproaches which have been caſt upon them, but have been altogether free from that impertinent curioſity of inquiring after them, or the poor revenge of reſenting them. The hiſtories of *Alexander* and *Cæſar* are full of this kind of inſtances. Vulgar ſouls are of a quite contrary character. *Dionyſius*, the tyrant of *Sicily*, had a dungeon which was a very curious piece of architecture; and of which, as I am informed, there are ſtill to be ſeen ſome remains in that iſland. It was called *Dionyſius*'s Ear, and built with ſeveral little windings and labyrinths in the form of a real ear. The ſtructure of it made it a kind of whiſpering place, but ſuch a one as gathered the voice of him who ſpoke into a funnel, which was placed at the very top of it. The tyrant uſed to lodge all his ſtate-criminals, or thoſe whom he ſuppoſed to be engaged together in any evil deſigns upon him, in this dungeon. He had at the ſame time an apartment over it, where he uſed to apply himſelf to the funnel, and by that means overheard every thing that was whiſpered in the dungeon. I believe one may venture to affirm, that a *Cæſar*, or an *Alexander* would have rather died by the treaſon, than have uſed ſo diſingenuous means for the detecting it.

A man, who in ordinary life is very inquiſitive

after every thing which is ſpoken ill of him, paſſes his time but very indifferently. He is wounded by every arrow that is ſhot at him, and puts it in the power of every inſignificant enemy to diſquiet him. Nay, he will ſuffer from what has been ſaid of him, when it is forgotten by thoſe who ſaid or heard it. For this reaſon I could never bear one of thoſe officious friends, that would be telling every malicious report, every idle cenſure that paſſed upon me. The tongue of man is ſo petulant, and his thoughts ſo variable, that one ſhould not lay too great a ſtreſs upon any preſent ſpeeches and opinions. Praiſe and obloquy proceed very frequently out of the ſame mouth upon the ſame perſon, and upon the ſame occaſion. A generous enemy will ſometimes beſtow commendations, as the deareſt friend cannot ſometimes refrain from ſpeaking ill. The man who is indifferent in either of theſe reſpects, gives his opinion at random, and praiſes or diſapproves as he finds himſelf in humour.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay with part of a character, which is finely drawn by the Earl of *Clarendon*, in the firſt book of his hiſtory, and which gives us the lively picture of a great man teizing himſelf with an abſurd curioſity.

'He had not that application and ſubmiſſion 'and reverence for the Queen as might have been 'expected from his wiſdom and breeding, and 'often croſſed her pretences and deſires with more 'rudeneſs than was natural to him: yet he was 'impertinently ſolicitous to know what her ma'jeſty ſaid of him in private, and what reſentments 'ſhe had towards him. And when by ſome confi'dents, who had their ends upon him from thoſe 'offices, he was informed of ſome bitter expreſ'ſions fallen from her Majeſty, he was ſo exceed'ingly afflicted and tormented with the ſenſe of it, 'that ſometimes by paſſionate complaints and re'preſentations to the King; ſometimes by more

'dutiful addreſſes and expoſtulations with the Queen 'in bewailing his misfortunes; he frequently expoſed 'himſelf, and left his condition worſe than it was 'before, and the eclairciſſement commonly ended in 'the diſcovery of the perſons from whom he had re-'ceived his moſt ſecret intelligence.' C

No. 440. FRIDAY, JULY 25.

Vivere ſi recte neſcis, diſcede peritis.
HOR. Ep. ii. lib. ii. ver. 213.

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will.
POPE.

I HAVE already given my reader an account of a ſet of merry fellows who are paſſing their ſummer together in the country, being provided of a great houſe where there is not only a convenient apartment for every particular perſon, but a large infirmary for the reception of ſuch of them as are in any way indiſpoſed or out of humour. Having lately received a letter from the ſecretary of this ſociety, by order of the whole fraternity, which acquaints me with their behaviour during the laſt week, I ſhall here make a preſent of it to the public.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'We are glad to find that you approve the e-'ſtabliſhment which we have here made for the 'retrieving of good manners and agreeable con-'verſation, and ſhall uſe our beſt endeavours ſo 'to improve ourſelves in this our ſummer retire-'ment, that we may next winter ſerve as patterns 'to the town. But, to the end that this our inſti-'tution may be no leſs advantageous to the public 'than to ourſelves, we ſhall communicate to you 'one week of our proceedings, deſiring you at the 'ſame time, if you ſee any thing faulty in them, to

'favour

'favour us with your admonitions. For you must 'know, Sir, that it has been propoſed amongſt us 'to chuſe you for our viſitor; to which I muſt fur-'ther add, that one of the college having declared 'laſt week, he did not like the *Spectator* of the day, and not being able to aſſign any juſt reaſon for ſuch 'his diſlike, he was ſent to the infirmary, *nemine 'contradicente*.

'On *Monday* the aſſembly was in very good hu-'mour, having received ſome recruits of *French* 'claret that morning: when unluckily, towards 'the middle of the dinner, one of the company 'ſwore at his ſervant in a very rough manner, for 'having put too much water in his wine. Upon 'which the preſident of the day, who is always the 'mouth of the company, after having convinced 'him of the impertinence of his paſſion, and the 'inſult he had made upon the company, ordered 'his man to take him from the table and convey 'him to the infirmary. There was but one more 'ſent away that day; this was a gentleman who is 'reckoned by ſome perſons one of the greateſt wits, 'and by others one of the greateſt boobies about 'town. This you will ſay is a ſtrange character, 'but what makes it ſtranger yet, it is a very true 'one, for he is perpetually the reverſe of himſelf, 'being always merry or dull to exceſs. We brought 'him hither to divert us, which he did very well 'upon the road, having laviſhed away as much 'wit and laughter upon the hackney coach-man as 'might have ſerved him during his whole ſtay here, 'had it been duly managed. He had been lumpiſh 'for two or three days, but was ſo far connived 'at, in hopes of recovery, that we diſpatched one 'of the briſkeſt fellows among the brotherhood in-'to the infimary, for having told him at table he 'was not merry. But our preſident obſerving that 'he indulged himſelf in this long fit of ſtupidity, and conſtruing it as a contempt of the college,

'ordered him to retire into the place prepared for 'ſuch companions. He was no ſooner got into it, 'but his wit and mirth returned upon him in ſo 'violent a manner, that he ſhook the whole infirma-'ry with the noiſe of it, and had ſo good an effect 'upon the reſt of the patients, that he brought them 'all out to dinner with him the next day.

'On *Tueſday* we were no ſooner ſat down, but 'one of the company complained that his head 'ached; upon which another aſked him in an in-'ſolent manner, what he did there then; this in-'ſenſibly grew into ſome warm words; ſo that the 'preſident, in order to keep the peace, gave direc-'tions to take them both from the table, and 'lodge them in the infirmary. Not long after, 'another of the company telling us, he knew by a 'pain in his ſhoulder that we ſhould have ſome 'rain, the preſident ordered him to be removed, 'and placed as a weather-glaſs in the apartment 'above-mentioned.

'On *Wedneſday* a gentleman having received a 'letter written in a woman's hand, and changing 'colour twice or thrice as he read it, deſired leave 'to retire into the infirmary. The preſident con-'ſented, but denied him the uſe of pen, ink and 'paper, till ſuch time as he had ſlept upon it. One 'of the company being ſeated at the lower end of 'the table, and diſcovering his ſecret diſcontent by 'finding fault with every diſh that was ſerved up, 'and refuſing to laugh at any thing that was ſaid, 'the preſident told him, that he found he was in 'an uneaſy ſeat, and deſired him to accommodate 'himſelf better in the infirmary. After dinner, a 'very honeſt fellow chancing to let a pun fall 'from him, his neighbour cried out, *To the in-'firmary*; at the ſame time pretending to be ſick 'at it, as having the ſame natural antipathy to a 'pun, which ſome have to a cat. This produced

'a long

'a long debate. Upon the whole, the punſter was 'acquitted, and his neighbour ſent off.

'On *Thurſday* there was but one delinquent. 'This was a gentleman of ſtrong voice, but weak 'underſtanding. He had unluckily engaged him-'ſelf in a diſpute with a man of excellent ſenſe, 'but of a modeſt elocution. The man of heat re-'plied to every anſwer of his antagoniſt with a loud-'er voice than ordinary, and only raiſed his voice 'when he ſhould have enforced his argument. Find-'ing himſelf at length driven to an abſurdity, he 'ſtill reaſoned in a more clamorous and confuſed 'manner, and, to make the greater impreſſion upon 'his hearers, concluded with a loud thump upon the 'table. The preſident immediately ordered him to 'be carried off, and dieted with water-gruel, till 'ſuch time as he ſhould be ſufficiently weakened for 'converſation.

'On *Friday* there paſſed very little remarkable, 'ſaving only, that ſeveral petitions were read of the 'perſons in cuſtody, deſiring to be releaſed from 'their confinement, and vouching for one another's 'good behaviour for the future.

'On *Saturday* we received many excuſes from 'perſons who had found themſelves in an unſociable 'temper, and had voluntarily ſhut themſelves up. 'The infirmary was never indeed ſo full as on this 'day, which I was at ſome loſs to account for, till, 'upon my going abroad, I obſerved that it was an 'eaſterly wind. The retirement of moſt of my 'friends has given me opportunity and leiſure of 'writing you this letter, which I muſt not conclude 'without aſſuring you, that all the members of our 'college, as well thoſe who are under confinement, 'as thoſe who are at liberty, are your very humble 'ſervants, though none more than,

'Your's, &c.

No. 441. Saturday, July 26.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Hor. Od. iii. l iii. ver. 7.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling world.

Anon.

MAN, conſidered in himſelf, is a very helpleſs and a very wretched being. He is ſubject every moment to the greateſt calamities and misfortunes. He is beſet with dangers on all ſides, and may become unhappy by numberleſs caſualties, which he could not foreſee, nor have prevented, had he foreſeen them.

It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to ſo many accidents, that we are under the care of one who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the aſſiſtance we ſtand in need of, and is always ready to beſtow it on thoſe who aſk it of him.

The natural homage which ſuch a creature bears to ſo infinitely wiſe and good a Being, is a firm reliance on him for the bleſſings and conveniencies of life, and an habitual truſt in him for deliverance out of all ſuch dangers and difficulties as may befal us.

The man who always lives in this diſpoſition of mind, has not the ſame dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who conſiders himſelf abſtractedly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the ſame time that he reflects upon his own weakneſs

weakneſs and imperfection, he comforts himſelf with the contemplation of thoſe divine attributes, which are employed for his ſafety and his welfare. He finds his want of foreſight made up by the omniſcience of him who is his ſupport. He is not ſenſible of his own want of ſtrength, when he knows that his helper is Almighty. In ſhort, the perſon who has a firm truſt on the Supreme Being, is powerful in *his* power, wiſe by *his* wiſdom, happy by *his* happineſs. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute, and loſes his own inſufficiency in the fulneſs of infinite perfection.

To make our lives more eaſy to us, we are commanded to put our truſt in him, who is thus able to relieve and ſuccour us; the Divine Goodneſs having made ſuch a reliance a duty, notwithſtanding we ſhould have been miſerable had it been forbidden us.

Among ſeveral motives, which might be made uſe of to recommend this duty to us, I ſhall only take notice of thoſe that follow.

The firſt and ſtrongeſt is, that we are promiſed, He will not fail thoſe who put their truſt in him.

But, without conſidering the ſupernatural bleſſing which accompanies this duty, we may obſerve that it has a natural tendency to its own reward, or, in other words, that this firm truſt and confidence in the great Diſpoſer of all things, contributes very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A perſon who believes he has his ſuccour at hand, and that he acts in the ſight of his friend, often exerts himſelf beyond his abilities, and does wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with ſuch a confidence of ſucceſs. I could produce inſtances, from hiſtory, of generals, who, out of a belief that they were under the protection of ſome inviſible aſſiſtant, did not only encourage their ſoldiers to do their utmoſt, but have acted themſelves beyond what they would have

have done, had they not been inſpired by ſuch a belief. I might in the ſame manner ſhew how ſuch a truſt in the aſſiſtance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulneſs, and all other diſpoſitions of mind that alleviate thoſe calamities which we are not able to remove.

The practice of this virtue adminiſters great comfort to the mind of man in times of poverty and affliction, but moſt of all in the hour of death. When the ſoul is hovering in the laſt moments of its ſeparation, when it is juſt entering on another ſtate of exiſtence, to converſe with ſcenes, and objects, and companions that are altogether new, what can ſupport her under ſuch tremblings of thought, ſuch fear, ſuch anxiety, ſuch apprehenſions, but the caſting of all her cares upon him who firſt gave her being, who has conducted her through one ſtage of it, and will be always with her to guide and comfort her in her progreſs through eternity?

David has very beautifully repreſented this ſteady reliance on God Almighty in his twenty-third Pſalm, which is a kind of *paſtoral* hymn, and filled with thoſe alluſions which are uſual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquiſite, I ſhall preſent my reader with the following tranſlation of it.

I.

The Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care:
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my mid-night hours defend.

II.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;

Where

Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſcape flow.

III.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around. C

No. 442. MONDAY, JULY 28.

Scribimus indocti doctique——
Hor. Ep. i. l. 2. ver. 117.

——Thoſe who cannot write, and thoſe who can,
All rhyme, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble, to a man.
Pope.

I Do not know whether I enough explained myſelf to the world, when I invited all men to be aſſiſtant to me in this my work of ſpeculation; for I have not yet acquainted my readers, that, beſides the letters and valuable hints I have from time to time received from my correſpondents, I have by me ſeveral curious and extraordinary papers ſent with a deſign (as no one will doubt when they are publiſhed) that they may be printed entire, and without any

any alteration, by way of *Spectator*. I muſt acknowledge alſo, that I myſelf, being the firſt projector of the paper, thought I had a right to make them my own, by dreſſing them in my own ſtyle, by leaving out what would not appear like mine, and by adding whatever might be proper to adapt them to the character and genius of my paper, with which it is almoſt impoſſible theſe could exactly correſpond, it being certain that hardly two men think alike, and therefore ſo many men, ſo many *Spectators*. Beſides, I muſt own my weakneſs for glory is ſuch, that, if I conſulted that only, I might be ſo far ſwayed by it, as almoſt to wiſh that no one could write a *Spectator* beſides myſelf; nor can I deny, but, upon the firſt peruſal of thoſe papers, I felt ſome ſecret inclinations of ill-will towards the perſons who wrote them. This was the impreſſion I had upon the firſt reading them; but upon a late review, (more for the ſake of entertainment than uſe), regarding them with another eye than I had done at firſt, (for by converting them as well as I could to my own uſe, I thought I had utterly diſabled them from ever offending me again as *Spectators*), I found myſelf moved by a paſſion very different from that of envy; ſenſibly touched with pity, the ſofteſt and moſt generous of all paſſions, when I reflected what a cruel diſappointment the neglect of thoſe papers muſt needs have been to the writers who impatiently longed to ſee them appear in print, and who, no doubt, triumphed to themſelves in the hopes of having a ſhare with me in the applauſe of the public; a pleaſure ſo great, that none but thoſe who have experienced it can have a ſenſe of it. In this manner of viewing thoſe papers, I really found I had not done them juſtice, there being ſomething ſo extremely natural and peculiarly good in ſome of them, that I will appeal to the world, whether it was poſſible to alter a word in them, without doing them a manifeſt hurt and violence;

violence; and whether they can ever appear rightly, and as they ought, but in their own native dreſs and colours: and therefore I think, I ſhould not only wrong them, but deprive the world of a conſiderable ſatisfaction, ſhould I any longer delay the making them public.

After I have publiſhed a few of theſe *Spectators*, I doubt not but I ſhall find the ſucceſs of them to equal, if not ſurpaſs, that of the beſt of my own. An author ſhould take all methods to humble himſelf in the opinion he has of his own performances. When theſe papers appear to the world, I doubt not but they will be followed by many others; and I ſhall not repine, though I myſelf ſhall have left me but very few days to appear in public: but, preferring the general weal and advantage to any conſiderations of myſelf, I am reſolved for the future to publiſh any *Spectator*, that deſerves it, entire, and without any alteration; aſſuring the world, (if there can be need of it), that it is none of mine; and, if the authors think fit to ſubſcribe their names, I will add them.

I think the beſt way of promoting this generous and uſeful deſign, will be by giving out ſubjects or themes of all kinds whatſoever, on which (with a preamble of the extraordinary benefit and advantage that may accrue thereby to the public) I will invite all manner of perſons, whether ſcholars, citizens, courtiers, gentlemen of the town or country, and all beaux, rakes, ſmarts, prudes, coquettes, houſewives, and all ſorts of wits, whether male or female, and however diſtinguiſhed, whether they be true wits, whole or half wits, or whether arch, dry, natural, acquired, genuine, or depraved wits; and perſons of all ſorts of tempers and complexions, whether the ſevere, the delightful, the impertinent, the agreeable, the thoughtful, the buſy, or careleſs, the ſerene or cloudy, jovial or melancholy, untowardly or eaſy, the cold, temperate, or ſanguine;

guine; and of what manners or diſpoſitions ſoever, whether the ambitious or humble-minded, the proud or pitiful, ingenious or baſe-minded, good or ill-natured, public-ſpirited or ſelfiſh; and under what fortune or circumſtance ſoever, whether the contented or miſerable, happy or unfortunate, high or low, rich or poor, (whether ſo through want of money, or deſire of more), healthy or ſickly, married or ſingle; nay, whether tall or ſhort, fat or lean; and of what trade, occupation, profeſſion, ſtation, country, faction, party, perſuaſion, quality, age or condition ſoever, who have ever made thinking a part of their buſineſs or diverſion, and have any thing worthy to impart on theſe ſubjects to the world, according to their ſeveral and reſpective talents or geniuſes, and as the ſubject given out hits their tempers, humours, or circumſtances, or may be made profitable to the public by their particular knowledge or experience in the matter propoſed, to do their utmoſt on them by ſuch a time, to the end they may receive the inexpreſſible and irreſiſtible pleaſure of ſeeing their eſſay allowed of and reliſhed by the reſt of mankind.

I will not prepoſſeſs the reader with too great expectation of the extraordinary advantages which muſt redound to the public by theſe eſſays, when the different thoughts and obſervations of all ſorts of perſons according to their quality, age, ſex, education, profeſſions, humours, manners and conditions, &c. ſhall be ſet out by themſelves in the cleareſt and moſt genuine light, and as they themſelves would wiſh to have them appear to the world.

The Theſis *propoſed for the preſent exerciſe of the adventurers to write* Spectators, *is* Money, *on which ſubject all perſons are deſired to ſend in their thoughts within ten days after the date hereof.* T

No. 443. TUESDAY, JULY 29.

Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.
HOR. Od. xxiv. l. 3. ver. 33.

Snatch'd from our ſight, we eagerly purſue,
And fondly would recal her to our view.

CAMILLA *to the* SPECTATOR.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *Venice, July* 10, N. S.

'I TAKE it extremely ill, that you do not reckon 'conſpicuous perſons of your nation are within 'your cognizance, though out of the dominions of '*Great Britain*. I little thought in the green years 'of my life, that I ſhould ever call it an happineſs 'to be out of dear *England*; but as I grew to wo-'man, I found myſelf leſs acceptable in proportion 'to the increaſe of my merit. Their ears in *Italy* 'are ſo differently formed from the make of yours 'in *England*, that I never come upon the ſtage, but 'a general ſatisfaction appears in every countenance 'of the whole people. When I dwell upon a note, 'I behold all the men accompanying me with heads 'inclining and falling of their perſons on one ſide, 'as dying away with me. The women too do juſ-'tice to my merit, and no ill-natured worthleſs 'creature cries, *The vain thing*, when I am wrap-'ped up in the performance of my part, and ſenſibly 'touched with the effect my voice has upon all who 'hear me. I live here diſtinguiſhed as one whom 'nature has been liberal to in a graceful perſon, an 'exalted mien, and heavenly voice. Theſe parti-'cularities in this ſtrange country, are arguments for 'reſpect and generoſity to her who is poſſeſſed of 'them. The *Italians* ſee a thouſand beauties I am 'ſenſible I have no pretence to, and abundantly

'make up to me the injuſtice I received in my own 'country, of diſallowing me what I really had. The 'humour of hiſſing, which you have among you, I 'do not know any thing of; and their applauſes are 'uttered in ſighs, and bearing a part at the caden-'ces of voice with the perſons who are performing. 'I am often put in mind of thoſe complaiſant lines 'of my own countryman, when he is calling all 'his faculties together to hear *Arabella*:

Let all be huſh'd, each ſofteſt motion ceaſe,
Be every loud tumultuous thought at peace;
And ev'ry ruder gaſp of breath
Be calm, as in the arms of death:
And thou, moſt fickle, moſt uneaſy part,
Thou reſtleſs wanderer, my heart,
Be ſtill; gently, ah! gently leave,
Thou buſy, idle thing, to heave.
Stir not a pulſe: and let my blood,
That turbulent, unruly flood,
Be ſoftly ſtaid;
Let me be all but my attention dead.

'The whole city of *Venice* is as ſtill when I am 'ſinging as this polite hearer was to Mrs. *Hunt*. 'But when they break that ſilence, did you know 'the pleaſure I am in, when every man utters his 'applauſe, by calling me aloud, the *Dear Creature*, 'the *Angel*, the *Venus*: *What attitudes ſhe moves 'with!—Huſh, ſhe ſings again!* We have no boiſ-'terous wits who dare diſturb an audience, and 'break the public peace merely to ſhew they dare. 'Mr. SPECTATOR, I write this to you thus in haſte, 'to tell you I am ſo very much at eaſe here, that I 'know nothing but joy; and I will not return, but 'leave you in *England* to hiſs all merit of your own 'growth off the ſtage. I know, Sir, you were al-'ways my admirer, and therefore I am yours,

'CAMILLA.'

'*P. S.*

'*P. S.* I am ten times better dreſſed than ever I 'was in *England*.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The project in yours of the 11th inſtant, of 'furthering the correſpondence and knowledge of 'that conſiderable part of mankind, the trading 'world, cannot but be highly commendable. Good 'lectures to young traders may have very good ef-'fects on their conduct: but beware you propagate 'no falſe notions of trade; let none of your cor-'reſpondents impoſe on the world, by putting forth 'baſe methods in a good light, and glazing them o-'ver with improper terms. I would have no means 'of profit ſet for copies to others, but ſuch as are 'laudable in themſelves. Let not noiſe be called 'induſtry, nor impudence courage. Let not good 'fortune be impoſed on the world for good manage-'ment, nor poverty be called folly; impute not al-'ways bankruptcy to extravagance, nor an eſtate to 'foreſight: niggardlineſs is not good huſbandry, 'nor generoſity profuſion.

'*Honeſtus* is a well-meaning and judicious trader, 'hath ſubſtantial goods, and trades with his own 'ſtock, huſbands his money to the beſt advantage, 'without taking all advantages of the neceſſities 'of his workmen, or grinding the face of the poor. '*Fortunatus* is ſtocked with ignorance, and conſe-'quently with ſelf opinion; the quality of his goods 'cannot but be ſuitable to that of his judgment. '*Honeſtus* pleaſes diſcerning people, and keeps their 'cuſtom by good uſage; makes modeſt profit by 'modeſt means, to the decent ſupport of his family: 'whilſt *Fortunatus* bluſtering always, puſhes on, 'promiſing much, and performing little; with ob-'ſequiouſneſs offenſive to people of ſenſe, ſtrikes at 'all, catches much the greater part; raiſes a conſi-'derable fortune by impoſition on others, to the

'discouragement and ruin of those who trade in 'the same way.

'I give here but loose hints, and beg you to be 'very circumspect in the province you have now un-'dertaken: if you perform it successfully, it will be 'a very great good; for nothing is more wanting, 'than that mechanic industry were set forth with the 'freedom and greatness of mind which ought al-'ways to accompany a man of a liberal educa-'tion.

'Your humble servant,

From my shop under the
Royal Exchange, July 14. 'R. C.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *July* 24, 1712.

'Notwithstanding the repeated censures that your 'spectatorial wisdom has passed upon people more 'remarkable for impudence than wit, there are yet 'some remaining, who pass with the giddy part of 'mankind for sufficient sharers of the latter, who 'have nothing but the former qualification to re-'commend them. Another timely animadversion 'is absolutely necessary; be pleased, therefore, once 'for all, to let these gentlemen know, that there is 'neither mirth nor good-humour in hooting a young 'fellow out of countenance; nor that it will ever 'constitute a wit, to conclude a tart piece of buf-'foonry with a *what makes you blush?* Pray please 'to inform them again, that to speak what they 'know is shocking, proceeds from ill-nature, and a 'sterility of brain; especially when the subject will 'not admit of raillery, and their discourse has no 'pretension to satire, but what is in their design to 'disoblige. I should be very glad too if you would 'take notice, that a daily repetition of the same o-'verbearing insolence is yet more insupportable, and 'a confirmation of very extraordinary dulness. The

'sudden

'sudden publication of this, may have an effect upon a notorious offender of this kind, whose reformation would redound very much to the satisfaction and quiet of,

'Your most humble servant,

T 'F. B.'

No. 444. WEDNESDAY, JULY 30.

Parturiunt montes—— HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 139.
The mountain labours, and is brought to bed.

IT gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise, from one generation to another, successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey, and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant, as not to know that the ordinary quack-doctors, who publish their great abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are, to a man, impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of these professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails. As I was passing along to day, a paper given into my hand by a fellow without a nose, tells us as follows what good news is come to town, to wit, that there is now a certain cure for the *French* disease, by a gentleman just come from his travels.

In Ruffel-Court, *over against the* Cannon-Ball, *at the* Surgeon's Arms *in* Drury-Lane, *is lately come*

from his travels a ſurgeon who hath practiſed ſurgery and phyſic both by ſea and land theſe twenty-four years. He (by the bleſſing) cures the yellow-jaundice, green-ſickneſs, ſcurvy, dropſy, ſurfeits, long ſea-voyages, campaigns, and women's miſcarriages, lying-in, *&c. as ſome people that has been lame theſe thirty years can teſtify: in ſhort, he cureth all diſeaſes incident to men, women, or children.*

If a man could be ſo indolent as to look upon this havock of the human ſpecies which is made by vice and ignorance, it would be a good ridiculous work to comment upon the declaration of this accompliſhed traveller. There is ſomething unaccountably taking among the vulgar in thoſe who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of ſuch, dote exceſſively this way; many inſtances of which every man will ſuggeſt to himſelf, without my enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who cannot, like the upper ones, be profuſe of their money to thoſe recommended by coming from a diſtance, are no leſs complaiſant than the others, for they venture their lives from the ſame admiration.

The Doctor is lately come from his travels, and has *practiſed* both by ſea and land, and therefore cures the *green ſickneſs*, *long ſea-voyages*, *campaigns*, *and lying-in*. Both by ſea and land!——I will not anſwer for the diſtempers called *ſea-voyages and campaigns*; but I dare ſay, thoſe of green-ſickneſs and lying-in might be as well taken care of, if the doctor ſtaid aſhore. But the art of managing mankind, is only to make them ſtare a little to keep up their aſtoniſhment, to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have ſomething in your ſleeve, in which they muſt think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber, of my acquaintance, who, beſides his broken fiddle and a dried

dried ſea-monſter, has a twine-cord, ſtrained with two nails at each end, over his window, and the words, *rainy*, *dry*, *wet*, and ſo forth, written, to denote the weather, according to the riſing or falling of the cord. We very great ſcholars are not apt to wonder at this: but I obſerved a very honeſt fellow, a chance cuſtomer, who ſat in the chair before me to be ſhaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When thoſe, and his head alſo, were cleared of all incumbrances and excreſcences, he looked at the fiſh, then at the fiddle, ſtill grubbling in his pockets, and caſting his eye again at the twine, and the words writ on each ſide; then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a ſilver ſix-pence. The buſineſs, as I ſaid, is to keep up the amazement; and, if my friend had had only the ſkeleton and kit, he muſt have been contented with a leſs payment. But the doctor we were talking of adds to his long voyages, the teſtimony of ſome people *that has been thirty years lame*. When I received my paper, a ſagacious fellow took one at the ſame time, and read till he came to the thirty years confinement of his friends, and went off very well convinced of the doctor's ſufficiency. You have many of theſe prodigious perſons, who have had ſome extraordinary accident at their birth, or a great diſaſter in ſome part of their lives. Any thing, however foreign from the buſineſs the people want of you, will convince them of your ability in that you profeſs. There is a doctor in *Mouſe-Alley* near *Wapping*, who ſets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill ſets forth, loſt an eye in the Emperor's ſervice. His patients come in upon this, and he ſhews the muſter-roll, which confirms that he was in his Imperial Majeſty's troops; and he puts out their eyes with great ſucceſs. Who would believe that a man ſhould be a doctor for the cure of burſten children, by declaring that his father and grandfather were both

both burſten? But *Charles Ingoltſon*, next door to the *Harp* in *Barbican*, has made a pretty penny by that aſſeveration. The generality go upon their firſt conception, and think no farther; all the reſt is granted. They take it, that there is ſomething uncommon in you, and give you credit for the reſt. You may be ſure it is upon that I go, when ſometimes, let it be to the purpoſe or not, I keep a *Latin* ſentence in my front; and I was not a little pleaſed when I obſerved one of my readers ſay, caſting his eye on my twentieth paper, *More* Latin *ſtill? What a prodigious ſcholar is this man!* But, as I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I muſt make up all I have ſaid by repeating what he ſeems to be in earneſt in, and honeſtly promiſe to thoſe who will not receive him as a great man, to wit, *That from eight to twelve, and from two till ſix, he attends for the good of the public to bleed for three-pence.* T

No. 445. THURSDAY, JULY 31.

Tanti non es, ais. Sapis, Luperce.
MART. Epig. cxviii. l. 1. v. ult.

You ſay, *Lupercus*, what I write
I'n't worth ſo much; you're in the right.

THIS is the day on which many eminent authors will probably publiſh their laſt words. I am afraid that few of our weekly hiſtorians, who are men that above all others delight in war, will be able to ſubſiſt under the weight of a ſtamp, and an approaching peace. A ſheet of blank paper that muſt have this new imprimatur clapt upon it, before it is qualified to communicate any thing to the public, will make its way into the world but very heavily. In ſhort,

ſhort, the neceſſity of carrying a ſtamp, and the improbability of notifying a bloody battle, will, I am afraid, both concur to the ſinking of thoſe thin folios, which have every other day retailed to us the hiſtory of *Europe* for ſeveral years laſt paſt. A facetious friend of mine, who loves a pun, calls this preſent mortality among authors, *The fall of the leaf.*

I remember, upon Mr. *Baxter's* death, there was publiſhed a ſheet of very good ſayings, inſcribed, *The laſt words of Mr.* Baxter. The title ſold ſo great a number of theſe papers, that, about a week after, there came out a ſecond ſheet, inſcribed, *More laſt words of Mr.* Baxter. In the ſame manner I have reaſon to think, that ſeveral ingenious writers, who have taken their leave of the public in farewel papers, will not give over ſo, but intend to appear again, though perhaps under another form, and with a different title. Be that as it will, it is my buſineſs, in this place, to give an account of my own intentions, and to acquaint my reader with the motives by which I act in this great criſis of the republic of letters.

I have been long debating in my own heart, whether I ſhould throw up my pen, as an author that is caſhiered by the act of parliament, which is to operate within theſe four and twenty hours, or whether I ſhould ſtill perſiſt in laying my ſpeculations, from day to day, before the public. The argument which prevails with me moſt on the firſt ſide of the queſtion is, that I am informed by my bookſeller he muſt raiſe the price of every ſingle paper to two-pence, or that he ſhall not be able to pay the duty of it. Now, as I am very deſirous my readers ſhould have their learning as cheap as poſſible, it is with great difficulty that I comply with him in this particular.

However, upon laying my reaſons together in the balance, I find that thoſe, which plead for the continuance of this work, have much the greater weight. For,

For, in the firſt place, in recompence for the expence to which this will put my readers, it is to be hoped they may receive from every paper ſo much inſtruction as will be a very good equivalent. And, in order to this, I will not adviſe any one to take it in, who, after the peruſal of it does not find himſelf two-pence the wiſer or the better man for it; or who, upon examination, does not believe that he has had two-penny-worth of mirth or inſtruction for his money.

But I muſt confeſs there is another motive which prevails with me more than the former. I conſider that the tax on paper was given for the ſupport of the government; and as I have enemies who are apt to pervert any thing I do or ſay, I fear they would aſcribe the laying down my paper, on ſuch an occaſion, to a ſpirit of malecontentedneſs, which I am reſolved none ſhall ever juſtly upbraid me with. No, I ſhall glory in contributing my utmoſt to the public weal; and if my country receives five or ſix pounds a-day by my labours, I ſhall be very well pleaſed to find myſelf ſo uſeful a member. It is a received maxim, that no honeſt man ſhould enrich himſelf by methods that are prejudicial to the community in which he lives; and by the ſame rule I think we may pronounce the perſon to deſerve very well of his countrymen, whoſe labours bring more into the public coffers, than into his own pocket.

Since I have mentioned the word enemies, I muſt explain myſelf ſo far as to acquaint my reader, that I mean only the inſignificant party-zealots on both ſides: men of ſuch poor narrow ſouls, that they are not capable of thinking on any thing but with an eye to Whig or Tory. During the courſe of this paper, I have been accuſed by theſe deſpicable wretches of trimming, time-ſerving, perſonal reflection, ſecret ſatire, and the like. Now, though in theſe my compoſitions it is viſible to any reader of

of common ſenſe, that I conſider nothing but my ſubject, which is always of an indifferent nature; how is it poſſible for me to write ſo clear of party as not to lie open to the cenſures of thoſe who will be applying every ſentence, and finding out perſons and things in it which it has no regard to?

Several paltry ſcribblers and declaimers have done me the honour to be dull upon me in reflections of this nature; but notwithſtanding my name has been ſometimes traduced by this contemptible tribe of men, I have hitherto avoided all animadverſions upon them. The truth of it is, I am afraid of making them appear conſiderable by taking notice of them, for they are like thoſe imperceptible inſects which are diſcovered by the microſcope, and cannot be made the ſubject of obſervation without being magnified.

Having mentioned thoſe few who have ſhewn themſelves the enemies of this paper, I ſhould be very ungrateful to the public, did not I at the ſame time teſtify my gratitude to thoſe who are its friends, in which number I may reckon many of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of all conditions, parties, and profeſſions, in the iſle of *Great Britain*. I am not ſo vain as to think this approbation is ſo much due to the performance as to the deſign. There is, and ever will be, juſtice enough in the world, to afford patronage and protection for thoſe who endeavour to advance truth and virtue, without regard to the paſſions and prejudices of any particular cauſe or faction. If I have any other merit in me, it is that I have new-pointed all the batteries of ridicule. They have been generally planted againſt perſons who have appeared ſerious rather than abſurd; or at beſt, have aimed rather at what is unfaſhionable than what is vicious. For my own part, I have endeavoured to make nothing ridiculous that is not in ſome meaſure criminal. I have ſet up the immoral man as the object of deriſion:

in

in ſhort, if I have not formed a new weapon againſt vice and irreligion, I have at leaſt ſhown how that weapon may be put to a right uſe, which has ſo often fought the battles of impiety and profaneneſs. C

No. 446. FRIDAY, AUGUST 1.

Quid deceat, quid non; quò virtus, quò ferat error.
HOR. Ars. Poet. ver. 308.

What fit, what not; what excellent, or ill.
ROSCOMMON.

SINCE two or three writers of comedy, who are now living, have taken their farewel of the ſtage, thoſe who ſucceed them finding themſelves incapable of riſing up to their wit, humour, and good ſenſe, have only imitated them in ſome of thoſe looſe unguarded ſtrokes, in which they complied with the corrupt taſte of the more vicious part of their audience. When perſons of a low genius attempt this kind of writing they know no difference between being merry and being lewd. It is with an eye to ſome of thoſe degenerate compoſitions that I have written the following diſcourſe.

Were our *Engliſh* ſtage but half ſo virtuous as that of the *Greeks* or *Romans*, we ſhould quickly ſee the influence of it in the behaviour of all the politer part of mankind. It would not be faſhionable to ridicule religion, or its profeſſors; the man of pleaſure would not be the complete gentleman; vanity would be out of countenance, and every quality which is ornamental to human nature, would meet with that eſteem which is due to it.

If the *Engliſh* ſtage were under the ſame regulations the *Athenian* was formerly, it would have the ſame effects that it had, in recommending the religion, the government, and public worſhip of its country.

Were

Were our plays ſubject to proper inſpections and limitations, we might not only paſs away ſeveral of our vacant hours in the higheſt entertainment; but ſhould always riſe from them wiſer and better than we ſat down to them.

It is one of the moſt unaccountable things in our age, that the lewdneſs of our theatre ſhould be ſo much complained of, ſo well expoſed, and ſo little redreſſed. It is to be hoped, that ſome time or other we may be at leiſure to reſtrain the licentiouſneſs of the theatre, and make it contribute its aſſiſtance to the advancement of morality, and to the reformation of the age. As matters ſtand at preſent, multitudes are ſhut out from this noble diverſion, by reaſon of thoſe abuſes and corruptions that accompany it. A father is often afraid that his daughter ſhould be ruined by thoſe entertainments, which were invented for the accompliſhment and refining human nature. The *Athenian* and *Roman* plays were written with ſuch a regard to morality, that *Socrates* uſed to frequent the one, and *Cicero* the other.

It happened once indeed, that *Cato* dropped into the *Roman* theatre, when the *Floralia* were to be repreſented; and as in that performance, which was a kind of religious ceremony, there were ſeveral indecent parts to be acted, the people refuſed to ſee them whilſt *Cato* was preſent. *Martial* on this hint made the following epigram, which we muſt ſuppoſe was applied to ſome grave friend of his, that had been accidentally preſent at ſome ſuch entertainment.

Noſſes jocoſæ dulce cùm ſacrum Floræ,
Feſtoſque luſus, et licentiam vulgi,
Cur in theatrum, Cato ſevere, veniſti?
An ideo tantùm veneras, ut exires?

Epig. i. l. 1.

Why doſt thou come, great cenſor of the age,
To ſee the looſe diverſions of the ſtage?
With awful countenance and brow ſevere,
What, in the name of goodneſs, doſt thou here?
See the mixt crowd! how giddy, lewd, and vain?
Didſt thou come in but to come out again?

An accident of this nature might happen once in an age among the *Greeks* or *Romans*; but they were too wiſe and good to let the conſtant nightly entertainment be of ſuch a nature, that people of the moſt ſenſe and virtue could not be at it. Whatever vices are repreſented upon the ſtage, they ought to be ſo marked and branded by the poet, as not to appear either laudable or amiable in the perſon who is tainted with them. But if we look into the *Engliſh* comedies above-mentioned, we would think they were formed upon a quite contrary maxim, and that this rule, though it held good upon the heathen ſtage, was not to be regarded in Chriſtian theatres. There is another rule likewiſe, which was obſerved by authors of antiquity, and which theſe modern geniuſes have no regard to, and that was never to chuſe an improper ſubject for ridicule. Now a ſubject is improper for ridicule, if it is apt to ſtir up horror and commiſeration rather than laughter. For this reaſon, we do not find any comedy, in ſo polite an author as *Terence*, raiſed upon the violations of the marriage bed. The falſehood of the wife or huſband has given occaſion to noble tragedies; but a *Scipio* or a *Lelius* would have looked upon inceſt or murder to have been as proper ſubjects for comedy. On the contrary, cuckoldom is the baſis of moſt of our modern plays. If an alderman appears upon the ſtage, you may be ſure it is in order to be cuckolded. A huſband that is a little grave or elderly, generally meets with the ſame fate. Knights and baronets, country ſquires, and juſtices of the *quorum*,

rum, come up to town for no other purpoſe. I have ſeen poor *Dogget* cuckolded in all theſe capacities. In ſhort, our *Engliſh* writers are as frequently ſevere upon this innocent unhappy creature, commonly known by the name of a cuckold, as the ancient comic writers were upon an eating paraſite, or a vainglorious ſoldier.

At the ſame time the poet ſo contrives matters, that the two criminals are the favourites of the audience: We ſit ſtill, and wiſh well to them through the whole play, are pleaſed when they meet with proper opportunities, and out of humour when they are diſappointed. The truth of it is, the accompliſhed gentleman upon the *Engliſh* ſtage, is the perſon that is familiar with other men's wives, and indifferent to his own; as the fine woman is generally a compoſition of ſprightlineſs and falſehood. I do not know whether it proceeds from barrenneſs of invention, depravation of manners, or ignorance of mankind, but I have often wondered that our ordinary poets cannot frame to themſelves the idea of a fine man who is not a whoremaſter, or of a fine woman that is not a jilt.

I have ſometimes thought of compiling a ſyſtem of ethics out of the writings of thoſe corrupt poets, under the title of *Stage Morality*. But I have been diverted from this thought by a project which has been executed by an ingenious gentleman of my acquaintance. He has compoſed, it ſeems, the hiſtory of a young fellow, who has taken all his notions of the world from the ſtage, and who has directed himſelf, in every circumſtance of his life and converſation, by the maxims and examples of the fine gentleman in *Engliſh* comedies. If I can prevail upon him to give me a copy of this new-faſhioned novel, I will beſtow on it a place in my works, and queſtion not but it may have as good an effect upon the drama, as *Don Quixote* had upon romance. C

No. 447. SATURDAY, AUGUST 2.

Φημὶ πολυχρονίην μελέτην ἔμεναι, φίλε, καὶ δὴ
Ταύτην ἀνθρώποισι τελεωτάτην φύσιν εἶναι.

Long exerciſe, my friend, inures the mind;
And what we once diſlik'd, we pleaſing find.

THERE is not a common ſaying which has a better turn of ſenſe in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that cuſtom is a ſecond nature. It is indeed able to form the man anew, and to give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from thoſe he was born with. Dr. *Plot*, in his hiſtory of *Staffordſhire*, tells us of an idiot, that chancing to live within the ſound of a clock, and always amuſing himſelf with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock ſtruck, the clock being ſpoiled by ſome accident, the idiot continued to ſtrike and count the hour without the help of it, in the ſame manner as he had done when it was entire. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this ſtory, it is very certain that cuſtom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the ſame time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I ſhall in this paper conſider one very remarkable effect which cuſtom has upon human nature, and which, if rightly obſerved, may lead us into very uſeful rules of life. What I ſhall here take notice of in cuſtom, is its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleaſant to us. A perſon who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at firſt, by degrees contracts ſo ſtrong an inclination towards it, and gives himſelf up ſo entirely to it, that it ſeems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or buſy life will grow upon a man inſenſibly, as he is converſant in the one or the other,

ether, till he is utterly unqualified for reliſhing that to which he has been for ſome time diſuſed. Nay, a man may ſmoke, or drink, or take ſnuff, till he is unable to paſs away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular ſtudy, art, or ſcience, riſes and improves in proportion to the application which we beſtow upon it. Thus what was at firſt an exerciſe, becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into our diverſions. The mind grows fond of thoſe actions ſhe is accuſtomed to, and is drawn with reluctancy from thoſe paths in which ſhe has been uſed to walk.

Not only ſuch actions as were at firſt indifferent to us, but even ſuch as were painful, will by cuſtom and practice become pleaſant. Sir *Francis Bacon* obſerves in his natural philoſophy, that our taſte is never pleaſed better than with thoſe things which at firſt created a diſguſt in it. He gives particular inſtances of claret, coffee, and other liquors, which the palate ſeldom approves upon the firſt taſte; but when it has once got a reliſh of them, generally retains it for life. The mind is conſtituted after the ſame manner, and after having habituated herſelf to any particular exerciſe or employment, not only loſes her firſt averſion towards it, but conceives a certain fondneſs and affection for it. I have heard one of the greateſt geniuſes this age has produced, who had been trained up in all the polite ſtudies of antiquity, aſſure me, upon his being obliged to ſearch into ſeveral rolls and records, that notwithſtanding ſuch an employment was at firſt very dry and irkſome to him, he at laſt took an incredible pleaſure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of *Virgil* or *Cicero*. The reader will obſerve, that I have not here conſidered cuſtom as it makes things eaſy, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the ſame reflections, it is poſſible they may not have

drawn thoſe uſes from it, with which I intend to fill the remaining part of this paper.

If we conſider attentively this property of human nature, it may inſtruct us in very fine moralities. In the firſt place, I would have no man diſcouraged with that kind of life or ſeries of action, in which the choice of others, or his own neceſſities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very diſagreeable to him at firſt; but uſe and application will certainly render it not only leſs painful, but pleaſing and ſatisfactory.

In the ſecond place, I would recommend to every one that admirable precept which *Pythagoras* is ſaid to have given to his diſciples, and which that philoſopher muſt have drawn from the obſervation I have enlarged upon. *Optimum vitæ genus eligite, nam conſuetudo faciet jucundiſſimum.* 'Pitch upon that 'courſe of life which is the moſt excellent, and cuſtom will render it the moſt delightful.' Men, whoſe circumſtances will permit them to chuſe their own way of life, are inexcuſable if they do not purſue that which their judgment tells them is the moſt laudable. The voice of reaſon is more to be regarded than the bent of any preſent inclination, ſince, by the rule above-mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reaſon, though we can never force reaſon to comply with inclination.

In the third place, this obſervation may teach the moſt ſenſual and irreligious man, to overlook thoſe hardſhips and difficulties, which are apt to diſcourage him from the proſecution of a virtuous life. *The gods*, ſaid *Heſiod*, *have placed labour before virtue; the way to her is at firſt rough and difficult, but grows more ſmooth and eaſy, the farther you advance in it.* The man who proceeds in it with ſteadineſs and reſolution, will in a little time find that her *ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and that all her paths are peace.*

To enforce this conſideration, we may further obſerve,

ſerve, that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleaſure, which naturally accompanies thoſe actions to which we are habituated, but with thoſe ſupernumerary joys of heart, that riſe from the conſciouſneſs of ſuch a pleaſure, from the ſatisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reaſon, and from the proſpect of an happy immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this obſervation which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we are once ſettled in a regular courſe of life, how we too frequently indulge ourſelves in any the moſt innocent diverſions and entertainments, ſince the mind may inſenſibly fall off from the reliſh of virtuous actions, and, by degrees, exchange that pleaſure, which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

The laſt uſe which I ſhall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with thoſe actions to which it is accuſtomed, is to ſhew how abſolutely neceſſary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleaſures of the next. The ſtate of bliſs we call Heaven will not be capable of affecting thoſe minds which are not thus qualified for it; we muſt, in this world, gain a reliſh of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taſte that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The ſeeds of thoſe ſpiritual joys and raptures, which are to riſe up and flouriſh in the ſoul to all eternity, muſt be planted in her during this her preſent ſtate of probation. In ſhort, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

On the other hand, thoſe evil ſpirits, who, by long cuſtom, have contracted in the body habits of luſt and ſenſuality, malice and revenge, an averſion to every thing that is good, juſt or laudable, are naturally ſeaſoned and prepared for pain and miſery: their torments have already taken root in them: they

they cannot be happy when diveſted of the body, unleſs we may ſuppoſe, that Providence will, in a manner, create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may, indeed, taſte a kind of malignant pleaſure in thoſe actions to which they are accuſtomed, whilſt in this life; but, when they are removed from all thoſe objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cheriſh in themſelves thoſe painful habits of mind, which are called in ſcripture phraſe, *The worm which never dies*. This notion of heaven and hell is ſo very conformable to the light of nature, that it was diſcovered by ſeveral of the moſt exalted heathens. It has been finely improved by many eminent divines of the laſt age, as in particular by Archbiſhop *Tillotſon* and Dr. *Sherlock*: but there is none who has raiſed ſuch noble ſpeculations upon it as Dr. *Scot*, in the firſt book of his Chriſtian Life, which is one of the fineſt and moſt rational ſchemes of divinity, that is written in our tongue, or in any other. That excellent author has ſhewn how every particular cuſtom and habit of virtue will, in its own nature, produce the heaven, or a ſtate of happineſs, in him who ſhall hereafter practiſe it; as, on the contrary, how every cuſtom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it ſubſiſts.

C

MONDAY,

No. 448. MONDAY, AUGUST 4.

Fedius hoc aliquid quandoque audebit.
Juv. Sat. ii. ver. 82.

In time to greater baſeneſs you'll proceed.

THE firſt ſteps towards ill are very carefully to be avoided, for men inſenſibly go on when they are once entered, and do not keep up a lively abhorrence of the leaſt unworthineſs. There is a certain frivolous falſehood that people indulge themſelves in, which ought to be had in greater deteſtation than it commonly meets with: what I mean is a neglect of promiſes made on ſmall and indifferent occaſions, ſuch as parties of pleaſure, entertainments, and ſometimes meetings out of curioſity, in men of like faculties, to be in each other's company. There are many cauſes to which one may aſſign this light infidelity. *Jack Sippet* never keeps the hour he has appointed to come to a friend's to dinner; but he is an inſignificant fellow who does it out of vanity. He could never, he knows, make any figure in company, but by giving a little diſturbance at his entry, and therefore takes care to drop in when he thinks you are juſt ſeated. He takes his place after having diſcompoſed every body, and deſires there may be no ceremony; then does he begin to call himſelf the ſaddeſt fellow, in diſappointing ſo many places as he was invited to elſewhere. It is the fop's vanity to name houſes of better cheer, and to acquaint you that he choſe your's out of ten dinners which he was obliged to be at that day. The laſt time I had the fortune to eat with him, he was imagining how very fat he ſhould have been, had he eaten all he had ever been invited to. But it is impertinent to dwell upon the manners of ſuch a wretch as obliges all whom he diſappoints,

diſappoints, though his circumſtances conſtrain them to be civil to him. But there are thoſe that every one would be glad to ſee, who fall into the ſame deteſtable habit. It is a mercileſs thing that any one can be at eaſe, and ſuppoſe a ſet of people who have a kindneſs for him, at that moment waiting out of reſpect to him, and refuſing to taſte their food or converſation, with the utmoſt impatience. One of theſe promiſers ſometimes ſhall make his excuſes for not coming at all, ſo late, that half the company have only to lament, that they have neglected matters of moment to meet him whom they find a trifler. They immediately repent of the value they had for him; and ſuch treatment repeated, makes company never depend upon his promiſes any more; ſo that he often comes at the middle of a meal, where he is ſecretly ſlighted by the perſons with whom he eats, and curſed by the ſervants, whoſe dinner is delayed by his prolonging their maſter's entertainment. It is wonderful, that men guilty this way, could never have obſerved, that the whiling time, the gathering together, and waiting a little before dinner, is the moſt awkwardly paſſed away of any part in the four and twenty hours. If they did think at all, they would reflect upon their guilt, in lengthening ſuch a ſuſpenſion of agreeable life. The conſtant offending this way, has, in a degree, an effect upon the honeſty of his mind who is guilty of it, as common ſwearing is a kind of habitual perjury: it makes the ſoul inattentive to what an oath is, even while it utters at the lips. *Phocion* beholding a wordy orator, while he was making a magnificent ſpeech to the people, full of vain promiſes; *Methinks*, ſaid he, *I am now fixing my eyes upon a cypreſs-tree; it has all the pomp and beauty imaginable in its branches, leaves, and height, but alas it bears no fruit.*

Though the expectation which is raiſed by impertinent promiſers is thus barren, their confidence, even

even after failures, is so great, that they subsist by still promising on. I have heretofore discoursed of the insignificant liar, the boaster, and the castle-builder, and treated them as no ill-designing men, (though they are to be placed among the frivolously false ones), but persons who fall into that way purely to recommend themselves by their vivacities; but indeed I cannot let heedless promisers, though in the most minute circumstances, pass with so slight a censure. If a man should take a resolution to pay only sums above an hundred pounds, and yet contract with different people debts of five and ten, how long can we suppose he will keep his credit? This man will as long support his good name in business, as he will in conversation, who, without difficulty, makes assignations which he is indifferent whether he keeps or not.

I am the more severe upon this vice, because I have been so unfortunate as to be a very great criminal myself. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, and all my other friends who are scrupulous to promises of the meanest consideration imaginable, from an habit of virtue that way, have often upbraided me with it. I take shame upon myself for this crime, and more particularly for the greatest I ever committed of the sort, that when as agreeable a company of gentlemen and ladies as ever were got together, and I forsooth, Mr. SPECTATOR, to be of the party with women of merit, like a booby as I was, mistook the time of meeting, and came the night following. I wish every fool who is negligent in this kind, may have as great a loss as I had in this; for the same company will never meet more, but are dispersed into various parts of the world, and I am left under the compunction that I deserve, in so many different places to be called a trifler.

This fault is sometimes to be accounted for, when desirable people are fearful of appearing precise and reserved by denials; but they will find the apprehension

prehenſion of that imputation will betray them into a childiſh impotence of mind, and make them promiſe all who are ſo kind to aſk it of them. This leads ſuch ſoft creatures into the misfortune of ſeeming to return overtures of good-will with ingratitude. The firſt ſteps in the breach of a man's integrity are much more important than men are aware of. The man who ſcruples breaking his word in little things would not ſuffer in his own conſcience ſo great pain for failures of conſequence as he who thinks every little offence againſt truth and juſtice a diſparagement. We ſhould not make any thing we ourſelves diſapprove habitual to us, if we would be ſure of our integrity.

I remember a falſehood of the trivial ſort, though not in relation to aſſignations, that expoſed a man to a very uneaſy adventure. *Will Trap* and *Jack Stint* were chamber-fellows in the *Inner-Temple* about twenty-five years ago. They one night ſat in the pit together at a comedy, where they both obſerved and liked the ſame young woman in the boxes. Their kindneſs for her entered both hearts deeper than they imagined. *Stint* had a good faculty in writing letters of love, and made his addreſs privately that way; while *Trap* proceeded in the ordinary courſe, by money and her waiting-maid. The lady gave them both encouragement, receiving *Trap* into the utmoſt favour, and anſwering at the ſame time *Stint*'s letters, and giving him appointments at third places. *Trap* began to ſuſpect the epiſtolary correſpondence of his friend, and diſcovered alſo that *Stint* opened all his letters which came to their common lodgings, in order to form his own aſſignations. After much anxiety and reſtleſſneſs *Trap* came to a reſolution, which he thought would break off their commerce with one another without any hazardous explanation. He therefore writ a letter in a feigned hand to Mr. *Trap* at his chambers in the *Temple*. *Stint*, according to cuſtom, ſeized and opened it,

and was not a little surprised to find the inside directed to himself, when, with great perturbation of spirit, he read as follows.

'Mr. STINT,

'You have gained a slight satisfaction at the expence of doing a very heinous crime. At the price of a faithful friend you have obtained an inconstant mistress. I rejoice in this expedient I have thought of to break my mind to you, and tell you, you are a base fellow, by a means which does not expose you to the affront except you deserve it. I know, Sir, as criminal as you are, you have still shame enough to avenge yourself against the hardiness of any one that should publicly tell you of it. I therefore, who have received so many secret hurts from you, shall take satisfaction with safety to myself. I call you base, and you must bear it, or acknowledge it; I triumph over you, that you cannot come at me; nor do I think it dishonourable to come in armour to assault him, who was in ambuscade when he wounded me.

'What need more be said to convince you of being guilty of the basest practice imaginable, than that it is such as has made you liable to be treated after this manner, while you yourself cannot in your own conscience but allow the justice of the upbraidings of

'Your injured friend,

'W. TRAP.'

No. 449. TUESDAY, AUGUST 5.

——*Tibi ſcriptus, matrona, libellus.* MART.

A book the chaſteſt matron may peruſe.

WHEN I reflect upon my labours for the public, I cannot but obſerve, that part of the ſpecies of which I profeſs myſelf a friend and guardian, is ſometimes treated with ſeverity; that is, there are in my writings many deſcriptions given of ill perſons, and not any direct encomium made of thoſe who are good. When I was convinced of this error, I could not but immediately call to mind ſeveral of the fair ſex of my acquaintance, whoſe characters deſerve to be tranſmitted to poſterity in writings which will long outlive mine. But I do not think that a reaſon why I ſhould not give them their place in my diurnal as long as it will laſt. For the ſervice therefore of my female readers, I ſhall ſingle out ſome characters of maids, wives, and widows, which deſerve the imitation of the ſex. She who will lead this ſmall illuſtrious number of heroines ſhall be the amiable *Fidelia*.

Before I enter upon the particular parts of her character, it is neceſſary to preface, that ſhe is the only child of a decrepid father, whoſe life is bound up in hers. This gentleman has uſed *Fidelia* from her cradle with all the tenderneſs imaginable, and has viewed her growing perfections with the partiality of a parent, that ſoon thought her accompliſhed above the children of all other men, but never thought ſhe was come to the utmoſt improvement of which ſhe herſelf was capable. This fondneſs has had very happy effects upon his own happineſs; for ſhe reads, ſhe dances, ſhe ſings, uſes her ſpinet and lute to the utmoſt

utmoſt perfection: and the lady's uſe of all theſe excellencies, is to divert the old man in his eaſy chair, when he is out of the pangs of a chronical diſtemper. *Fidelia* is now in the twenty-third year of her age; but the application of many lovers, her vigorous time of life, her quick ſenſe of all that is truly gallant and elegant in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune, are not able to draw her from the ſide of her good old father. Certain it is, that there is no kind of affection ſo pure and angelic as that of a father to a daughter. He beholds her both with and without regard to her ſex. In love to our wives there is deſire, to our ſons there is ambition; but in that to our daughters, there is ſomething which there are no words to expreſs. Her life is deſigned wholly domeſtic, and ſhe is ſo ready a friend and companion, that every thing that paſſes about a man, is accompanied with the idea of her preſence. Her ſex alſo is naturally ſo much expoſed to hazard, both as to fortune and innocence, that there is perhaps a new cauſe of fondneſs ariſing from that conſideration alſo. None but fathers can have a true ſenſe of theſe ſort of pleaſures and ſenſations; but my familiarity with the father of *Fidelia*, makes me let drop the words which I have heard him ſpeak, and obſerve upon his tenderneſs towards her.

Fidelia, on her part, as I was going to ſay, as accompliſhed as ſhe is, with all her beauty, wit, air, and mien, employs her whole time in care and attendance upon her father. How have I been charmed to ſee one of the moſt beautiful women the age has produced on her knees helping on an old man's ſlipper! Her filial regard to him is what ſhe makes her diverſion, her buſineſs, and her glory. When ſhe was aſked by a friend of her deceaſed mother to admit of the courtſhip of her ſon, ſhe anſwered, that ſhe had a great reſpect and gratitude to her for the overture in behalf of one ſo dear to her, but that

during her father's life she would admit into her heart no value for any thing that should interfere with her endeavour to make his remains of life as happy and easy as could be expected in his circumstances. The lady admonished her of the prime of life with a smile; which *Fidelia* answered with a frankness that always attends unfeigned virtue; *It is true, Madam, there is to be sure very great satisfactions to be expected in the commerce of a man of honour, whom one tenderly loves: but I find so much satisfaction in the reflection how much I mitigate a good man's pains, whose welfare depends upon my assiduity about him, that I willingly exclude the loose gratifications of passion for the solid reflections of duty. I know not whether any man's wife would be allowed, and (what I still more fear) I know not whether I, a wife, should be willing to be as officious as I am at present about my parent.* The happy father has her declaration that she will not marry during his life, and the pleasure of seeing that resolution not uneasy to her. Were one to paint filial affection in its utmost beauty, he could not have a more lively idea of it than in beholding *Fidelia* serving her father at his hours of rising, meals, and rest.

When the general crowd of female youth are consulting their glasses, preparing for balls, assemblies, or plays; for a young lady, who could be regarded among the foremost in those places, either for her person, wit, fortune, or conversation, and yet contemn all these entertainments, to sweeten the heavy hours of a decrepid parent, is a resignation truly heroic. *Fidelia* performs the duty of a nurse with all the beauty of a bride; nor does she neglect her person, because of her attendance upon him, when he is too ill to receive company, to whom she may make an appearance.

Fidelia, who gives him up her youth, does not think it any great sacrifice to add to it the spoiling of

of her dreſs. Her care and exactneſs in her habit convince her father of the alacrity of her mind; and ſhe has of all women the beſt foundation for affecting the praiſe of a ſeeming negligence. What adds to the entertainment of the good old man is, that *Fidelia*, where merit and fortune cannot be overlooked by epiſtolary lovers, reads over the accounts of her conqueſts, plays on her ſpinet the gayeſt airs, (and while ſhe is doing ſo, you would think her formed only for gallantry), to intimate to him the pleaſures ſhe deſpiſes for his ſake.

Thoſe who think themſelves the pattern of good breeding and gallantry, would be aſtoniſhed to hear that in thoſe intervals when the old gentleman is at eaſe, and can bear company, there are at his houſe in the moſt regular order, aſſemblies of people of the higheſt merit; where there is converſation without mention of the faults of the abſent, benevolence between men and women without paſſion, and the higheſt ſubjects of morality treated of as natural and accidental diſcourſe; all which is owing to the genius of *Fidelia*, who at once makes her father's way to another world eaſy, and herſelf capable of being an honour to his name in this.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I was the other day at the *Bear-Garden* in hopes 'to have ſeen your ſhort face; but not being ſo 'fortunate, I muſt tell you by way of letter, that 'there is a myſtery among the gladiators which 'has eſcaped your ſpectatorial penetration. For 'being in a box at an alehouſe near that renown'ed ſeat of honour above-mentioned, I overheard 'two maſters of the ſcience agreeing to quarrel on 'the next opportunity. This was to happen in the 'company of a ſet of the fraternity of baſket-hilts, 'who were to meet that evening. When this was 'ſettled, one aſked the other, Will you give cuts

'or receive? the other anſwered, Receive. It was 'replied, Are you a paſſionate man? No, provided 'you cut no more nor no deeper than we agree. I 'thought it my duty to acquaint you with this, that 'the people may not pay their money for fighting, 'and be cheated.

'Your humble ſervant,

T 'SCABBARD RUSTY.'

No. 450. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6.

———*Quærenda pecunia primum,*
Virtus poſt nummos. Hor. Ep. lib. 1. ver. 53.

———Get money, money ſtill;
And then let virtue follow, if ſhe will.

POPE.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'ALL men, through different paths, make at 'the ſame common thing, *Money*; and it is 'to her we owe the politician, the merchant, and 'the lawyer; nay, to be free with you, I believe 'to that alſo we are beholden for our *Spectator*. I 'am apt to think, that could we look into our own 'hearts, we ſhould ſee money engraved in them in 'more lively and moving characters than ſelf-pre-'ſervation; for who can reflect upon the mer-'chant hoiſting ſail in a doubtful purſuit of her, 'and all mankind ſacrificing their quiet to her, 'but muſt perceive that the characters of ſelf-pre-'ſervation (which were doubtleſs originally the 'brighteſt) are ſullied, if not wholly defaced; and 'that thoſe of money (which at firſt was only va-'luable as a mean to ſecurity) are of late ſo bright-'ened, that the characters of ſelf-preſervation, like a 'leſs light ſet by a greater, are become almoſt imper-'ceptible? Thus has money got the upper hand of 'what all mankind formerly thought moſt dear,

'*viz.*

'*viz.* ſecurity; and I wiſh I could ſay ſhe had here 'put a ſtop to her victories; but, alas! common 'honeſty fell a ſacrifice to her. This is the way 'ſcholaſtic men talk of the greateſt good in the 'world; but I, a tradeſman, ſhall give you another 'account of this matter in the plain narrative of 'my own life. I think it proper, in the firſt place, 'to acquaint my readers, that ſince my ſetting out 'in the world, which was in the year 1660, I ne-'ver wanted money; having begun with an in-'different good ſtock in the tobacco-trade, to 'which I was bred; and by the continual ſucceſſes 'it has pleaſed Providence to bleſs my endeavours 'with, am at laſt arrived at what they call a '*Plumb*. To uphold my diſcourſe in the manner 'of your wits or philoſophers, by ſpeaking fine 'things, or drawing inferences, as they pretend, 'from the nature of the ſubject, I account it vain; 'having never found any thing in the writings of 'ſuch men, that did not favour more of the in-'vention of the brain, or what is ſtyled ſpeculation, 'than of ſound judgment or profitable obſervati-'on. I will readily grant indeed, that there is 'what the wits call *natural* in their talk; which is 'the utmoſt thoſe curious authors can aſſume to 'themſelves, and is indeed all they endeavour at, 'for they are but lamentable teachers. And what, 'I pray, is natural? That which is pleaſing and 'eaſy. And what are pleaſing and eaſy? Forſooth, a 'new thought or conceit dreſſed up in ſmooth quaint 'language, to make you ſmile and wag your head, 'as being what you never imagined before, and 'yet wonder why you had not; mere frothy amuſe-'ments! fit only for boys or ſilly women to be 'caught with.

'It is not my preſent intention to inſtruct my 'readers in the methods of acquiring riches; that 'may be the work of another eſſay: but to exhi-'bit the real and ſolid advantages I have found by 'them in my long and manifold experience; nor

'yet

'yet all the advantages of ſo worthy and valuable 'a bleſſing; (for who does not know or imagine 'the comforts of being warm or living at eaſe? 'and that power and pre-eminence are their inſe-'parable attendants?) but only to inſtance the 'great ſupports they afford us under the ſevereſt ca-'lamities and misfortunes; to ſhew that the love of 'them is a ſpecial antidote againſt immorality and 'vice, and that the fame does likewiſe naturally diſ-'poſe men to actions of piety and devotion: all 'which I can make out by my own experience, who 'think myſelf no ways particular from the reſt of 'mankind, nor better nor worſe by nature than ge-'nerally other men are.

'In the year 1665, when the ſickneſs was, I loſt 'by it my wife and two children, which were all 'my ſtock. Probably I might have had more, 'conſidering I was married between four and five 'years; but finding her to be a teeming woman, I 'was careful, as having then little above a brace 'of thouſand pounds to carry on my trade and 'maintain a family with. I loved them as uſually 'men do their wives and children, and therefore 'could not reſiſt the firſt impulſes of nature on ſo 'wounding a loſs; but I quickly rouſed myſelf, 'and found means to alleviate, and at laſt conquer 'my affliction, by reflecting how that ſhe and her 'children having been no great expence to me, the 'beſt part of her fortune was ſtill left; that my 'charge being reduced to myſelf, a journeyman, 'and a maid, I might live far cheaper than before; 'and that being now a childleſs widower, I might 'perhaps marry a no leſs deſerving woman, and 'with a much better fortune than ſhe brought, 'which was but 800 *l.* And to convince my readers 'that ſuch conſiderations as theſe were proper and 'apt to produce ſuch an effect, I remember it was 'the conſtant obſervation at that deplorable time, 'when ſo many hundreds were ſwept away daily,

'that

'that the rich ever bore the loſs of their families and 'relations far better than the poor; the latter having 'little or nothing before-hand, and living from hand 'to mouth, placed the whole comfort and ſatisfaction 'of their lives in their wives and children, and were 'therefore inconſolable.

'The following year happened the fire; at which 'time, by good providence, it was my fortune to 'have converted the greateſt part of my effects into 'ready money, on the proſpect of an extraordinary 'advantage which I was preparing to lay hold on. 'This calamity was very terrible and aſtoniſhing, 'the fury of the flames being ſuch, that whole 'ſtreets, at ſeveral diſtant places, were deſtroyed at 'one and the ſame time, ſo that (as it is well known) 'almoſt all our citizens were burnt out of what they 'had. But what did I then do? I did not ſtand 'gazing on the ruins of our noble metropolis; I did 'not ſhake my head, wring my hands, ſigh and ſhed 'tears; I conſidered with myſelf what could this 'avail; I fell a-plodding what advantages might be 'made of the ready caſh I had, and immediately 'bethought myſelf, that wonderful pennyworths 'might be bought of the goods that were ſaved out 'of the fire. In ſhort, with about 2000 *l.* and a 'little credit, I bought as much tobacco as raiſed my 'eſtate to the value of 10,000 *l.* I then *hoked on* '*the aſhes of our city, and the miſery of its late* '*inhabitants, as an effect of the juſt wrath and in-* '*dignation of heaven towards a ſinful and perverſe* '*people.*

'After this I married again, and that wife dy- 'ing, I took another; but both proved to be idle 'baggages. The firſt gave me a great deal of 'plague and vexation by her extravagancies, and I 'became one of the by-words of the city. I knew 'it would be to no manner of purpoſe to go about 'to curb the fancies and inclinations of women, 'which fly out the more for being reſtrained; but

'what

'what I could I did; I watched her narrowly, and 'by good luck found her in the embraces (for 'which I had two witneſſes with me) of a wealthy 'ſpark of the court-end of the town; of whom I 'recovered 15,000 *l.* which made me amends for 'what ſhe had idly ſquandered, and put a ſilence 'to all my neighbours, taking off my reproach by 'the gain they ſaw I had by it. The laſt died about 'two years after I married her, in labour of three 'children. I conjecture they were begot by a 'country kinſman of hers, whom, at her recom-'mendation, I took into my family, and gave wages 'to as a journeyman. What this creature expended 'in delicacies and high diet with her kinſman, (as 'well as I could compute by the poulterers, fiſh-'mongers, and grocers bills), amounted in the ſaid 'two years to *L.* 186:4:5½. The fine apparel, 'bracelets, lockets, and treats, *&c.* of the other, 'according to the beſt calculation, came in three 'years and about three quarters to *L.* 744:7:9. 'After this I reſolved never to marry more, and 'found I had been a gainer by my marriages, and 'the damages granted me for the abuſes of my bed, '(all charges deducted), 8,300 *l.* within a trifle.

'I come now to ſhew the good effects of the love 'of money on the lives of men towards rendering 'them honeſt, ſober, and religious. When I was 'a young man, I had a mind to make the beſt of 'my wits, and over-reached a country chap in a 'parcel of unſound goods; to whom, upon his up-'braiding, and threatening to expoſe me for it, I 'returned the equivalent of his loſs; and upon his 'good advice, wherein he clearly demonſtrated the 'folly of ſuch artifices, which can never end but in 'ſhame, and the ruin of all correſpondence, I never 'after tranſgreſſed. Can your courtiers, who take 'bribes, or your lawyers or phyſicians in their prac-'tice, or even the divines who intermeddle in 'worldly affairs, boaſt of making but one ſlip in

'their

'their lives, and of such a thorough and lasting 'reformation? Since my coming into the world, 'I do not remember I was ever overtaken in drink, 'save nine times; once at the christening of my 'first child, thrice at our city-feasts, and five times 'at driving of bargains. My reformation I can 'attribute to nothing so much as the love and 'esteem of money; for I found myself to be ex-'travagant in my drink, and apt to turn projector, 'and make rash bargains. As for women, I never 'knew any except my wives: for my reader must 'know, and it is what he may confide in as an 'excellent *recipe*, that the love of business and 'money is the greatest mortifier of inordinate de-'sires imaginable, as employing the mind continu-'ally in the careful oversight of what one has, in 'the eager quest after more, in looking after the ne-'gligencies and deceits of servants, in the due en-'tering and stating of accounts, in hunting after 'chaps, and in the exact knowledge of the state of 'markets; which things, whoever thoroughly at-'tends, will find enough and enough to employ his 'thoughts on every moment of the day; so that 'I cannot call to mind, that in all the time I was 'a husband, which, off and on, was above twelve 'years, I ever once thought of my wives but in bed. 'And, lastly, for religion, I have ever been a con-'stant churchman, both forenoons and afternoons 'on *Sundays*, never forgetting to be thankful for 'any gain or advantage I had had that day; and on '*Saturday* nights, upon casting up my accounts, I 'always was grateful for the sum of my week's pro-'fits, and at *Christmas* for that of the whole year. 'It is true, perhaps, that my devotion has not been 'the most fervent; which, I think, ought to be im-'puted to the evenness and sedateness of my tem-'per, which never would admit of impetuosities of 'any sort: and I can remember, that in my youth 'and prime of manhood, when my blood ran brisk-

'er,

'er, I took greater pleasure in religious exercises 'than at present, or many years past, and that my 'devotion sensibly declined as age, which is dull 'and unwieldy, came upon me.

'I have, I hope, here proved, that the love of 'money prevents all immorality and vice; which 'if you will not allow, you must, that the pursuit 'of it obliges men to the same kind of life as they 'would follow if they were really virtuous; which 'is all I have to say at present, only recommend-'ing to you, that you would think of it, and turn 'ready wit into ready money as fast as you can. 'I conclude,

'Your servant,

'EPHRAIM WEED.'

T

No. 451. THURSDAY, AUGUST 7.

——Jam servus apertum
In rabiem cepit verti jocus, et per honestas
Ira minax impune domos——

Hor. Ep. i. l. ii. ver. 148.

——Times corrupt, and nature ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice rag'd thro' private life.

Post.

THERE is nothing so scandalous to a govern-ment, and detestable in the eyes of all good men, as defamatory papers and pamphlets; but, at the same time, there is nothing so difficult to treat as a satirical author. An angry writer who cannot appear in print, naturally vents his spleen in libels and

and lampoons. A gay old woman, says the fable, seeing all her wrinkles represented in a large looking-glass, threw it upon the ground in a passion, and broke it into a thousand pieces; but, as she was afterwards surveying the fragments with a spiteful kind of pleasure, she could not forbear uttering herself in the following soliloquy: 'What have I got by 'this revengeful blow of mine? I have only multi-'plied my deformity, and see an hundred ugly faces, 'where before I saw but one.'

It has been proposed, *to oblige every person that writes a book, or a paper, to swear himself the author of it, and enter down, in a public register, his name and place of abode.*

This, indeed, would have effectually suppressed all printed scandal, which generally appears under borrowed names, or under none at all. But it is to be feared, that such an expedient would not only destroy scandal, but learning. It would operate promiscuously, and root up the corn and tares together. Not to mention some of the most celebrated works of piety, which have proceeded from anonymous authors, who have made it their merit to convey to us so great a charity in secret: there are few works of genius that come out at first with the author's name. The writer generally makes a trial of them in the world before he owns them; and, I believe, very few who are capable of writing would set pen to paper, if they knew before-hand that they must not publish their productions but on such conditions. For my own part, I must declare the papers I present the public are like fairy favours, which shall last no longer than while the author is concealed.

That which makes it particularly difficult to restrain these sons of calumny and defamation is, that all sides are equally guilty of it, and that every dirty scribbler is countenanced by great names, whose interest he propagates by such vile and infamous me-

thods. I have never yet heard of a miniſtry, who have inflicted an exemplary puniſhment on an author that has ſupported their cauſe with falſehood and ſcandal, and treated, in a moſt cruel manner, the names of thoſe who have been looked upon as their rivals and antagoniſts. Would a government ſet an everlaſting mark of their diſpleaſure upon one of thoſe infamous writers who makes his court to them by tearing to pieces the reputation of a competitor, we ſhould quickly ſee an end put to this race of vermin, that are a ſcandal to government, and a reproach to human nature. Such a proceeding would make a miniſter of ſtate ſhine in hiſtory, and would fill all mankind with a juſt abhorrence of perſons who ſhould treat him unworthily, and employ againſt him thoſe arms which he ſcorned to make uſe of againſt his enemies.

I cannot think that any one will be ſo unjuſt as to imagine what I have here ſaid is ſpoken with reſpect to any party or faction. Every one who has in him the ſentiments either of a Chriſtian or gentleman, cannot but be highly offended at this wicked and ungenerous practice which is ſo much in uſe among us at preſent, that it is become a kind of national crime, and diſtinguiſhes us from all the governments that lie about us. I cannot but look upon the fineſt ſtrokes of ſatire which are aimed at particular perſons, and which are ſupported even with the appearances of truth, to be the marks of an evil mind, and highly criminal in themſelves. Infamy, like other puniſhments, is under the direction and diſtribution of the magiſtrate, and not of any private perſon. Accordingly we learn from a fragment of *Cicero*, that, though there were very few capital puniſhments in the twelve tables, a libel or lampoon, which took away the good name of another, was to be puniſhed by death. But this is far from being our caſe. Our ſatire is nothing but ribaldry and *Billingſgate*. Scurrility paſſes for wit; and

and he who can call names in the greateſt variety of phraſes, is looked upon to have the ſhrewdeſt pen. By this means the honour of families is ruined; the higheſt poſts and greateſt titles are rendered cheap and vile in the ſight of the people; the nobleſt virtues and moſt exalted parts expoſed to the contempt of the vicious and the ignorant. Should a foreigner, who knows nothing of our private factions, or one who is to act his part in the world when our preſent heats and animoſities are forgot; ſhould, I ſay, ſuch an one form to himſelf a notion of the greateſt men of all ſides in the *Britiſh* nation, who are now living, from the characters which are given them in ſome or other of thoſe abominable writings which are daily publiſhed among us, what a nation of monſters muſt we appear!

As this cruel practice tends to the utter ſubverſion of all truth and humanity among us, it deſerves the utmoſt deteſtation and diſcouragement of all who have either the love of their country, or the honour of their religion at heart. I would therefore earneſtly recommend it to the conſideration of thoſe who deal in theſe pernicious arts of writing, and of thoſe who take pleaſure in the reading of them. As for the firſt, I have ſpoken of them in former papers, and have not ſtuck to rank them with the murderer and aſſaſſin. Every honeſt man ſets as high a value upon a good name, as upon life itſelf; and I cannot but think, that thoſe who privily aſſault the one would deſtroy the other, might they do it with the ſame ſecreſy and impunity.

As for perſons who take pleaſure in the reading and diſperſing of ſuch deteſtable libels, I am afraid they fall very little ſhort of the guilt of the firſt compoſers. By a law of the Emperors *Valentinian* and *Valens*, it was made death for any perſon, not only to write a libel, but, if he met with one by chance, not to tear or burn it. But, becauſe I

would not be thought ſingular in my opinion of this matter, I ſhall conclude my paper with the words of Monſieur *Bayle*, who was a man of great freedom of thought, as well as of exquiſite learning and judgment.

'I cannot imagine that a man who diſperſes a 'libel is leſs deſirous of doing miſchief than the 'author himſelf. But what ſhall we ſay of the 'pleaſure which a man takes in the reading of a 'defamatory libel? Is it not a heinous ſin in the 'ſight of God? We muſt diſtinguiſh in this point. 'This pleaſure is either an agreeable ſenſation we are 'affected with, when we meet with a witty thought 'which is well expreſſed, or it is a joy which we 'conceive from the diſhonour of the perſon who 'is defamed. I will ſay nothing to the firſt of 'theſe caſes; for perhaps ſome would think that 'my morality is not ſevere enough, if I ſhould af'firm that a man is not maſter of thoſe agreeable 'ſenſations, any more than of thoſe occaſioned by 'ſugar or honey, when they touch his tongue; 'but as to the ſecond, every one will own that 'pleaſure to be a heinous ſin. The pleaſure in the 'firſt caſe is of no continuance; it prevents our 'reaſon and reflection, and may be immediately 'followed by a ſecret grief, to ſee our neighbour's 'honour blaſted. If it does not ceaſe immediately, 'it is a ſign that we are not diſpleaſed with the ill'nature of the ſatiriſt, but are glad to ſee him de'fame his enemy by all kinds of ſtories; and then 'we deſerve the puniſhment to which the writer of 'the libel is ſubject. I ſhall here add the words of 'a modern author. St. Gregory, *upon excommu'nicating thoſe writers who had diſhonoured* Cæſa'rius, *does not except thoſe who read their works: 'becauſe*, ſays he, *if calumnies have been always the 'delight of their hearers, and a gratification of thoſe 'perſons who have no other advantage over honeſt 'men, is not he who takes pleaſure in reading them*

'as

'*as guilty as he who compoſed them?* It is an uncon-
'teſted maxim, that they who approve an action
'would certainly do it if they could; that is, if
'ſome reaſon of ſelf-love did not hinder them.
'There is no difference, ſays *Cicero*, between ad-
'viſing a crime, and approving it when committed.
'The *Roman* law confirmed this maxim, having
'ſubjected the approvers and authors of this evil
'to the ſame penalty. We may therefore conclude,
'that thoſe who are pleaſed with reading defama-
'tory libels, ſo far as to approve the authors and
'diſperſers of them, are as guilty as if they had
'compoſed them; for if they do not write ſuch
'libels themſelves, it is becauſe they have not the
'talent of writing, or becauſe they will run no ha-
'zard.'

The author produces other authorities to confirm his judgment in this particular. C

No. 452. FRIDAY, AUGUST 8.

Eſt natura hominum novitatis avida.

PLIN. apud LILLIUM.

Human nature is fond of novelty.

THERE is no humour in my countrymen, which I am more inclined to wonder at, than their general thirſt after news. There are about half a dozen ingenious men, who live very plentifully upon this curioſity of their fellow-ſubjects. They all of them receive the ſame advices from abroad, and very often in the ſame words; but their way of cooking it is ſo different, that there is no citizen, who has an eye to the public good, that can leave the coffee-houſe with peace of mind, before he has given every one of them a reading. Theſe ſeveral diſhes of news are ſo very agreeable to the palate

of my countrymen, that they are not only pleaſed with them when they are ſerved up hot, but when they are again ſet cold before them, by thoſe penetrating politicians, who oblige the public with their reflections and obſervations upon every piece of intelligence that is ſent us from abroad. The text is given us by one ſet of writers, and the comment by another.

But notwithſtanding we have the ſame tale told us in ſo many different papers, and, if occaſion requires, in ſo many articles in the ſame paper; notwithſtanding, in a ſcarcity of foreign poſts, we hear the ſame ſtory repeated by different advices from *Paris*, *Bruſſels*, the *Hague*, and from every great town in *Europe*; notwithſtanding the multitude of annotations, explanations, reflections, and various readings which it paſſes through, our time lies heavy on our hands till the arrival of a freſh mail: we long to receive further particulars, to hear what will be the next ſtep, or what will be the conſequences of that which has been already taken. A weſterly wind keeps the whole town in ſuſpenſe, and puts a ſtop to converſation.

This general curioſity has been raiſed and inflamed by our late wars, and if rightly directed might be of good uſe to a perſon who has ſuch a thirſt awakened in him. Why ſhould not a man, who takes delight in reading every thing that is new, apply himſelf to hiſtory, travels, and other writings of the ſame kind, where he will find perpetual fuel for his curioſity, and meet with much more pleaſure and improvement than in theſe papers of the week? an honeſt tradeſman, who languiſhes a whole ſummer in expectation of a battle, and perhaps is baulked at laſt, may here meet with half a dozen in a day. He may read the news of a whole campaign, in leſs time than he now beſtows upon the productions of a ſingle poſt. Fights, conqueſts, and revolutions, lie thick together. The reader's curioſity

curiosity is raised and satisfied every moment, and his passions disappointed or gratified, without being detained in a state of uncertainty from day to day, or lying at the mercy of sea and wind: in short, the mind is not here kept in a perpetual gape after knowledge, nor punished with that eternal thirst, which is the portion of all our modern news-mongers and coffee-house politicians.

All matters of fact, which a man did not know before, are news to him; and I do not see how any haberdasher in *Cheapside* is more concerned in the present quarrel of the cantons, than he was in that of the league. At least, I believe every one will allow me, it is of more importance to an *Englishman* to know the history of his ancestors, than that of his contemporaries who live upon the banks of the *Danube* or the *Boristhenes*. As for those who are of another mind, I shall recommend to them the following letter, from a projector, who is willing to turn a penny by this remarkable curiosity of his countrymen.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You must have observed, that men who frequent 'coffee-houses, and delight in news, are pleased 'with every thing that is matter of fact, so it be 'what they have not heard before. A victory, or a 'defeat, are equally agreeable to them. The shut-'ting of a cardinal's mouth pleases them one post, 'and the opening of it another. They are glad to 'hear the *French* court is removed to *Marli*, and 'are afterwards as much delighted with its return to '*Versailles*. They read the advertisements with 'the same curiosity as the articles of public news; 'and are as pleased to hear of a pye-bald horse that 'is strayed out of a field near *Islington*, as of a 'whole troop that have been engaged in any foreign 'adventure. In short, they have a relish for every 'thing that is news, let the matter of it be what it 'will;

'will; or, to ſpeak more properly, they are men of 'a voracious appetite, but no taſte. Now, Sir, ſince 'the great fountain of news, I mean the war, is 'very near being dried up; and ſince theſe gen-'tlemen have contracted ſuch an inexhauſtible thirſt 'after it; I have taken their caſe and my own into 'conſideration, and have thought of a project which 'may turn to the advantage of us both. I have 'thoughts of publiſhing a daily paper which ſhall 'comprehend in it all the moſt remarkable occurren-'ces in every little town, village, and hamlet, that 'lie within ten miles of *London*, or, in other words, 'within the verge of the penny-poſt. I have pitch-'ed upon this ſcene of intelligence for two reaſons; 'firſt, becauſe the carriage of letters will be very 'cheap; and, ſecondly, becauſe I may receive them 'every day. By this means my readers will have 'their news freſh, and many worthy citizens, 'who cannot ſleep with any ſatisfaction at preſent, 'for want of being informed how the world goes, 'may go to bed contentedly, it being my deſign to 'put out my paper every night at nine o'clock pre-'ciſely. I have already eſtabliſhed correſpondents 'in theſe ſeveral places, and received very good in-'telligence.

'By my laſt advices from *Knightſbridge*, I hear 'that a horſe was clapped into the pound on the 'third inſtant, and that he was not releaſed when 'the letters came away.

'We are informed from *Pancras*, that a dozen 'weddings were lately celebrated in the mother 'church of that place, but are referred to their next 'letters for the names of the parties concerned.

'Letters from *Brumpton* adviſe, that the Widow '*Blight* had received ſeveral viſits from *John Mill-'dew*, which affords great matter of ſpeculation in 'thoſe parts.

'By a fiſherman who lately touched at *Hammer-'ſmith*, there is advice from *Putney*, that a certain 'perſon,

'person, well known in that place, is like to lose 'his election for church-warden; but this being 'boat-news, we cannot give entire credit to it.

'Letters from *Paddington* bring little more, than 'that *William Squeak*, the sow-gelder, passed through 'that place the fifth instant.

'They advise from *Fulham*, that things remained 'there in the same state they were. They had in-'telligence, just as the letters came away, of a tub 'of excellent ale just set abroach at *Parsons Green*, 'but this wanted confirmation.

'I have here, Sir, given you a specimen of the 'news with which I intend to entertain the town, 'and which, when drawn up regularly in the form 'of a news-paper, will, I doubt not, be very ac-'ceptable to many of those public-spirited readers, 'who take more delight in acquainting themselves 'with other people's business than their own. I hope 'a paper of this kind, which lets us know what is 'done near home, may be more useful to us, than 'those which are filled with advices from *Zug* and '*Bender*, and make some amends for that dearth of 'intelligence which we may justly apprehend from 'times of peace. If I find that you receive this 'project favourably, I will shortly trouble you with 'one or two more; and in the mean time am, most 'worthy Sir, with all due respect,

'Your most obedient,

'and most humble servant.'

SATURDAY,

No. 453. SATURDAY, AUGUST 9.

Non uſitatâ nec tenui ferar
Pennâ——— HOR. Od. xx. l. 2. ver. 1.

No weak, no common wing ſhall bear
My riſing body through the air. CREECH.

THERE is not a more pleaſing exerciſe of the mind than gratitude. It is accompanied with ſuch an inward ſatisfaction, that the duty is ſufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with ſo much pleaſure, that were there no poſitive command which injoined it, nor any recompenſe laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us thoſe bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even thoſe benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every bleſſing we enjoy, by what means ſoever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of him who is the great Author of good, and Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleaſing ſenſation in the mind of a grateful man; it exalts the ſoul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude; on this beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already poſſeſs, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Moſt of the works of the pagan poets were either direct hymns to their deities, or tended indirectly to the celebration of their reſpective attributes and perfections. Thoſe who are acquainted with the works of the *Greek* and *Latin* poets which are ſtill extant,

extant, will, upon reflection, find this obſervation ſo true, that I ſhall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Chriſtian poets have not turned their thoughts this way, eſpecially if we conſider, that our idea of the Supreme Being is not only infinitely more great and noble than what could poſſibly enter into the heart of an heathen, but filled with every thing that can raiſe the imagination, and give an opportunity for the ſublimeſt thoughts and conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a heathen who was ſinging an hymn to *Diana*, in which he celebrated her for her delight in human ſacrifices, and other inſtances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet, who was preſent at this piece of devotion, and ſeems to have had a truer idea of the divine nature, told the votary, by way of reproof, that, in recompenſe for his hymn, he heartily wiſhed he might have a daughter of the ſame temper with the goddeſs he celebrated. It was indeed impoſſible to write the praiſes of one of thoſe falſe deities, according to the pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and abſurdity.

The *Jews*, who, before the time of Chriſtianity, were the only people that had the knowledge of the true God, have ſet the Chriſtian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent of which I am ſpeaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without conſidering them as inſpired writers, they have tranſmitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel thoſe that are delivered down to us by the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, in the poetry, as much as in the ſubject to which it was conſecrated. This, I think, might be eaſily ſhewn, if there were occaſion for it.

I have already communicated to the public ſome pieces of divine poetry; and, as they have met with a very favourable reception, I ſhall from time to time publiſh any work of the ſame nature which has

has not yet appeared in print, and may be acceptable to my readers.

I.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys,
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe!

II.

O how ſhall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd heart!
But thou canſt read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom theſe comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII. *When*

VIII.

When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt Thou
With health renew'd my face,
And, when in ſins and ſorrow ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my ſtore.

X.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the leaſt a cheerful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue:
And after death in diſtant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity, to Thee,
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe,
For, oh! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

C

No. 454. MONDAY, AUGUST 11.

Sine me, vacivum tempus ne quod dem mihi
Laboris. TER. HEAUT. Act. i. Sc. 1.

Give me leave to allow myſelf no reſpite from labour.

IT is an inexpreſſible pleaſure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or ſignificancy in it. To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endleſs curioſity, is a delight known only to thoſe who are turned for ſpeculation: nay, they who enjoy it moſt, value things only as they are the objects of ſpeculation, without drawing any worldly advantage to themſelves from them, but juſt as they are what contribute to their amuſement, or the improvement of the mind. I lay one night laſt week at *Richmond*, and being reſtleſs, not out of diſſatisfaction, but a certain buſy inclination one ſometimes has, I roſe at four in the morning, and took boat for *London*, with a reſolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four and twenty hours, till then any different objects I muſt needs meet with ſhould tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repoſe more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is ſaluting any perſon whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they conſidered that the greateſt pleaſure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable perſon for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a viſit of converſation at their own houſes.

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, by people as different

different from each other as thoſe who are born in different centuries. Men of ſix o'clock give way to thoſe of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve, and they of twelve diſappear, and make room for the faſhionable world, who have made two o'clock the noon of the day.

When we firſt put off from ſhore, we ſoon fell in with a fleet of gardeners bound for the ſeveral market-ports of *London*; and it was the moſt pleaſing ſcene imaginable, to ſee the cheerfulneſs with which thoſe induſtrious people plied their way to a certain ſale of their goods. The banks on each ſide are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations as any ſpot on the earth; but the *Thames* itſelf loaded with the product of each ſhore, added very much to the landſcape. It was very eaſy to obſerve by their ſailing, and the countenances of the ruddy virgins, who were ſupercargoes, the parts of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for *Covent-Garden*, who frequently converſe with morning rakes, very unlike the ſeemly ſobriety of thoſe bound for *Stocks-Market*.

Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage; but I landed with ten ſail of apricot boats at *Strand-Bridge*, after having put in at *Nine-Elms*, and taken in melons, conſigned by Mr. *Cuffe* of that place, to *Sarah Sewell* and company, at their ſtall in *Covent-Garden*. We arrived at *Strand-Bridge* at ſix of the clock, and were unloading, when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the *Dark houſe*, to go to bed before the day was too far ſpent. Chimney-ſweepers paſſed by us as we made up to the market, and ſome raillery happened between one of the fruit-wenches and thoſe black men, about the Devil and *Eve*, with alluſion to their ſeveral profeſſions. I could not believe any place more entertaining than *Covent-Garden*; where I ſtrolled from one fruit-

ſhop to another, with crowds of agreeable young women around me, who were purchaſing fruit for their reſpective families. It was almoſt eight of the clock before I could leave that variety of objects. I took coach and followed a young lady, who tripped into another juſt before me, attended by her maid. I ſaw immediately ſhe was of the family of the *Vainloves*. There are a ſet of theſe who of all things affect the play of *Blindman's Buff*, and leading men into love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This ſort of woman is uſually a janty flattern; ſhe hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her poſture, and changes place inceſſantly, and all with an appearance of ſtriving at the ſame time to hide herſelf, and yet gives you to underſtand ſhe is in humour to laugh at you. You muſt have often ſeen the coachmen make ſigns with their fingers as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence where they are driving. In an inſtant my coachman took the wink to purſue, and the lady's driver gave the hint that he was going thro' *Long-Acre* towards St. *James's*: while he whipped up *James-ſtreet* we drove for *Kings-ſtreet*, to ſave the paſs at St. *Martin's-Lane*. The coachmen took care to meet, joſtle, and threaten each other for way, and be intangled at the end of *Newport-ſtreet* and *Long-Acre*. The fright, you muſt believe, brought down the lady's coach-door, and obliged her, with her maſk off, to inquire into the buſtle, when ſhe ſees the man ſhe would avoid. The tackle of the coach-window is ſo bad ſhe cannot draw it up again, and ſhe drives on ſometimes wholly diſcovered, and ſometimes half eſcaped, according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of theſe ladies keeps her ſeat in a hackney-coach, as well as the beſt rider does on a managed horſe. The laced ſhoe on her left foot, with a careleſs geſture,

geſture, juſt appearing on the oppoſite cuſhion, held her both firm, and in a proper attitude to receive the next jolt.

As ſhe was an excellent coach-woman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and an half, in all parts of the town, by the ſkill of our drivers; till at laſt my lady was conveniently loſt with notice from her coachman to ours to make off, and he ſhould hear where ſhe went. This chace was now at an end, and the fellow who drove her came to us, and diſcovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that ſhe was a ſilk-worm. I was ſurpriſed with this phraſe, but found it was a cant among the hackney fraternity for their beſt cuſtomers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from ſhop to ſhop, to turn over all the goods in town without buying any thing. The ſilk-worms are, it ſeems, indulged by the tradeſmen; for though they never buy, they are ever talking of new ſilks, laces, and ribbons, and ſerve the owners in getting them cuſtomers as their common dunners do in making them pay.

The day of people of faſhion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of ſhow and vanity; when I reſolved to walk it out of cheapneſs; but my unhappy curioſity is ſuch, that I find it always my intereſt to take coach, for ſome odd adventure among beggars, ballad-ſingers, or the like, detains and throws me into expence. It happened ſo immediately; for at the corner of *Warwick-ſtreet*, as I was liſtening to a new ballad, a ragged raſcal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good company upon me, by telling me he was extreme poor, and ſhould die in the ſtreet for want of drink, except I immediately would have the charity to give him ſix-pence to go into the next ale-houſe and ſave his life. He urged, with a melancholy face, that all his family had died of thirſt. All the mob have

humour, and two or three began to take the jeſt; by which Mr. *Sturdy* carried his point, and let me ſneak off to a coach. As I drove along, it was a pleaſing reflection to ſee the world ſo prettily chequered ſince I left *Richmond*, and the ſcene ſtill filling with children of a new hour. This ſatisfaction increaſed as I moved towards the city, and gay ſigns, well-diſpoſed ſtreets, magnificent public ſtructures, and wealthy ſhops, adorned with contented faces, made the joy ſtill riſing till we came into the centre of the city, and centre of the world of trade, the *Exchange* of *London*. As other men in the crowds about me were pleaſed with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in obſerving them, in attention to their ſeveral intereſts. I indeed looked upon myſelf as the richeſt man that walked the *Exchange* that day; for my benevolence made me ſhare the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the leaſt of the ſatisfactions in my ſurvey, to go up ſtairs, and paſs the ſhops of agreeable females; to obſerve ſo many pretty hands buſy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmoſt eagerneſs of agreeable faces in the ſale of patches, pins, and wires, on each ſide the counters, was an amuſement in which I could longer have indulged myſelf, had not the dear creatures called to me to aſk what I wanted, when I could not anſwer, *Only to look at you.* I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the ſeveral voices loſt their diſtinction, and roſe up in a confuſed humming; which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too ſtudious; for I ſaid to myſelf, with a kind of pun in thought, *What nonſenſe is all the hurry of this world to thoſe who are above it?* In theſe, or not much wiſer thoughts, I had like to have loſt my place at the chop-houſe, where every man, according to the natural baſhfulneſs or ſullenneſs of our nation, eats in a public room a meſs of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb ſilence, as if they had

had no pretence to ſpeak to each other on the foot of being men, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I went afterwards to *Robin*'s, and ſaw people who had dined with me at the five-penny ordinary juſt before, give bills for the value of large eſtates; and could not but behold, with great pleaſure, property lodged in, and transferred in a moment from ſuch as would never be maſters of half as much as is ſeemingly in them, and given from them every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common ſcene of *Covent-Garden*, and paſſed the evening at *Will*'s, in attending the diſcourſes of ſeveral ſets of people, who relieved each other within my hearing on the ſubjects of cards, dice, love, learning, and politics. The laſt ſubject kept me till I heard the ſtreets in the poſſeſſion of the bell-man, who had now the world to himſelf, and cried, *Paſt two o'clock*. This rouſed me from my ſeat, and I went to my lodging, led by a light, whom I put into the diſcourſe of his private economy, and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit, and loſs, of a family that depended upon a link, with a deſign to end my trivial day with the generoſity of ſix-pence, inſtead of a third part of that ſum. When I came to my chambers, I wrote down theſe minutes; but was at a loſs what inſtruction I ſhould propoſe to my readers from the enumeration of ſo many inſignificant matters and occurrences; and I thought it of great uſe, if they could learn with me to keep their minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it from any thing it meets with. This one circumſtance will make every face you ſee give you the ſatisfaction you now take in beholding that of a friend; will make every object a pleaſing one; will make all the good, which arrives to any man, an increaſe of happineſs to yourſelf. T

TUESDAY,

No. 455. TUESDAY, AUGUST 12.

———Ergo apis matinæ
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum——— Hor. Od. ii. l. 4. ver. 27.

———My tim'rous muſe
Unambitious tracts purſues;
Does with weak unballaſt wings,
About the moſſy brooks and ſprings,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey fly,
And there with humble ſweets contents her induſtry.
COWLEY.

THE following letters have in them reflections, which will ſeem of importance both to the learned world and to domeſtic life. There is in the firſt an allegory ſo well carried on, that it cannot but be very pleaſing to thoſe who have a taſte of good writing; and the other billets may have their uſe in common life.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'As I walked the other day in a fine gar-'den, and obſerved the great variety of improve-'ments in plants and flowers beyond what they 'otherwiſe would have been, I was naturally led 'into a reflection upon the advantages of education, 'or modern culture; how many good qualities in 'the mind are loſt for want of the like due care in 'nurſing and ſkilfully managing them; how many 'virtues are choked by the multitude of weeds 'which are ſuffered to grow among them; how 'excellent parts are often ſtarved and uſeleſs, by 'being planted in a wrong ſoil; and how very ſel-'dom do theſe moral ſeeds produce the noble

'fruits

'fruits which might be expected from them, by a 'neglect of proper manuring, neceſſary pruning, 'and an artful management of our tender inclina- 'tions and firſt ſpring of life: theſe obvious ſpecu- 'lations made me at length conclude, that there is 'a ſort of vegetable principle in the mind of every 'man when he comes into the world. In infants 'the ſeeds lie buried and undiſcovered, until after a 'while they ſprout forth in a kind of rational *leaves* 'which are *words*; and in due ſeaſon the *flowers* 'begin to appear in a variety of beautiful colours, 'and all the gay pictures of youthful fancy and i- 'magination; at laſt the fruit knits and is formed, 'which is green, perhaps at firſt, and ſour, unpleaſant 'to the taſte, and not fit to be gathered; till ripened 'by due care and application it diſcovers itſelf in all 'the noble productions of philoſophy, mathematics, 'cloſe reaſoning, and handſome argumentation: and 'theſe fruits, when they arrive at juſt maturity, and 'are of a good kind, afford the moſt vigorous nou- 'riſhment to the minds of men. I reflected fur- 'ther on the intellectual leaves before-mentioned, 'and found almoſt as great a variety among them as 'in the vegetable world. I could eaſily obſerve the 'ſmooth ſhining *Italian* leaves; the nimble *French* 'aſpen always in motion; the *Greek* and *Latin* e- 'vergreens, the *Spaniſh* myrtle, the *Engliſh* oak, 'the *Scotch* thiſtle, the *Iriſh* ſhambrogue, the prick- 'ly *German* and *Dutch* holly, the *Poliſh* and *Ruſſian* 'nettle, beſides a vaſt number of exotics imported 'from *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *America*. I ſaw ſeveral 'barren plants, which bore only leaves, without any 'hopes of flower or fruit: the leaves of ſome were 'fragrant and well ſhaped, and others ill ſcented 'and irregular. I wondered at a ſet of old whimſi- 'cal botaniſts, who ſpent their whole lives in the 'contemplation of ſome withered *Egyptian*, *Coptic*, '*Armenian*, or *Chineſe* leaves, while others made it 'their buſineſs to collect in voluminous herbals all

'the

'the ſeveral leaves of ſome one tree. The flowers 'afforded a moſt diverting entertainment, in a won-'derful variety of figures, colours, and ſcents; how-'ever, moſt of them withered ſoon, or at beſt are 'but *Annuals*. Some profeſſed floriſts make them 'their conſtant ſtudy and employment, and deſpiſe 'all fruit; and now and then a few fanciful people 'ſpend all their time in the cultivation of a ſingle 'tulip, or a carnation: but the moſt agreeable a-'muſement ſeems to be the well chuſing, mixing, 'and binding together theſe flowers in pleaſing noſe-'gays to preſent to ladies. The ſcent of *Italian* 'flowers is obſerved, like their other perfumes, to 'be too ſtrong, and to hurt the brain; that of the '*French* with glaring, gaudy colours, yet faint and 'languid; *German* and *Northern* flowers have lit-'tle or no ſmell, or ſometimes an unpleaſant one. 'The ancients had a ſecret to give a laſting beauty, 'colour, and ſweetneſs to ſome of their choice flow-'ers, which flouriſh to this day, and which few of 'the moderns can effect. Theſe are becoming e-'nough and agreeable in their ſeaſon, and do often 'handſomely adorn an entertainment, but an over-'fondneſs of them ſeems to be a diſeaſe. It rarely 'happens to find a plant vigorous enough, to have '(like an orange-tree) at once beautiful ſhining 'leaves, fragrant flowers, and delicious nouriſhing 'fruit.

'SIR, Yours, &c.'

'DEAR SPEC, *Auguſt* 6, 1712.

'You have given us, in your *Spectator* of *Satur-'day* laſt, a very excellent diſcourſe upon the force 'of cuſtom, and its wonderful efficacy in making 'every thing pleaſant to us I cannot deny but that 'I received above two pennyworth of inſtruction 'from your paper, and in the general was very well 'pleaſed with it; but I am, without a compliment,

'ſincerely

'ſincerely troubled that I cannot exactly be of your 'opinion, that it makes every thing pleaſing to us. 'In ſhort, I have the honour to be yoked to a young 'lady, who is, in plain *Engliſh*, for her ſtanding, 'a very eminent ſcold. She began to break her 'mind very freely both to me and to her ſervants 'about two months after our nuptials; and though 'I have been accuſtomed to this humour of her's 'theſe three years, yet I do not know what is the 'matter with me, but I am no more delighted with 'it than I was at the very firſt. I have adviſed with 'her relations about her, and they all tell me that 'her mother and her grandmother before her were 'both taken much after the ſame manner; ſo that 'ſince it runs in the blood, I have but ſmall hopes 'of her recovery. I ſhould be glad to have a little 'of your advice in this matter: I would not wil-'lingly trouble you to contrive how it may be a 'pleaſure to me; if you will but put me in a way 'that I may bear it with indifference, I ſhall reſt ſa-'tisfied.

'Dear SPEC,

'Your very humble ſervant.'

'*P. S.* I muſt do the poor girl the juſtice to let 'you know, that this match was none of her own 'chuſing, (or indeed of mine either;) in conſidera-'tion of which I avoid giving her the leaſt provo-'cation; and indeed we live better together than u-'ſually folks do who hated one another when they 'were firſt joined: to evade the ſin againſt parents, 'or at leaſt to extenuate it, my dear rails at my fa-'ther and mother, and I curſe her's for making the 'match.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I like the theme you lately gave out extremely, 'and ſhould be as glad to handle it as any man liv-'ing: but I find myſelf no better qualified to write

'about

'about money, than about my wife; for, to tell you 'a ſecret which I deſire may go no further, I am 'maſter of neither of thoſe ſubjects.

'Yours,

Auguſt 8, 1712. 'PILL GARLIC.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I deſire you would print this in *Italic*, ſo as it 'may be generally taken notice of. It is deſigned 'only to admoniſh all perſons, who ſpeak either at 'the bar, pulpit, or any public aſſembly whatſoever, 'how they diſcover their ignorance in the uſe of ſi-'milies. There are in the pulpit itſelf, as well as 'in other places, ſuch groſs abuſes in this kind, that 'I give this warning to all I know. I ſhall bring 'them for the future before your Spectatorial autho-'rity. On *Sunday* laſt, one, who ſhall be name-'leſs, reproving ſeveral of his congregation for 'ſtanding at prayers, was pleaſed to ſay, One would 'think, like the elephant, you had no knees. Now I 'myſelf ſaw an elephant in *Bartholomew-Fair* kneel 'down to take on his back the ingenious Mr. *Wil-'liam Pinkethman*.

T 'Your moſt humble ſervant.'

No. 456. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13.

De quo libelli in celeberrimis locis proponuntur, huic ne perire quidem tacite conceditur. TULL.

The man, whoſe conduct is publicly arraigned, is not ſuffered even to be ruined quietly.

OTWAY, in his tragedy of *Venice Preſerv'd*, has deſcribed the miſery of a man, whoſe effects are in the hands of the law, with great ſpirit. The bitterneſs of being the ſcorn and laughter of baſe minds,

minds, the anguiſh of being inſulted by men hardened beyond the ſenſe of ſhame or pity, and the injury of a man's fortune being waſted, under pretence of juſtice, are excellently aggravated in the following ſpeech of *Pierre* to *Jaffier*:

I paſs'd this very moment by thy doors,
And found them guarded by a troop of villains:
The ſons of public rapine were deſtroying.
They told me, by the ſentence of the law,
They had commiſſion to ſeize all thy fortune:
Nay more, Priuli's *cruel hand had ſign'd it.*
Here ſtood a ruffian with a horrid face,
Lording it o'er a pile of maſſy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public ſale.
There was another making villanous jeſts
At thy undoing: he had ta'en poſſeſſion
Of all thy ancient moſt domeſtic ornaments;
Rich hangings, intermix'd and wrought with gold;
The very bed, which on thy wedding-night
Receiv'd thee to the arms of Belvidera;
The ſcene of all thy joys, was violated
By the coarſe hands of filthy dungeon villains,
And thrown amongſt the common lumber.

Nothing indeed can be more unhappy than the condition of bankruptcy. The calamity which happens to us by ill-fortune, or by the injury of others, has in it ſome conſolation; but what ariſes from our own miſbehaviour or error, is the ſtate of the moſt exquiſite ſorrow. When a man conſiders not only an ample fortune, but even the very neceſſaries of life, his pretence to food itſelf at the mercy of his creditors, he cannot but look upon himſelf in the ſtate of the dead, with his caſe thus much worſe, that the laſt office is performed by his adverſaries inſtead of his friends. From this hour the cruel world does not only take poſſeſſion of his whole fortune, but even of every thing elſe, which had no relation

to it. All his indifferent actions have new interpretations put upon them; and thoſe whom he has favoured in his former life, diſcharge themſelves of their obligations to him, by joining in the reproaches of his enemies. It is almoſt incredible that it ſhould be ſo; but it is too often ſeen that there is a pride mixed with the impatience of the creditor, and there are who would rather recover their own by the downfal of a proſperous man, than be diſcharged to the common ſatisfaction of themſelves and their creditors. The wretched man, who was lately maſter of abundance, is now under the direction of others; and the wiſdom, economy, good ſenſe, and ſkill in human life before, by reaſon of his preſent misfortune, are of no uſe to him in the diſpoſition of any thing. The incapacity of an infant or a lunatic is deſigned for his proviſion and accommodation; but that of a bankrupt, without any mitigation in reſpect of the accidents by which it arrived, is calculated for his utter ruin, except there be a remainder ample enough, after the diſcharge of his creditors, to bear alſo the expence of rewarding thoſe by whoſe means the effect of all his labour was transferred from him. This man is to look on and ſee others giving directions upon what terms and conditions his goods are to be purchaſed, and all this uſually done, not with an air of truſtees to diſpoſe of his effects, but deſtroyers to divide and tear them to pieces.

There is ſomething ſacred in miſery to great and good minds; for this reaſon all wiſe lawgivers have been extremely tender how they let looſe even the man who has right on his ſide, to act with any mixture of reſentment againſt the defendant. Virtuous and modeſt men, though they be uſed with ſome artifice, and have it in their power to avenge themſelves, are ſlow in the application of that power, and are ever conſtrained to go into rigorous meaſures. They are careful to demonſtrate themſelves not only perſons injured, but alſo that to bear it no longer would

would be a means to make the offender injure others, before they proceed. Such men clap their hands upon their hearts, and conſider what it is to have at their mercy the life of a citizen. Such would have it to ſay to their own ſouls, if poſſible, that they were merciful when they could have deſtroyed, rather than when it was in their power to have ſpared a man, they deſtroyed. This is due to the common calamity of human life, due in ſome meaſure to our very enemies. They who ſcruple doing the leaſt injury, are cautious of exacting the utmoſt juſtice.

Let any one who is converſant in the variety of human life reflect upon it, and he will find the man who wants mercy has a taſte of no enjoyment of any kind. There is a natural diſreliſh of every thing which is good in his very nature, and he is born an enemy to the world. He is ever extremely partial to himſelf in all his actions, and has no ſenſe of iniquity but from the puniſhment which ſhall attend it. The law of the land is his goſpel, and all his caſes of conſcience are determined by his attorney. Such men know not what it is to gladden the heart of a miſerable man, that riches are the inſtruments of ſerving the purpoſes of heaven or hell according to the diſpoſition of the poſſeſſor. The wealthy can torment or gratify all who are in their power, and chuſe to do one or other as they are affected with love or hatred to mankind. As for ſuch who are inſenſible of the concerns of others, but merely as they affect themſelves, theſe men are to be valued only for their mortality, and as we hope better things from their heirs. I could not but read with great delight a letter from an eminent citizen, who has failed, to one who was intimate with him in his better fortune, and able by his countenance to retrieve his loſt condition.

'SIR,

'It is in vain to multiply words, and make apo-
'logies for what is never to be defended by the beſt

'advocate in the world, the guilt of being unfortunate. All that a man in my condition can do 'or ſay, will be received with prejudice by the generality of mankind, but I hope not with you: 'you have been a great inſtrument in helping me to 'get what I have loſt, and I know (for that reaſon, 'as well as kindneſs to me) you cannot but be in 'pain to ſee me undone. To ſhew you I am not a 'man incapable of bearing calamity, I will, though 'a poor man, lay aſide the diſtinction between us, 'and talk with the frankneſs we did when we were 'nearer to an equality: as all I do will be received 'with prejudice, all you do will be looked upon with 'partiality. What I deſire of you is, that you, 'who are courted by all, would ſmile upon me, who 'am ſhunned by all. Let that grace and favour 'which your fortune throws upon you, be turned to 'make up the coldneſs and indifference that is uſed 'towards me. All good and generous men will 'have an eye of kindneſs for me for my own ſake, and 'the reſt of the world will regard me for yours. 'There is a happy contagion in riches, as well as a 'deſtructive one in poverty: the rich can make rich 'without parting with any of their ſtore, and the 'converſation of the poor makes men poor, though 'they borrow nothing of them. How this is to be 'accounted for I know not; but men's eſtimation 'follows us according to the company we keep. If 'you are what you were to me, you can go a great 'way towards my recovery; if you are not, my good 'fortune, if ever it returns, will return by ſlower 'approaches.

'I am, SIR,

'your affectionate friend,

'and humble ſervant.'

This was anſwered with a condeſcenſion that did not, by long impertinent profeſſions of kindneſs, inſult his diſtreſs; but was as follows.

DEAR

" Dear Tom,

" I am very glad to hear that you have heart " enough to begin the world a ſecond time. I aſ- " ſure you, I do not think your numerous family at " all diminiſhed (in the giſts of nature for which I " have ever ſo much admired them) by what has ſo " lately happened to you. I ſhall not only counte- " nance your affairs with my appearance for you, " but ſhall accommodate you with a conſiderable " ſum, at common intereſt, for three years. You " know I could make more of it; but I have ſo great " a love for you, that I can wave opportunities of " gain to help you; for I do not care whether they " ſay of me after I am dead, that I had an hundred " or fifty thouſand pounds more than I wanted when " I was living.

T " Your obliged humble ſervant."

No. 457. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14.

———*Multa et præclara minantis.*

Hor. Sat. iii. l. 2. ver. 9.

Seeming to promiſe ſomething wond'rous great.

I Shall this day lay before my reader a letter, written by the ſame hand with that of laſt *Friday*, which contained propoſals for a printed newſpaper, that ſhould take in the whole circle of the penny-poſt.

' Sir,

' The kind reception you gave my laſt *Friday*'s ' letter, in which I broached my project of a news- ' paper, encourages me to lay before you two or ' three more; for you muſt know, Sir, that we look ' upon you to be the *Lowndes* of the learned world, ' and cannot think any ſcheme practicable or ration- ' al, before you have approved of it, though all the

'money we raiſe by it is on our own funds, and for 'our private uſe.

'I have often thought that a *News-Letter of Whiſpers*, written every poſt, and ſent about the kingdom, after the ſame manner as that of Mr. *Dyer*, Mr. *Dawkes*, or any other epiſtolary hiſtorian, might be highly gratifying to the public, as well as beneficial to the author. By whiſpers I mean thoſe pieces of news which are communicated as ſecrets, and which bring a double pleaſure to the hearer; firſt, as they are private hiſtory, and, in the next place, as they have always in them a daſh of ſcandal. Theſe are the two chief qualifications in an article of news, which recommend it, in a more than ordinary manner, to the ears of the curious. Sickneſs of perſons in high poſts, twilight viſits paid and received by miniſters of ſtate, clandeſtine courtſhips and marriages, ſecret amours, loſſes at play, applications for places, with their reſpective ſucceſſes or repulſes, are the materials in which I chiefly intend to deal. I have two perſons, that are each of them the repreſentative of a ſpecies, who are to furniſh me with thoſe whiſpers which I intend to convey to my correſpondents. The firſt of theſe is *Peter Huſh*, deſcended from the ancient family of the *Huſhes*. The other is the old Lady *Blaſt*, who has a very numerous tribe of daughters in the two great cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. *Peter Huſh* has a whiſpering-hole in moſt of the great coffee-houſes about town. If you are alone with him in a wide room, he carries you up into a corner of it, and ſpeaks in your ear. I have ſeen *Peter* ſeat himſelf in a company of ſeven or eight perſons, whom he never ſaw before in his life; and, after having looked about to ſee there was no one that overheard him, has communicated to them in a low voice, and under the ſeal of ſecreſy, the death of a great man in the country, who was perhaps a fox-hunting the very moment this account

'was

'was given of him. If, upon your entering into a 'coffee-houſe, you ſee a circle of heads bending over 'the table, and lying cloſe by one another, it is ten 'to one but my friend *Peter* is among them. I have 'known *Peter* publiſhing the whiſper of the day by 'eight o'clock in the morning at *Garraway's*, by 'twelve at *Will's*, and before two at the *Smyrna*. 'When *Peter* has thus effectually launched a ſecret, I 'have been very well pleaſed to hear people whiſper-'ing it to one another at ſecond hand, and ſpread-'ing it about as their own; for you muſt know, Sir, 'the great incentive to whiſpering is the ambition 'which every one has of being thought in the ſecret, 'and being looked upon as a man who has acceſs to 'greater people than one would imagine. After 'having given you this account of *Peter Huſh*, I 'proceed to that virtuous lady, the old Lady *Blaſt*, 'who is to communicate to me the private tranſ-'actions of the crimp table, with all the *arcana* of 'the fair ſex. The Lady *Blaſt*, you muſt underſtand, 'has ſuch a peculiar malignity in her whiſper, that 'it blights like an eaſterly wind, and withers every 'reputation that it breathes upon. She has a parti-'cular knack at making private weddings, and laſt 'winter married above five women of quality to their 'footmen. Her whiſper can make an innocent young 'woman big with child, or fill an healthful young 'fellow with diſtempers that are not to be named. 'She can turn a viſit into an intrigue, and a diſtant 'ſalute into an aſſignation. She can beggar the 'wealthy, and degrade the noble. In ſhort, ſhe can 'whiſper men baſe or fooliſh, jealous or ill-natured, 'or, if occaſion requires, can tell you the ſlips of 'their great-grandmothers, and traduce the memory 'of honeſt coachmen that have been in their graves 'above theſe hundred years. By theſe and the like 'helps, I queſtion not but I ſhall furniſh out a very 'handſome news-letter. If you approve my project, 'I ſhall begin to whiſper by the very next poſt, and

'queſtion

'queſtion not but every one of my cuſtomers will 'be very well pleaſed with me, when he conſiders 'that every piece of news I ſend him is a word in 'his ear, and lets him into a ſecret.

'Having given you a ſketch of this project, I ſhall, 'in the next place, ſuggeſt to you another for a 'monthly pamphlet, which I ſhall likewiſe ſubmit to 'your ſpectatorial wiſdom. I need not tell you, Sir, 'that there are ſeveral authors in *France*, *Germany*, 'and *Holland*, as well as in our own country, who 'publiſh, every month, what they call *An Account 'of the Works of the Learned*, in which they give us 'an abſtract of all ſuch books as are printed in any 'part of *Europe*. Now, Sir, it is my deſign to pub-'liſh, every month, *An Account of the Works of the 'Unlearned*. Several late productions of my own 'countrymen, who many of them make a very emi-'nent figure in the illiterate world, encourage me 'in this undertaking. I may, in this work, poſſi-'bly make a review of ſeveral pieces which have ap-'peared in the foreign *accounts* above-mentioned, 'though they ought not to have been taken notice 'of in works which bear ſuch a title. I may, like-'wiſe, take into conſideration ſuch pieces as appear, 'from time to time, under the names of thoſe gen-'tlemen who compliment one another in public 'aſſemblies by the title of *The Learned Gentlemen*. 'Our party-authors will alſo afford me a great va-'riety of ſubjects, not to mention the editors, com-'mentators, and others, who are often men of no 'learning, or, what is as bad, of no knowledge. 'I ſhall not enlarge upon this hint; but, if you 'think any thing can be made of it, I ſhall ſet about 'it with all the pains and application that ſo uſe-'ful a work deſerves.

'I am ever,

'Moſt worthy SIR, &c.'

C

FRIDAY,

No. 458. Friday, August 15.

Αἰδὼς οὐκ ἀγάθη——— Hes.
———*Pudor malus*——— Hor.

False modesty.

I Could not but smile at the account that was yesterday given me of a modest young gentleman, who being invited to an entertainment, though he was not used to drink, had not the confidence to refuse his glass in his turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered that he took all the talk of the table into his own hands, abused every one of the company, and flung a bottle at a gentleman's head who treated him. This has given me occasion to reflect upon the ill effects of a vicious modesty, and to remember the saying of *Brutus*, as it is quoted by *Plutarch*, that *the person has had but an ill education who has not been taught to deny any thing*. This false kind of modesty has, perhaps, betrayed both sexes into as many vices as the most abandoned impudence, and is the more inexcusable to reason, because it acts to gratify others rather than itself, and is punished with a kind of remorse, not only like other vicious habits when the crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the rules of right reason: false modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the humour of the company. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal, false modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct;

inſtinct, limited and circumſcribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

We may conclude that modeſty to be falſe and vicious which engages a man to do any thing that is ill or indiſcreet, or which reſtrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary nature. How many men, in the common concerns of life, lend ſums of money which they are not able to ſpare, are bound for perſons which they have but little friendſhip for, give recommendatory characters of men whom they are not acquainted with, beſtow places on thoſe whom they do not eſteem, live in ſuch a manner as they themſelves do not approve, and all this merely becauſe they have not the confidence to reſiſt ſolicitation, importunity, or example?

Nor does this falſe modeſty expoſe us only to ſuch actions as are inciſcreet, but very often to ſuch as are highly criminal. When *Xenophanes* was called timorous, becauſe he would not venture his money in a game at dice: *I confeſs*, ſaid he, *that I am exceeding timorous, for I dare not do any ill thing.* On the contrary, a man of vicious modeſty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look ſingular in the company where he is engaged. He falls in with the torrent, and lets himſelf go to every action or diſcourſe, however unjuſtifiable in itſelf, ſo it be in vogue among the preſent party. This, though one of the moſt common, is one of the moſt ridiculous diſpoſitions in human nature, that men ſhould not be aſhamed of ſpeaking or acting in a diſſolute or irrational manner, but that one who is in their company ſhould be aſhamed of governing himſelf by the principles of reaſon and virtue.

In the ſecond place, we are to conſider falſe modeſty as it reſtrains a man from doing what is good and laudable. My reader's own thoughts will ſuggeſt to him many inſtances and examples under this head. I ſhall only dwell upon one reflection,

flection, which I cannot make without a ſecret concern. We have in *England* a particular baſhfulneſs in every thing that regards religion. A well-bred man is obliged to conceal any ſerious ſentiment of this nature, and very often to appear a greater libertine than he is, that he may keep himſelf in countenance among the men of mode. Our exceſs of modeſty makes us ſhame-faced in all the exerciſes of piety and devotion. This humour prevails upon us daily, inſomuch, that at many well-bred tables, the maſter of the houſe is ſo very modeſt a man that he has not the confidence to ſay grace at his own table: a cuſtom which is not only practiſed by all the nations about us, but was never omitted by the heathens themſelves. *Engliſh* gentlemen who travel into Roman-catholic countries, are not a little ſurpriſed to meet with people of the beſt quality kneeling in their churches, and engaged in their private devotions, though it be not at the hours of public worſhip. An officer of the army, or a man of wit and pleaſure, in thoſe countries, would be afraid of paſſing not only for an irreligious, but an ill-bred man, ſhould he be ſeen to go to bed, or ſit down at table without offering up his devotions on ſuch occaſions. The ſame ſhow of religion appears in all the foreign reformed churches, and enters ſo much into their ordinary converſation, that an *Engliſhman* is apt to term them hypocritical and preciſe.

This little appearance of a religious deportment in our nation may proceed in ſome meaſure from that modeſty which is natural to us, but the great occaſion of it is certainly this. Thoſe ſwarms of ſectaries that over-ran the nation in the time of the great rebellion, carried their hypocriſy ſo high, that they had converted our whole language into a jargon of enthuſiaſm, inſomuch, that upon the reſtoration men thought they could not recede too far from the behaviour and practice of thoſe perſons, who

who had made religion a cloak to ſo many villanies. This led them into the other extreme, every appearance of devotion was looked upon as puritanical, and falling into the hands of the ridiculers who flouriſhed in that reign, and attacked every thing that was ſerious, it has ever ſince been out of countenance among us. By this means we are gradually fallen into that vicious modeſty which has in ſome meaſure worn out from among us the appearance of Chriſtianity in ordinary life and converſation, and which diſtinguiſhes us from all our neighbours.

Hypocriſy cannot indeed be too much deteſted, but at the ſame time is to be preferred to open impiety. They are both equally deſtructive to the perſon who is poſſeſſed with them; but, in regard to others, hypocriſy is not ſo pernicious as bareſaced irreligion. The due mean to be obſerved is to be ſincerely virtuous, and at the ſame time to let the world ſee we are ſo. I do not know a more dreadful menace in the Holy Writings, than that which is pronounced againſt thoſe who have this perverted modeſty, to be aſhamed before men in a particular of ſuch unſpeakable importance. C

No. 459. SATURDAY, AUGUST 16.

——Quicquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt.
Hor. Ep. iv. l. 1. ver. 5.

——What befits the wiſe and good. Creech.

Religion may be conſidered under two general heads. The firſt comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practiſe. By thoſe things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the Holy Writings, and

which we could not have obtained the knowledge of by the light of nature; by the things which we are to practiſe, I mean all theſe duties to which we are directed by reaſon or natural religion. The firſt of theſe I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of Faith, the ſecond by that of Morality.

If we look into the more ſerious part of mankind, we find many who lay ſo great a ſtreſs upon faith, that they neglect morality; and many who build ſo much upon morality, that they do not pay a due regard to faith. The perfect man ſhould be defective in neither of theſe particulars, as will be very evident to thoſe who conſider the benefits which ariſe from each of them, and which I ſhall make the ſubject of this day's paper.

Notwithſtanding this general diviſion of chriſtian duty into morality and faith, and that they have both their peculiar excellencies, the firſt has the pre-eminence in ſeveral reſpects.

Firſt, Becauſe the greateſt part of morality (as I have ſtated the notion of it) is of a fixt eternal nature, and will endure when faith ſhall fail, and be loſt in conviction.

Secondly, Becauſe a perſon may be qualified to do greater good to mankind, and become more beneficial to the world, by morality without faith, than by faith without morality.

Thirdly, Becauſe morality gives a greater perfection to human nature, by quieting the mind, moderating the paſſions, and advancing the happineſs of every man in his private capacity.

Fourthly, Becauſe the rule of morality is much more certain than that of faith, all the civilized nations of the world agreeing in the great points of morality, as much as they differ in thoſe of faith.

Fifthly, Becauſe infidelity is not of ſo malignant a nature as immorality; or, to put the ſame reaſon in another light, becauſe it is generally owned there may be ſalvation for a virtuous infidel, (particularly in the

caſe of invincible ignorance), but none for a vicious believer.

Sixthly, Becauſe faith ſeems to draw its principal, if not all its excellency, from the influence it has upon morality; as we ſhall ſee more at large, if we conſider wherein conſiſts the excellency of faith, or the belief of revealed religion; and this I think is,

Firſt, In explaining, and carrying to greater heights, ſeveral points of morality.

Secondly, In furniſhing new and ſtronger motives to enforce the practice of morality.

Thirdly, In giving us more amiable ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing notions of one another, and a truer ſtate of ourſelves, both in regard to the grandeur and vileneſs of our nature.

Fourthly, By ſhewing us the blackneſs and deformity of vice, which in the chriſtian ſyſtem is ſo very great, that he who is poſſeſſed of all perfection, and the ſovereign judge of it, is repreſented by ſeveral of our divines as hating ſin to the ſame degree that he loves the ſacred perſon who was made the propitiation for it.

Fifthly, In being the ordinary and preſcribed method of making morality effectual to ſalvation.

I have only touched on theſe ſeveral heads, which every one who is converſant in diſcourſes of this nature will eaſily enlarge upon in his own thoughts, and draw concluſions from them which may be uſeful to him in the conduct of his life. One I am ſure is ſo obvious, that he cannot miſs it, namely, that a man cannot be perfect in his ſcheme of morality, who does not ſtrengthen and ſupport it with that of the chriſtian faith.

Beſides this, I ſhall lay down two or three other maxims which I think we may deduce from what has been ſaid.

Firſt, That we ſhould be particularly cautious of making any thing an article of faith, which does not con-

contribute to the confirmation or improvement of morality.

Secondly, That no article of faith can be true and authentic, which weakens or ſubverts the practical part of religion, or what I have hitherto called morality.

Thirdly, That the greateſt friend of morality, and natural religion, cannot poſſibly apprehend any danger from embracing chriſtianity, as it is preſerved pure and uncorrupt in the doctrines of our national church.

There is likewiſe another maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing conſiderations, which is this, that we ſhould, in all dubious points, conſider any ill conſequences that may ariſe from them, ſuppoſing they ſhould be erroneous, before we give up our aſſent to them.

For example, In that diſputable point of perſecuting men for conſcience ſake, beſides the imbittering their minds with hatred, indignation, and all the vehemence of reſentment, and enſnaring them to profeſs what they do not believe; we cut them off from the pleaſures and advantages of ſociety, afflict their bodies, diſtreſs their fortunes, hurt their reputations, ruin their families, make their lives painful, or put an end to them. Sure when I ſee ſuch dreadful conſequences riſing from a principle, I would be as fully convinced of the truth of it, as of a mathematical demonſtration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a part of my religion.

In this caſe the injury done our neighbour is plain and evident; the principle that puts us upon doing it, of a dubious and diſputable nature. Morality ſeems highly violated by the one, and whether or no a zeal for what a man thinks the true ſyſtem of faith may juſtify it, is very uncertain. I cannot but think, if our religion produces charity as well as zeal, it will not be for ſhewing itſelf by ſuch cruel inſtances. But, to conclude with the words of an excellent au-

thor, *We have juſt enough of religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.* C

No. 460. MONDAY, AUGUST 18.

Decipimur ſpecie recti——

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 25.

Deluded by a ſeeming excellence. ROSCOMMON.

OUR defects and follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are ſo far from being known to us, that they paſs for demonſtrations of our worth. This makes us eaſy in the midſt of them, fond to ſhew them, fond to improve in them, and to be eſteemed for them. Then it is that a thouſand unaccountable conceits, gay inventions, and extravagant actions, muſt afford us pleaſures, and diſplay us to others in the colours which we ourſelves take a fancy to glory in: and indeed there is ſomething ſo amuſing for the time in this ſtate of vanity and ill-grounded ſatisfaction, that even the wiſer world has choſen an exalted word to deſcribe its enchantments, and called it *The Paradiſe of Fools.*

Perhaps the latter part of this reflection may ſeem a falſe thought to ſome, and bear another turn than what I have given; but it is at preſent none of my buſineſs to look after it, who am going to confeſs that I have been lately amongſt them in a viſion.

Methought I was tranſported to a hill, green, flowery, and of an eaſy aſcent. Upon the broad top of it reſided ſquint-eyed *Error*, and popular *Opinion* with many heads; two that dealt in ſorcery, and were famous for bewitching people with the love of themſelves. To theſe repaired a multitude from

from every ſide, by two different paths, which lead towards each of them. Some who had the moſt aſſuming air, went directly of themſelves to *Error*, without expecting a conductor; others of a ſofter nature went firſt to popular *Opinion*, from whence, as ſhe influenced and engaged them with their own praiſes, ſhe delivered them over to his government.

When we had aſcended to an open part of the ſummit, where *Opinion* abode, we found her entertaining ſeveral who had arrived before us. Her voice was pleaſing; ſhe breathed odours as ſhe ſpoke: ſhe ſeemed to have a tongue for every one; every one thought he heard of ſomething that was valuable in himſelf, and expected a paradiſe which ſhe promiſed as the reward of his merit. Thus we were drawn to follow her, till ſhe ſhould bring us where it was to be beſtowed: and it was obſervable, that all the way we went, the company was either praiſing themſelves for their qualifications, or one another for thoſe qualifications which they took to be conſpicuous in their own characters, or diſpraiſing others for wanting theirs, or vying in the degrees of them.

At laſt we approached a bower, at the entrance of which *Error* was ſeated. The trees were thick woven, and the place where he ſat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was diſguiſed in a whitiſh robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer reſemblance to *Truth*: and, as ſhe has a light whereby ſhe manifeſts the beauties of nature to the eyes of her adorers, ſo he had provided himſelf with a magical wand, that he might do ſomething in imitation of it, and pleaſe with deluſions. This he lifted ſolemnly, and, muttering to himſelf, bid the glories which he kept under enchantment to appear before us. Immediately we caſt our eyes on that part of the ſky to which he pointed, and obſerved a thin blue proſpect, which cleared as mountains in a ſummer morning, when

the miſts go off, and the palace of *Vanity* appeared to ſight.

The foundation hardly ſeemed a foundation, but a ſet of curling clouds, which it ſtood upon by magical contrivance. The way by which we aſcended was painted like a rainbow; and, as we went, the breeze that played about us bewitched the ſenſes. The walls were gilded all for ſhow; the loweſt ſet of pillars were of the ſlight fine *Corinthian* order, and the top of the building being rounded, bore ſo far the reſemblance of a bubble.

At the gate the travellers neither met with a porter, nor waited till one ſhould appear; every one thought his merits a ſufficient paſſport, and preſſed forward. In the hall we met with ſeveral phantoms, that roved amongſt us, and ranged the company according to their ſentiments. There was decreaſing *Honour*, that had nothing to ſhow in but an old coat of his anceſtors achievements: there was *Oſtentation*, that made himſelf his own conſtant ſubject, and *Gallantry* ſtrutting upon his tiptoes. At the upper end of the hall ſtood a throne, whoſe canopy glittered with all the riches that gaiety could contrive to laviſh on it; and between the gilded arms ſat *Vanity*, decked in the peacock's feathers, and acknowledged for another *Venus* by her votaries. The boy who ſtood before her for a *Cupid*, and who made the world to bow before her, was called *Self-Conceit*. His eyes had every now and then a caſt inwards to the neglect of all objects about him; and the arms which he made uſe of for conqueſt, were borrowed from thoſe againſt whom he had a deſign. The arrow which he ſhot at the ſoldier, was fledged from his own plume of feathers; the dart he directed againſt the man of wit, was winged from the quills he wrote with; and that which he ſent againſt thoſe who preſumed upon their riches, was headed with gold out of their treaſuries: he made nets for ſtateſmen from their own

own contrivancies; he took fire from the eyes of ladies, with which he melted their hearts, and lightning from the tongues of the eloquent, to enflame them with their own glories. At the foot of the throne ſat three falſe graces; *Flattery*, with a ſhell of paint, *Affectation*, with a mirrour to practiſe at, and *Faſhion*, ever changing the poſture of her clothes. Theſe applied themſelves to ſecure the conqueſts which *Self-Conceit* had gotten, and had each of them their particular politics. *Flattery* gave new colours and complexions to all things, *Affectation* new airs and appearances, which, as ſhe ſaid, were not vulgar, and *Faſhion* both concealed ſome home defects, and added ſome foreign external beauties.

As I was reflecting upon what I ſaw, I heard a voice in the crowd, bemoaning the condition of mankind, which is thus managed by the breath of *Opinion*, deluded by *Error*, fired by *Self-Conceit*, and given up to be trained in all the courſes of *Vanity*, till *Scorn* or *Poverty* come upon us. Theſe expreſſions were no ſooner handed about, but I immediately ſaw a general diſorder, till at laſt there was a parting in one place, and a grave old man, decent and reſolute, was led forward to be puniſhed for the words he had uttered. He appeared inclined to have ſpoken in his own defence, but I could not obſerve that any one was willing to hear him. *Vanity* caſt a ſcornful ſmile at him; *Self-Conceit* was angry; *Flattery*, who knew him for *Plain-Dealing*, put on a *vizard*, and turned away; *Affectation* toſſed her fan, made mouths, and called him *Envy* or *Slander*; and *Faſhion* would have it, that at leaſt he muſt be *Ill-Manners*. Thus, ſlighted and deſpiſed by all, he was driven out for abuſing people of merit and figure; and I heard it firmly reſolved, that he ſhould be uſed no better where-ever they met with him hereafter.

I had already ſeen the meaning of moſt part of that

that warning which he had given, and was considering how the latter words ſhould be fulfilled; when a mighty noiſe was heard without, and the door was blackened by a numerous train of harpies crowding in upon us. *Folly* and *Broken-Credit* were ſeen in the houſe before they entered. *Trouble*, *Shame*, *Infamy*, *Scorn*, and *Poverty*, brought up the rear. *Vanity*, with her *Cupid* and *Graces*, diſappeared; her ſubjects ran into holes and corners; but many of them were found and carried off (as I was told by one who ſtood near me) either to priſons or cellars, ſolitude, or little company, the mean arts or the viler crafts of life. But theſe, added he with a diſdainful air, are ſuch who would fondly live here, when their merits neither matched the luſtre of the place, nor their riches its expences. We have ſeen ſuch ſcenes as theſe before now; the glory you ſaw will all return when the hurry is over. I thanked him for his information, and believing him ſo incorrigible as that he would ſtay till it was his turn to be taken, I made off to the door, and overtook ſome few, who, though they would not hearken to *Plain-Dealing*, were now terrified to good purpoſe by the example of others: but when they had touched the threſhold it was a ſtrange ſhock to them to find that the deluſion of *Error* was gone, and they plainly diſcerned the building to hang a little up in the air, without any real foundation. At firſt we ſaw nothing but a deſperate leap remained for us, and I a thouſand times blamed my unmeaning curioſity, that had brought me into ſo much danger. But as they began to ſink lower, in their own minds, methought the palace ſunk along with us, till they were arrived at the due point of *Eſteem* which they ought to have for themſelves; then the part of the building in which they ſtood touched the earth, and, we departing out, it retired from our eyes. Now, whether they who ſtaid in the palace were ſenſible of this deſcent, I cannot tell;

tell; it was then my opinion that they were not. However it be, my dream broke up at it, and has given me occaſion all my life to reflect upon the fatal conſequences of following the ſuggeſtions of *Vanity*.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I write to you to deſire, that you would again 'touch upon a certain enormity, which is chiefly 'in uſe among the politer and better-bred part of 'mankind; I mean the ceremonies, bows, courteſies, 'whiſperings, ſmiles, winks, nods, with other fa-'miliar arts of ſalutation, which take up in our 'churches ſo much time, that might be better em-'ployed, and which ſeem ſo utterly inconſiſtent 'with the duty and true intent of our entering into 'thoſe religious aſſemblies. The reſemblance which 'this bears to our indeed proper behaviour in thea-'tres, may be ſome inſtance of its incongruity in 'the above-mentioned places. In Roman-catholic 'churches and chapels abroad, I myſelf have ob-'ſerved, more than once, perſons of the firſt qua-'lity, of the neareſt relation and intimateſt acquaint-'ance, paſſing by one another unknowing as it 'were, and unknown, and with ſo little notices of 'each other, that it looked like having their minds 'more ſuitably and more ſolemnly engaged; at leaſt 'it was an acknowledgment that they ought to have 'been ſo. I have been told the ſame even of the '*Mahometans*, with relation to the propriety of their 'demeanour in the conventions of their erroneous 'worſhip; and I cannot but think either of them 'ſufficient and laudable patterns for our imitation in 'this particular.

'I cannot help upon this occaſion remarking on 'the excellent memories of thoſe devotioniſts, who, 'upon returning from church, ſhall give a parti-'cular account how two or three hundred people 'were dreſſed; a thing, by reaſon of its variety, ſo

'difficult

'difficult to be digeſted and fixed in the head, that 'it is a miracle to me how two poor hours of di-'vine ſervice can be time ſufficient for ſo elaborate 'an undertaking, the duty of the place too being 'jointly, and, no doubt, oft pathetically performed 'along with it. Where it is ſaid in Sacred Writ, 'that *the woman ought to have a covering on her 'head becauſe of the angels*, that laſt word is by 'ſome thought to be metaphorically uſed, and to 'ſignify young men. Allowing this interpretation 'to be right, the text may not appear to be wholly 'foreign to our preſent purpoſe.

'When you are in a diſpoſition proper for writ-'ing on ſuch a ſubject, I earneſtly recommend this 'to you, and am,

'SIR,

T 'Your very humble ſervant.'

No. 461. TUESDAY, AUGUST 19.

——*Sed non ego credulis illis.*

VIRG. Ecl. ix. ver. 34.

But I diſcern their flatt'ry from their praiſe.

DRYDEN.

FOR want of time to ſubſtitute ſomething elſe in the room of them, I am at preſent obliged to publiſh compliments above my deſert in the following letters. It is no ſmall ſatisfaction to have given occaſion to ingenious men to employ their thoughts upon ſacred ſubjects, from the approbation of ſuch pieces of poetry as they have ſeen in my *Saturday's* papers. I ſhall never publiſh verſe on that day but what is written by the ſame hand; yet I ſhall not accompany thoſe writings with *eulogiums*, but leave them to ſpeak for themſelves.

For

For the SPECTATOR.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You very much promote the intereſts of virtue 'while you reform the taſte of a profane age, and 'perſuade us to be entertained with divine poems, 'whilſt we are diſtinguiſhed by ſo many thouſand 'humours, and ſplit into ſo many different ſects and 'parties; yet perſons of every party, ſect, and humour, are fond of conforming their taſte to yours. 'You can transfuſe your own reliſh of a poem into 'all your readers, according to their capacity to receive; and when you recommend the pious paſſion 'that reigns in the verſe, we ſeem to feel the devotion, and grow proud and pleaſed inwardly, that 'we have ſouls capable of reliſhing what the SPECTATOR approves.

'Upon reading the hymns that you have publiſhed in ſome late papers, I had a mind to try 'yeſterday whether I could write one. The cxivth '*Pſalm* appears to me an admirable ode, and I began to turn it into our language. As I was deſcribing the journey of *Iſrael* from *Egypt*, and 'added the Divine Preſence amongſt them, I perceived a beauty in this *Pſalm* which was entirely 'new to me, and which I was going to loſe; and 'that is, that the poet utterly conceals the preſence 'of God in the beginning of it, and rather lets a 'poſſeſſive pronoun go without a ſubſtantive, than 'he will ſo much as mention any thing of Divinity 'there. Judah *was his ſanctuary, and* Iſrael *his dominion or kingdom.* The reaſon now ſeems evident, and this conduct neceſſary: for if God had 'appeared before, there could be no wonder why 'the mountains ſhould leap, and the ſea retire; 'therefore, that this convulſion of nature may be 'brought in with due ſurpriſe, his name is not 'mentioned till afterward, and then with a very 'agreeable turn of thought God is introduced at

'once

'once in all his majeſty. This is what I have at-
'tempted to imitate in a tranſlation without para-
'phraſe, and to preſerve what I could of the ſpirit
'of the Sacred Author.

'If the following eſſay be not too incorrigible,
'beſtow upon it a few brightnings from your genius,
'that I may learn how to write better, or to write
'no more.

'Your daily admirer, and humble ſervant, &c.

PSALM CXIV.

I.

WHEN Iſrael, *freed from* Pharoah's *hand,*
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah *was his throne.*

II.

Acroſs the deep their journey lay,
The deep divides to make them way:
The ſtreams of Jordan *ſaw, and fled*
With backward current to their head.

III.

The mountains ſhook like frighted ſheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap:
Not Sinai *on her baſe could ſtand,*
Conſcious of ſov'reign pow'r at hand.

IV.

What pow'r could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan *backward roll his tide?*
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai *feels?*

V.

Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of Iſrael: *ſee him here;*
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

VI. *He*

VI.

He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rock to ſtanding pools he turns;
Flints ſpring with fountains at his word,
And fires and ſeas confeſs their Lord.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'There are thoſe who take the advantage of 'your putting an halfpenny value upon yourſelf 'above the reſt of our daily writers, to defame you 'in public converſation, and ſtrive to make you un-'popular upon the account of this ſaid halfpenny. 'But if I were you, I would inſiſt upon that ſmall 'acknowledgment for the ſuperior merit of yours, 'as being a work of invention. Give me leave 'therefore to do you juſtice, and ſay in your behalf 'what you cannot yourſelf, which is, That your 'writings have made learning a more neceſſary part 'of good breeding, than it was before you appeared: 'that modeſty is become faſhionable, and impu-'dence ſtands in need of ſome wit; ſince you have 'put them both in their proper lights. Profane-'neſs, lewdneſs, and debauchery, are not now 'qualifications, and a man may be a very fine gen-'tleman, though he is neither a keeper nor an in-'fidel.

'I would have you tell the town the ſtory of the '*Sibyls*, if they deny giving you twopence. Let 'them know, that thoſe ſacred papers were valued 'at the ſame rate after two thirds of them were 'deſtroyed, as when there was the whole ſet. 'There are ſo many of us who will give you your 'own price, that you may acquaint your non-con-'formiſt readers, That they ſhall not have it, ex-'cept they come in within ſuch a day, under three-'pence. I don't know but you might bring in the '*Date Obolum Belliſario* with a good grace. The 'witlings come in cluſters to two or three coffee-'houſes which have left you off, and I hope you

'will make us, who fine to your wit, merry with 'their characters who ſtand out againſt it.

'I am your moſt humble ſervant.'

P. S. 'I have lately got the ingenious authors of 'blacking for ſhoes, powder for colouring the hair, 'pomatum for the hands, coſmetic for the face, to 'be your conſtant cuſtomers; ſo that your advertiſe-'ments will as much adorn the outward man, as 'your paper does the inward.' T

No. 462. Wednesday, August 20.

Nil ego pretulerim jucundo ſanus amico.

Hor. Sat. v. lib. 1. ver. 44.

Nothing ſo grateful as a pleaſant friend.

People are not aware of the very great force which pleaſantry in company has upon all thoſe with whom a man of that talent converſes. His faults are generally overlooked by all his acquaintance, and a certain careleſſneſs that conſtantly attends all his actions, carries him on with greater ſucceſs, than diligence and aſſiduity does others who have no ſhare of this endowment. *Dacinthus* breaks his word upon all occaſions both trivial and important; and when he is ſufficiently railed at for that abominable quality, they who talk of him end with, *After all, he is a very pleaſant fellow. Dacinthus* is an ill-natured huſband, and yet the very women end their freedom of diſcourſe upon this ſubject, *But after all, he is very pleaſant company. Dacinthus* is neither in point of honour, civility, good-breeding, or good-nature, unexceptionable, and yet all is anſwered, *For he is a very pleaſant fellow.* When this quality is conſpicuous in a man who has, to accompany it, manly and virtuous ſentiments, there cannot

cannot certainly be any thing which can give ſo pleaſing gratification as the gaiety of ſuch a perſon; but when it is alone, and ſerves only to gild a crowd of ill qualities, there is no man ſo much to be avoided as your pleaſant fellow. A very pleaſant fellow ſhall turn your good name to a jeſt, make your character contemptible, debauch your wife or daughter, and yet be received by the reſt of the world with welcome wherever he appears. It is very ordinary with thoſe of this character to be attentive only to their own ſatisfactions, and have very little bowels for the concerns or ſorrows of other men; nay, they are capable of purchaſing their own pleaſures at the expence of giving pain to others. But they who do not conſider this ſort of men thus carefully, are irreſiſtibly expoſed to their inſinuations. The author of the following letter carries the matter ſo high, as to intimate, that the liberties of *England* have been at the mercy of a prince merely as he was of this pleaſant character.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'There is no one paſſion which all mankind ſo naturally give into as pride, nor any other paſſion which 'appears in ſuch different diſguiſes: it is to be found 'in all habits and complexions. Is it not a queſtion, 'whether it does more harm or good in the world? 'And if there be not ſuch a thing as what we may 'call a virtuous and laudable pride?

'It is this paſſion alone, when miſapplied, that 'lays us ſo open to flatterers; and he who can a'greeably condeſcend to ſoothe our humour or 'temper, finds always an open avenue to our ſoul; 'eſpecially if the flatterer happen to be our ſuperior.

'One might give many inſtances of this in a late 'Engliſh monarch, under the title of *The gaieties of King* Charles II. This prince was by nature

'extremely familiar, of very eaſy acceſs, and much 'delighted to ſee and be ſeen: and this happy tem-'per, which in the higheſt degree gratified his peo-'ple's vanity, did him more ſervice with his loving 'ſubjects than all his other virtues, though it muſt 'be confeſſed he had many. He delighted, though 'a mighty king, to give and take a jeſt, as they ſay; 'and a prince of this fortunate diſpoſition, who 'were inclined to make an ill uſe of his power, may 'have any thing of his people, be it ever ſo much 'to their prejudice. But this good king made gene-'rally a very innocent uſe, as to the public, of this 'inſnaring temper; for it is well known, he pur-'ſued pleaſure more than ambition: he ſeemed to 'glory in being the firſt man at cock-matches, horſe-'races, balls, and plays; he appeared highly de-'lighted on thoſe occaſions, and never failed to 'warm and gladden the heart of every ſpectator. 'He more than once dined with his good citizens of '*London* on their Lord Mayor's day, and did ſo the 'year that Sir *Robert Viner* was mayor. Sir *Robert* 'was a very loyal man, and, if you will allow the 'expreſſion, very fond of his ſovereign; but what 'with the joy he felt at heart for the honour done him 'by his prince, and through the warmth he was in 'by continual toſting healths to the royal family, 'his Lordſhip grew a little fond of his Majeſty, and 'entered into a familiarity not altogether ſo graceful 'in ſo public a place. The king underſtood very 'well how to extricate himſelf on all kinds of diffi-'culties, and with an hint to the company to avoid 'ceremony, ſtole off and made towards his coach, 'which ſtood ready for him in *Guild-Hall* yard: 'but the mayor liked his company ſo well, and was 'grown ſo intimate, that he purſued him haſtily, 'and, catching him faſt by the hand, cried out with 'a vehement oath and accent, *Sir, you ſhall ſtay 'and take t' other bottle.* The airy monarch look-'ed kindly at him over his ſhoulder, and with a

'ſmile

'ſmile and graceful air, (for I ſaw him at the time
'and do now), repeated this line of an old ſong;

He that is drunk is as great as a king:

'and immediately turned back, and complied with
'his landlord.

'I give you this ſtory, Mr. SPECTATOR, be-
'cauſe, as I ſaid, I ſaw the paſſage; and I aſſure
'you it is very true, and yet no common one; and,
'when I tell you the ſequel, you will ſay I have yet
'a better reaſon for it. This very mayor afterwards
'erected a ſtatue of his merry monarch in *Stocks-*
'*Market*, and did the crown many and great ſervi-
'ces; and it was owing to this humour of the king,
'that his family had ſo great a fortune ſhut up in the
'*Exchequer* of their pleaſant ſovereign. The many
'good-natured condeſcenſions of this prince are vul-
'garly known; and it is excellently ſaid of him by
'a great hand which wrote his character, *That he was*
'*not a king a quarter of an hour together in his*
'*whole reign.* He would receive viſits even from
'fools and half mad-men, and at times I have met
'with people who have boxed, fought at back-ſword,
'and taken poiſon, before King *Charles* II. In a
'word, he was ſo pleaſant a man, that no one could
'be ſorrowful under his government. This made him
'capable of baffling, with the greateſt eaſe imagin-
'able, all ſuggeſtions of jealouſy, and the people
'could not entertain notions of any thing terrible in
'him, whom they ſaw every way agreeable. This
'ſcrap of the familiar part of that prince's hiſtory I
'thought fit to ſend you, in compliance to the re-
'queſt you lately made to your correſpondents.

'I am, SIR,

'Your moſt humble ſervant.'

T

No. 463. THURSDAY, AUGUST 21.

Omnia quæ ſenſu volvuntur vota diurno,
Pectore ſopito reddit amica quies.
Venator defeſſa toro cum membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad ſylvas et ſua luſtra redit:
Judicibus lites, aurigis ſomnia currus,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
Me quoque muſarum ſtudium ſub nocte ſilenti
Artibus aſſuetis ſollicitare ſolet. CLAUD.

In ſleep, when fancy is let looſe to play,
Our dreams repeat the wiſhes of the day.
Tho' farther toil his tired limbs refuſe,
The dreaming hunter ſtill the chace purſues:
The judge a-bed diſpenſes ſtill the laws,
And ſleeps again o'er the unfiniſh'd cauſe:
The dozing racer hears his chariot roll,
Smacks the vain whip, and ſhuns the fancy'd goal.
Me too the muſes, in the ſilent night,
With wonted chimes of gingling verſe delight.

I WAS lately entertaining myſelf with comparing *Homer*'s balance, in which *Jupiter* is repreſented as weighing the fates of *Hector* and *Achilles*, with a paſſage of *Virgil*, wherein that deity is introduced as weighing the fates of *Turnus* and *Æneas*. I then conſidered how the ſame way of thinking prevailed in the eaſtern parts of the world, as in thoſe noble paſſages of Scripture, wherein we are told, that the Great King of *Babylon*, the day before his death, had been weighed in the balance, and been found wanting. In other places of the Holy Writings, the Almighty is deſcribed as weighing the mountains in ſcales, making the weight for the winds, knowing the balancings

lancings of the clouds, and in others, as weighing the actions of men, and laying their calamities together in a balance. *Milton*, as I have obſerved in a former paper, had an eye to ſeveral of theſe foregoing inſtances in that beautiful deſcription wherein he repreſents the archangel and the evil ſpirit as addreſſing themſelves for the combat, but parted by the balance which appeared in the heavens, and weighed the conſequences of ſuch a battle.

Th' Eternal, to prevent ſuch horrid fray,
Hung forth in heav'n his golden ſcales, yet ſeen
Betwixt Aſtrea and the Scorpion ſign,
Wherein all things created firſt he weighed,
The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air
In counterpoiſe, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in theſe he put two weights,
The ſequel each of parting and of fight,
The latter quick up flew, and kicht the beam:
Which Gabriel *ſpying, thus beſpake the fiend:*

Satan, *I know thy ſtrength, and thou know'ſt mine,*
Neither our own, but giv'n: what folly then
To boaſt what arms can do? ſince thine no more
Than Heav'n permits; nor mine, tho' doubled now,
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celeſtial ſign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and ſhewn how light, how weak,
If thou reſiſt. The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted ſcale aloft; nor more; but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the ſhades of night.

Theſe ſeveral amuſing thoughts having taken poſſeſſion of my mind ſome time before I went to ſleep, and mingling themſelves with my ordinary ideas, raiſed in my imagination a very odd kind of viſion. I was, methought, replaced in my ſtudy, and ſeated in my elbow-chair, where I had indulged the foregoing

going ſpeculations, with my lamp burning by me as uſual. Whilſt I was here meditating on ſeveral ſubjects of morality, and conſidering the nature of many virtues and vices, as materials for thoſe diſcourſes with which I daily entertain the publick, I ſaw, methought, a pair of golden ſcales hanging by a chain of the ſame metal over the table that ſtood before me; when, on a ſudden, there were great heaps of weights thrown down on each ſide of them. I found, upon examining theſe weights, they ſhewed the value of every thing that is in eſteem among men. I made an eſſay of them, by putting the weight of wiſdom in one ſcale, and that of riches in another; upon which the latter, to ſhew its comparative lightneſs, immediately *flew up, and kick'd the beam.*

But, before I proceed, I muſt inform my reader, that theſe weights did not exert their natural gravity, until they were laid in the golden balance, inſomuch that I could not gueſs which was light or heavy, whilſt I held them in my hand. This I found by ſeveral inſtances; for upon my laying a weight in one of the ſcales, which was inſcribed by the word *Eternity;* though I threw in that of time, proſperity, affliction, wealth, poverty, intereſt, ſucceſs, with many other weights, which in my hand ſeemed very ponderous, they were not able to ſtir the oppoſite balance, nor could they have prevailed, though aſſiſted with the weight of the ſun, the ſtars, and the earth.

Upon emptying the ſcales, I laid ſeveral titles and honours, with pomps, triumphs, and many weights of the like nature, in one of them; and, ſeeing a little glittering weight lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other ſcale, when, to my great ſurpriſe, it proved ſo exact a counterpoiſe, that it kept the balance in an equilibrium. This little glittering weight was inſcribed upon the edges of it with the word *Vanity.* I found there were ſeveral other weights which were equally heavy, and exact counterpoiſes

terpoiſes to one another; a few of them I tried, as avarice and poverty, riches and content, with ſome others.

There were likewiſe ſeveral weights that were of the ſame figure, and ſeemed to correſpond with each other, but were entirely different when thrown into the ſcales; as religion and hypocriſy, pedantry and learning, wit and vivacity, ſuperſtition and devotion, gravity and wiſdom, with many others.

I obſerved one particular weight lettered on both ſides, and upon applying myſelf to the reading of it I found on one ſide written, *In the dialect of men*, and underneath it, *CALAMITIES:* on the other ſide was written, *In the language of the gods*, and underneath, *BLESSINGS.* I found the intrinſic value of this weight to be much greater than I imagined, for it overpowered health, wealth, good fortune, and many other weights, which were much more ponderous in my hand than the other.

There is a ſaying among the *Scotch*, that an ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy: I was ſenſible of the truth of this ſaying, when I ſaw the difference between the weight of natural parts, and that of learning. The obſervation which I made upon theſe two weights opened to me a new field of diſcoveries; for notwithſtanding the weight of natural parts was much heavier than that of learning, I obſerved that it weighed an hundred times heavier than it did before, when I put learning into the ſame ſcale with it. I made the ſame obſervation upon faith and morality; for, notwithſtanding the latter outweighed the former ſeparately, it received a thouſand times more additional weight from its conjunction with the former, than what it had by itſelf. This odd phenomenon ſhewed itſelf in other particulars, as in wit and judgment, philoſophy and religion, juſtice and humanity, zeal and charity, depth of ſenſe and perſpicuity of ſtyle, with innumerable other particulars too long to be mentioned in this paper.

As

As a dream ſeldom fails of daſhing ſerioufneſs with impertinence, mirth with gravity, methought I made ſeveral other experiments of a more ludicrous nature, by one of which I found that an *Engliſh* octavo was very often heavier than a *French* folio; and by another, that an old *Greek* or *Latin* author weighed down a whole library of moderns. Seeing one of my *Spectators* lying by me, I laid it into one of the ſcales, and flung a two-penny piece into the other. The reader will not inquire into the event, if he remembers the firſt trial which I have recorded in this paper. I afterwards threw both the ſexes into the balance, but as it is not for my intereſt to diſoblige either of them, I ſhall deſire to be excuſed from telling the reſult of this experiment. Having an opportunity of this nature in my hands, I could not forbear throwing into one ſcale the principles of a Tory, and into the other thoſe of a Whig; but as I have all along declared this to be a neutral paper, I ſhall likewiſe deſire to be ſilent under this head alſo, though, upon examining one of the weights, I ſaw the word *TEKEL* engraven on it in capital letters.

I made many other experiments, and though I have not room for them all in this day's ſpeculation, I may perhaps reſerve them for another. I ſhall only add, that upon my awaking I was ſorry to find my golden ſcales vaniſhed, but reſolved for the future to learn this leſſon from them, not to deſpiſe or value any things for their appearances, but to regulate my eſteem and paſſion towards them according to their real and intrinſic value. C

FRIDAY,

No. 464. FRIDAY, AUGUST 22.

Auream quiſquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obſoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula. HOR. Od. x. l. 2. ver. 5.

The golden mien, as ſhe's too nice to dwell
Among the ruins of a filthy cell,
So is her modeſty withal as great,
To balk the envy of a princely ſeat. NORRIS.

I AM wonderfully pleaſed when I meet with any paſſage in an old *Greek* or *Latin* author, that is not blown upon, and which I never met with in a quotation. Of this kind is a beautiful ſaying in *Theognis*; *Vice is covered by wealth, and virtue by poverty*, or to give it in the verbal tranſlation, *Among men there are ſome who have their vices concealed by wealth, and others who have their virtues concealed by poverty.* Every man's obſervation will ſupply him with inſtances of rich men, who have ſeveral faults and defects that are overlooked, if not entirely hidden, by means of their riches; and, I think, we cannot find a more natural deſcription of a poor man, whoſe merits are loſt in his poverty, than that in the words of the wiſe man. *There was a little city, and few men within it: and there came a great king againſt it, and beſieged it, and built great bulwarks againſt it: now there was found in it a poor wiſe man, and he, by his wiſdom, delivered the city; yet no man remembered that ſame poor man. Then ſaid I, Wiſdom is better than ſtrength: nevertheleſs, the poor man's wiſdom is deſpiſed, and his words are not heard.*

The middle condition ſeems to be the moſt advantageouſly ſituated for the gaining of wiſdom. Poverty

verty turns our thoughts too much upon the ſupplying of our wants, and riches upon enjoying our ſuperfluities; and, as *Cowley* has ſaid in another caſe, *It is hard for a man to keep a ſteady eye upon truth, who is always in a battle or a triumph.*

If we regard poverty and wealth, as they are apt to produce virtues or vices in the mind of man, one may obſerve that there is a ſet of each of theſe growing out of poverty, quite different from that which riſes out of wealth. Humility and patience, induſtry and temperance, are very often the good qualities of a poor man. Humanity and good nature, magnanimity and a ſenſe of honour, are as often the qualifications of the rich. On the contrary, poverty is apt to betray a man into envy, riches into arrogance: poverty is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmur, and diſcontent. Riches expoſe a man to pride and luxury, a fooliſh elation of heart, and too great a fondneſs for the preſent world. In ſhort, the middle condition is moſt eligible to the man who would improve himſelf in virtue; as I have before ſhewn, it is the moſt advantageous for the gaining of knowledge. It was upon this conſideration that *Agur* founded his prayer, which, for the wiſdom of it, is recorded in Holy Writ. *Two things have I required of thee, deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me vanity and lies: give me neither poverty, nor riches: feed me with food convenient for me: leſt I be full and deny thee, and ſay, who is the Lord? Or leſt I be poor and ſteal, and take the name of my God in vain.*

I ſhall fill the remaining part of my paper with a very pretty allegory, which is wrought into a play by *Ariſtophanes* the *Greek* comedian. It ſeems originally deſigned as a ſatire upon the rich, though in ſome parts of it, it is, like the foregoing diſcourſe, a kind of compariſon between wealth and poverty.

Chremylus, who was an old and a good man, and withal

withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the oracle of *Apollo* upon the subject. The oracle bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see was to appearance an old sordid blind man; but, upon his following him from place to place, he at last found by his own confession, that he was *Plutus* the god of riches, and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. *Plutus* further told him, that, when he was a boy, he used to declare, that, as soon as he came to age, he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men; upon which *Jupiter*, considering the pernicious consequences of such a resolution, took his sight away from him, and left him to strole about the world in the blind condition wherein *Chremylus* beheld him. With much ado *Chremylus* prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was *Poverty*. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her not only from his own house, but out of all *Greece*, if she made any more words upon the matter. *Poverty* on this occasion pleads her cause very notably, and represents to her old landlord, that, should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts, and sciences, would be driven out with her; and that, if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those pomps, ornaments, and conveniencies of life, which made riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries, in regard to their shape, their health, and their activity, by preserving them from gouts, dropsies, unwieldiness, and intemperance. But whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. *Chremylus* immediately considered how he might restore *Plutus* to his sight; and, in order to it, conveyed him to the temple of *Æsculapius*, who

was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the deity recovered his eyes, and began to make a right uſe of them, by enriching every one that was diſtinguiſhed by piety towards the gods, and juſtice towards men, and at the ſame time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeſerving. This produces ſeveral merry incidents, till in the laſt act *Mercury* deſcends with great complaints from the gods, that, ſince the good men were grown rich, they had received no ſacrifices, which is confirmed by a prieſt of *Jupiter*, who enters with a remonſtrance, that, ſince the late innovation, he was reduced to a ſtarving condition, and could not live upon his office. *Chremylus*, who in the beginning of the play, was religious in his poverty, concludes it with a propoſal which was reliſhed by all the good men who were now grown rich as well as himſelf, that they ſhould carry *Plutus* in a ſolemn proceſſion to the temple, and inſtal him in the place of *Jupiter*. This allegory inſtructed the *Athenians* in two points; firſt, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary diſtributions of wealth; and, in the next place, as it ſhewed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of thoſe who poſſeſſed them.

C

SATURDAY,

No. 465. Saturday, August 23.

Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum:
Ne te ſemper inops agitet vexetque cupido;
Ne pavor et rerum mediocriter utilium ſpes.

Hor. Ep. xviii. l. 1. ver. 97.

How thou may'ſt live, how ſpend thine age in peace;
Leſt avarice, ſtill poor, diſturb thin eaſe;
Or fears ſhould ſhake, or cares thy mind abuſe,
Or ardent hope for things of little uſe.

Creech.

Having endeavoured in my laſt *Saturday*'s paper to ſhow the great excellency of faith, I ſhall here conſider what are the proper means of ſtrengthening and confirming it in the mind of man. Thoſe who delight in reading books of controverſy, which are written on both ſides of the queſtion in points of faith, do very ſeldom arrive at a fixed and ſettled habit of it. They are one day entirely convinced of its important truths, and the next meet with ſomething that ſhakes and diſturbs them. The doubt which was laid revives again, and ſhews itſelf in new difficulties, and that generally for this reaſon, becauſe the mind which is perpetually toſt in controverſies and diſputes, is apt to forget the reaſons which had once ſet it at reſt, and to be diſquieted with any former perplexity, when it appears in a new ſhape, or is ſtarted by a different hand. As nothing is more laudable than an inquiry after truth, ſo nothing is more irrational than to paſs away our whole lives, without determining ourſelves one way or other in thoſe points which are of the laſt importance to us. There are indeed many things from which we may withhold our aſſent; but in caſes by which we are to regulate our lives, it is the

greateſt abſurdity to be wavering and unſettled, without cloſing with that ſide which appears the moſt ſafe and the moſt probable. The firſt rule, therefore, which I ſhall lay down is this, that when by reading or diſcourſe we find ourſelves thoroughly convinced of the truth of any article, and of the reaſonableneſs of our belief in it, we ſhould never after ſuffer ourſelves to call it into queſtion. We may perhaps forget the arguments which occaſioned our conviction, but we ought to remember the ſtrength they had with us, and therefore ſtill to retain the conviction which they once produced. This is no more than what we do in every common art or ſcience, nor is it poſſible to act otherwiſe, conſidering the weakneſs and limitation of our intellectual faculties. It was thus, that *Latimer*, one of the glorious army of martyrs, who introduced the reformation in *England*, behaved himſelf in that great conference which was managed between the moſt learned among the Proteſtants and Papiſts in the reign of Queen *Mary*. This venerable old man, knowing how his abilities were impaired by age, and that it was impoſſible for him to recollect all thoſe reaſons which had directed him in the choice of his religion, left his companions, who were in the full poſſeſſion of their parts and learning, to baffle and confound their antagoniſts by the force of reaſon. As for himſelf, he only repeated to his adverſaries the articles in which he firmly believed, and in the profeſſion of which he was determined to die. It is in this manner that the mathematician proceeds upon propoſitions which he has once demonſtrated; and, though the demonſtration may have ſlipt out of his memory, he builds upon the truth, becauſe he knows it was demonſtrated. This rule is abſolutely neceſſary for weaker minds, and in ſome meaſure for men of the greateſt abilities; but to theſe laſt I would propoſe, in the ſecond place, that they ſhould lay up in their memories, and always

ways keep by them in a readineſs, thoſe arguments which appear to them of the greateſt ſtrength, and which cannot be got over by all the doubts and cavils of infidelity.

But, in the third place, there is nothing which ſtrengthens faith more than morality. Faith and morality naturally produce each other. A man is quickly convinced of the truth of religion, who finds it is not againſt his intereſt that it ſhould be true. The pleaſure he receives at preſent, and the happineſs which he promiſes himſelf from it hereafter, will both diſpoſe him very powerfully to give credit to it, according to the ordinary obſervation, that *we are eaſy to believe what we wiſh*. It is very certain, that a man of ſound reaſon cannot forbear cloſing with religion upon an impartial examination of it; but at the ſame time it is as certain, that faith is kept alive in us, and gathers ſtrength from practice more than from ſpeculation.

There is ſtill another method which is more perſuaſive than any of the former, and that is an habitual adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in conſtant acts of mental worſhip, as in outward forms. The devout man does not only believe, but feels there is a Deity. He has actual ſenſations of him; his experience concurs with his reaſon; he ſees him more and more in all his intercourſes with him, and even in this life almoſt loſes his faith in conviction.

The laſt method which I ſhall mention for the giving life to a man's faith, is frequent retirement from the world, accompanied with religious meditation. When a man thinks of any thing in the darkneſs of the night, whatever deep impreſſions it may make in his mind, they are apt to vaniſh as ſoon as the day breaks about him. The light and noiſe of the day, which are perpetually ſoliciting his ſenſes, and calling off his attention, wear out of his mind the thoughts that imprinted themſelves in it, with ſo

much ſtrength, during the ſilence and darkneſs of the night. A man finds the ſame difference as to himſelf in a crowd and in a ſolitude: the mind is ſtunned and dazzled amidſt that variety of objects which preſs upon her in a great city. She cannot apply herſelf to the conſideration of thoſe things which are of the utmoſt concern to her. The cares or pleaſures of the world ſtrike in with every thought, and a multitude of vicious examples give a kind of juſtification to our folly. In our retirements every thing diſpoſes us to be ſerious. In courts and cities we are entertained with the works of men; in the country with thoſe of God. One is the province of art, the other of nature. Faith and devotion naturally grow in the mind of every reaſonable man, who ſees the impreſſions of divine power and wiſdom in every object on which he caſts his eye. The Supreme Being has made the beſt arguments for his own exiſtence, in the formation of the heavens and the earth; and theſe are arguments which a man of ſenſe cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the noiſe and hurry of human affairs. *Ariſtotle* ſays, that ſhould a man live under ground, and there converſe with works of art and mechaniſm, and ſhould afterwards be brought up into the open day, and ſee the ſeveral glories of the heaven and earth, he would immediately pronounce them the works of ſuch a Being as we define God to be. The Pſalmiſt has very beautiful ſtrokes of poetry to this purpoſe, in that exalted ſtrain: *The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament ſheweth his handy work. One day telleth another: and one night certifieth another. There is neither ſpeech nor language: but their voices are heard among them. Their ſound is gone out into all lands: and their words into the ends of the world.* As ſuch a bold and ſublime manner of thinking furniſhes very noble matter for an ode, the reader may ſee it wrought into the following one.

I. *The*

I.

The ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled heav'ns, a ſhining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What tho', in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball?
What tho' nor real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

MONDAY,

No. 466. Monday, August 25.

———*Vera inceſſu patuit dea.*

Virg. En. i. ver. 409.

And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.

Dryden.

When *Æneas*, the hero of *Virgil*, is loſt in the wood, and a perfect ſtranger in the place on which he is landed, he is accoſted by a lady in an habit for the chace. She inquires of him, Whether he has ſeen paſs by that way any young woman dreſſed as ſhe was? Whether ſhe were following the ſport in the wood, or any other way employed, according to the cuſtom of huntreſſes? The hero anſwers with the reſpect due to the beautiful appearance ſhe made; tells her, He ſaw no ſuch perſon as ſhe inquired for; but intimates that he knows her to be of the deities, and deſires ſhe would conduct a ſtranger. Her form from her firſt appearance manifeſted ſhe was more than mortal; but though ſhe was certainly a goddeſs, the poet does not make her known to be the goddeſs of *Beauty* until ſhe moved: all the charms of an agreeable perſon are then in their higheſt exertion, every limb and feature appears with its reſpective grace. It is from this obſervation that I cannot help being ſo paſſionate an admirer as I am of good dancing. As all art is an imitation of nature, this is an imitation of nature in its higheſt excellence, and at a time when ſhe is moſt agreeable. The buſineſs of dancing is to diſplay beauty, and for that reaſon all diſtortions and mimicries, as ſuch, are what raiſe averſion inſtead of pleaſure: but things that are in themſelves excellent, are ever attended with impoſture and falſe imitation. Thus, as in poetry, there are laborious fools who write

write anagrams and acroſtics, there are pretenders in dancing, who think merely to do what others cannot, is to excel. Such creatures ſhould be rewarded like him who had acquired a knack of throwing a grain of corn through the eye of a needle, with a buſhel to keep his hands in uſe. The dancers on our ſtages are very faulty in this kind; and what they mean by writhing themſelves into ſuch poſtures, as it would be a pain for any of the ſpectators to ſtand in, and yet hope to pleaſe thoſe ſpectators, is unintelligible. Mr. *Prince* has a genius, if he were encouraged, would prompt them to better things. In all the dances he invents, you ſee he keeps cloſe to the characters he repreſents. He does not hope to pleaſe by making his performers move in a manner in which no one elſe ever did, but by motions proper to the characters he repreſents. He gives to clowns and lubbards clumſy graces, that is, he makes them practiſe what they would think graces: and I have ſeen dances of his, which might give hints that might be uſeful to a comic writer. Theſe performances have pleaſed the taſte of ſuch as have not reflection enough to know their excellence, becauſe they are in nature; and the diſtorted motions of others have offended thoſe, who could not form reaſons to themſelves for their diſpleaſure, from their being a contradiction to nature.

When one conſiders the inexpreſſible advantage there is in arriving at ſome excellence in this art, it is monſtrous to behold it ſo much neglected. The following letter has in it ſomething very natural on this ſubject.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a widower with but one daughter; ſhe was 'by nature much inclined to be a romp, and I had 'no way of educating her, but commanding a 'young woman, whom I entertained to take care 'of

'of her, to be very watchful in her care and at-
'tendance about her. I am a man of buſineſs, and
'obliged to be much abroad. The neighbours
'have told me, that in my abſence our maid has
'let in the ſpruce ſervants in the neighbourhood to
'junketings, while my girl played and romped e-
'ven in the ſtreet. To tell you the plain truth, I
'catched her once, at eleven years old, at chuck-
'farthing among the boys. This put me upon
'new thoughts about my child, and I determined
'to place her at a boarding-ſchool, and at the ſame
'time gave a very diſcreet young gentlewoman her
'maintenance at the ſame place and rate, to be her
'companion. I took little notice of my girl from
'time to time, but ſaw her now and then in good
'health out of harms way, and was ſatisfied. But,
'by much importunity, I was lately prevailed with to
'go to one of their balls. I cannot expreſs to you
'the anxiety my ſilly heart was in, when I ſaw my
'romp, now fifteen, taken out: I never felt the
'pangs of a father upon me ſo ſtrongly in my whole
'life before, and I could not have ſuffered more, had
'my whole fortune been at ſtake. My girl came on
'with the moſt becoming modeſty I had ever ſeen,
'and caſting a reſpectful eye, as if ſhe feared me
'more than all the audience, I gave a nod, which
'I think gave her all the ſpirit ſhe aſſumed upon
'it, but ſhe roſe properly to that dignity of aſpect.
'My romp, now the moſt graceful perſon of her
'ſex, aſſumed a majeſty which commanded the
'higheſt reſpect; and when ſhe turned to me, and
'ſaw my face in rapture, ſhe fell into the prettieſt
'ſmile, and I ſaw in all her motions that ſhe exult-
'ed in her father's ſatisfaction. You, Mr. SPEC-
'TATOR, will, better than I can tell you, imagine
'to yourſelf all the different beauties and chan-
'ges of aſpect in an accompliſhed young woman,
'ſetting forth all her beauties with a deſign to
'pleaſe no one ſo much as her father. My girl's

'lover

'I lover can never know half the ſatisfaction that
'did in her that day. I could not poſſibly have i-
'magined, that ſo great improvement could have
'been wrought by an art that I always held in it-
'ſelf ridiculous and contemptible. There is, I am
'convinced, no method like this, to give young
'women a ſenſe of their own value and dignity;
'and I am ſure there can be none ſo expeditious to
'communicate that value to others. As for the
'flippant, inſipidly gay, and wantonly forward,
'whom you behold among dancers, that carriage
'is more to be attributed to the perverſe genius
'of the performers, than imputed to the art itſelf.
'For my part, my child has danced herſelf into
'my eſteem, and I have as great an honour for
'her as ever I had for her mother, from whom ſhe
'derived thoſe latent good qualities which appear-
'ed in her countenance when ſhe was dancing;
'for my girl, though I ſay it myſelf, ſhewed in one
'quarter of an hour the innate principles of a mo-
'deſt virgin, a tender wife, a generous friend, a
'kind mother, and an indulgent miſtreſs. I will
'ſtrain hard but I will purchaſe for her an huſband
'ſuitable to her merit. I am your convert in the
'admiration of what I thought you jeſted when you
'recommended; and if you pleaſe to be at my houſe
'on *Thurſday* next, I make a ball for my daughter,
'and you ſhall ſee her dance, or, if you will do her
'that honour, dance with her.

'I am, SIR,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'PHILOPATER.'

I have ſome time ago ſpoken of a treatiſe written by Mr. *Weaver* on this ſubject, which is now, I underſtand, ready to be publiſhed. This work ſets this matter in a very plain and advantageous light; and I am convinced from it, that if the art was under proper regulations, it would be a mechanic way of

of implanting inſenſibly in minds, not capable of receiving it ſo well by any other rules, a ſenſe of good-breeding and virtue.

Were any one to ſee *Mariamne* dance, let him be ever ſo ſenſual a brute, I defy him to entertain any thoughts but of the higheſt reſpect and eſteem towards her. I was ſhewed laſt week a picture in a lady's cloſet, for which ſhe had an hundred different dreſſes, that ſhe could clap on round the face, on purpoſe to demonſtrate the force of habits in the diverſity of the ſame countenance. Motion, and change of poſture and aſpect, has an effect no leſs ſurpriſing on the perſon of *Mariamne* when ſhe dances.

Chloe is extremely pretty, and as ſilly as ſhe is pretty. This idiot has a very good ear, and a moſt agreeable ſhape; but the folly of the thing is ſuch, that it ſmiles ſo impertinently, and affects to pleaſe ſo ſillily, that while ſhe dances you ſee the ſimpleton from head to foot. For you muſt know (as trivial as this art is thought to be) no one ever was a good dancer, that had not a good underſtanding. If this be a truth, I ſhall leave the reader to judge from that maxim, what eſteem they ought to have for ſuch impertinents as fly, hop, caper, tumble, twirl, turn round and jump over their heads, and, in a word, play a thouſand pranks which many animals can do better than a man, inſtead of performing to perfection what the human figure only is capable of performing.

It may perhaps appear odd, that I, who ſet up for a mighty lover, at leaſt, of virtue, ſhould take ſo much pains to recommend what the ſoberer part of mankind look upon to be a trifle; but under favour of the ſoberer part of mankind, I think they have not enough conſidered this matter, and for that reaſon only diſeſteem it. I muſt alſo, in my own juſtification, ſay, that I attempt to bring into the ſervice of honour and virtue every thing in nature that

that can pretend to give elegant delight. It may poſſibly be proved, that vice is in itſelf deſtructive of pleaſure, and virtue in itſelf conducive to it. If the delights of a free fortune were under proper regulations, this truth would not want much argument to ſupport it; but it would be obvious to every man, that there is a ſtrict affinity between all things that are truly laudable and beautiful, from the higheſt ſentiment of the ſoul to the moſt indifferent geſture of the body. T

No. 467. TUESDAY, AUGUST 26.

——Quodcunque meæ poterunt audere camœnæ,
Seu tibi par poterunt; ſeu, quod ſpes abnuit, ultra;
Sive minus; certeque canent minus: omne vovemus
Hoc tibi; ne tanto careat mihi nomine charta.

TIBUL. ad MESSALAM, Eleg. i. l. 4. v. 24.

Whate'er my muſe advent'rous dares indite,
Whether the niceneſs of thy piercing ſight
Applaud my lays, or cenſure what I write;
To thee I ſing, and hope to borrow fame
By adding to my page *Meſſala*'s name.

THE love of praiſe is a paſſion deeply fixed in the mind of every extraordinary perſon; and thoſe who are moſt affected with it, ſeem moſt to partake of that particle of the divinity which diſtinguiſhes mankind from the inferior creation. The Supreme Being itſelf is moſt pleaſed with praiſe and thankſgiving; the other part of our duty is but an acknowledgment of our faults, whilſt this is the immediate adoration of his perfections. It was an excellent obſervation, that we then only deſpiſe commendation when we ceaſe to deſerve it: and we have ſtill extant two orations of *Tully* and *Pliny*, ſpoken to the greateſt and beſt princes of all the

Roman emperors, who, no doubt, heard with the greateſt ſatisfaction, what even the moſt diſintereſted perſons, and at ſo large a diſtance of time, cannot read without admiration. *Cæſar* thought his life conſiſted in the breath of praiſe, when he profeſſed he had lived long enough for himſelf when he had for his glory. Others have ſacrified themſelves for a name which was not to begin till they were dead, giving away themſelves to purchaſe a ſound which was not to commence till they were out of hearing: but by merit and ſuperior excellencies, not only to gain, but, whilſt living, to enjoy a great and univerſal reputation, is the laſt degree of happineſs which we can hope for here. Bad characters are diſperſed abroad with profuſion, I hope for example's ſake, and (as puniſhments are deſigned by the civil power) more for the deterring the innocent, than the chaſtiſing the guilty. The good are leſs frequent, whether it be that there are indeed fewer originals of this kind to copy after, or that, through the malignity of our nature, we rather delight in the ridiclule than the virtues we find in others. However it is but juſt, as well as pleaſing, even for variety, ſometimes to give the world a repreſentation of the bright ſide of human nature, as well as the dark and gloomy: the deſire of imitation may, perhaps, be a greater incentive to the practice of what is good, than the averſion we may conceive at what is blameable; the one immediately directs you what you ſhould do, whilſt the other only ſhews you what you ſhould avoid; and I cannot at preſent do this with more ſatisfaction, than by endeavouring to do ſome juſtice to the character of *Manilius*.

It would far exceed my preſent deſign, to give a particular deſcription of *Manilius* through all the parts of his excellent life: I ſhall now only draw him in his retirement, and paſs over in ſilence the various arts, the courtly manners, and the undeſigning

ſigning honeſty, by which he attained the honours he has enjoyed, and which now give a dignity and veneration to the eaſe he does enjoy. It is here that he looks back with pleaſure on the waves and billows through which he has ſteered to ſo fair an haven; he is now intent upon the practice of every virtue, which a great knowledge and uſe of mankind has diſcovered to be the moſt uſeful to them. Thus in his private domeſtic employments he is no leſs glorious than in his public; for it is in reality a more difficult taſk to be conſpicuous in a ſedentary inactive life, than in one that is ſpent in hurry and buſineſs; perſons engaged in the latter, like bodies violently agitated, from the ſwiftneſs of their motion have a brightneſs added to them, which often vaniſhes when they are at reſt; but if it then ſtill remain, it muſt be the ſeeds of intrinſic worth that thus ſhine out without any foreign aid or aſſiſtance.

His liberality in another might almoſt bear the name of profuſion; he ſeems to think it laudable even in the exceſs, like that river which moſt enriches when it overflows: but *Manilius* has too perfect a taſte of the pleaſure of doing good, ever to let it be out of his power; and for that reaſon he will have a juſt economy, and a ſplendid frugality at home; the fountain from whence thoſe ſtreams ſhould flow which he diſperſes abroad. He looks with diſdain on thoſe who propoſe their death as the time when they are to begin their munificence; he will both ſee and enjoy (which he then does in the higheſt degree) what he beſtows himſelf; he will be the living executor of his own bounty, whilſt they who have the happineſs to be within his care and patronage, at once pray for the continuation of his life, and their own good fortune. No one is out of the reach of his obligations; he knows how, by proper and becoming methods, to raiſe himſelf to a level with thoſe of the higheſt rank; and his good-nature is a ſufficient warrant againſt the want of thoſe who

are ſo unhappy as to be in the very loweſt. One may ſay of him as *Pindar* bids his muſe ſay of *Theron*:

Swear, that Theron *ſure has ſworn,*
No one near him ſhould be poor.
Swear, that none e'er had ſuch a graceful art,
Fortune's free gifts as freely to impart,
With an unenvious hand, and an unbounded heart.

Never did *Atticus* ſucceed better in gaining the univerſal love and eſteem of all men, nor ſteer with more ſucceſs betwixt the extremes of two contending parties. It is his peculiar happineſs, that while he eſpouſes neither with an intemperate zeal, he is not only admired, but, what is a more rare and unuſual felicity, he is beloved and careſſed by both; and I never yet ſaw any perſon of whatever age or ſex, but was immediately ſtruck with the merit of *Manilius*. There are many who are acceptable to ſome particular perſons, whilſt the reſt of mankind look upon them with coldneſs and indifference; but he is the firſt whoſe intire good fortune it is ever to pleaſe and to be pleaſed, wherever he comes to be admired, and wherever he is abſent to be lamented. His merit fares like the pictures of *Raphael*, which are either ſeen with admiration by all, or at leaſt no one dare own he has no taſte for a compoſition which has received ſo univerſal an applauſe. Envy and malice find it againſt their intereſt to indulge ſlander and obloquy. It is as hard for an enemy to detract from, as for a friend to add to his praiſe. An attempt upon his reputation is a ſure leſſening of one's own; and there is but one way to injure him, which is to refuſe him his juſt commendations, and be obſtinately ſilent.

It is below him to catch the ſight with any care of dreſs: his outward garb is but the emblem of his mind. It is genteel, plain, and unaffected; he knows

knows that gold and embroidery can add nothing to the opinion which all have of his merit; and that he gives a luſtre to the plaineſt dreſs, whilſt it is impoſſible that the richeſt ſhould communicate any to him. He is ſtill the principal figure in the room: he firſt engages your eye, as if there were ſome point of light which ſhone ſtronger upon him than on any other perſon.

He puts me in mind of a ſtory of the famous *Buſſy d' Amboiſe*, who, at an aſſembly at court, where every one appeared with the utmoſt magnificence, relying upon his own ſuperior behaviour, inſtead of adorning himſelf like the reſt, put on that day a plain ſuit of clothes, and dreſſed all his ſervants in the moſt coſtly gay habits he could procure: the event was, that the eyes of the whole court were fixed upon him, all the reſt looked like his attendants, whilſt he alone had the air of a perſon of quality and diſtinction.

Like *Ariſtippus*, whatever ſhape or condition he appears in, it ſtill ſits free and eaſy upon him; but in ſome part of his character, it is true, he differs from him; for as he is altogether equal to the largeneſs of his preſent circumſtances, the rectitude of his judgment has ſo far corrected the inclinations of his ambition, that he will not trouble himſelf with either the deſires or purſuits of any thing beyond his preſent enjoyments.

A thouſand obliging things flow from him upon every occaſion, and they are always ſo juſt and natural, that it is impoſſible to think he was at the leaſt pains to look for them. One would think it was the dæmon of good thoughts that diſcovered to him thoſe treaſures, which he muſt have blinded others from ſeeing, they lay ſo directly in their way. Nothing can equal the pleaſure that is taken in hearing him ſpeak, but the ſatisfaction one receives in the civility and attention he pays to the diſcourſe of others. His looks are a ſilent commendation of what is good and

praiſe-worthy, and a ſecret reproof to what is licentious and extravagant. He knows how to appear free and open without danger of intruſion, and to be cautious without ſeeming reſerved. The gravity of his converſation is always enlivened with his wit and humour, and the gaiety of it is tempered with ſomething that is inſtructive, as well as barely agreeable. Thus with him you are ſure not to be merry at the expence of your reaſon, nor ſerious with the loſs of your good-humour; but, by a happy mixture in his temper, they either go together, or perpetually ſucceed each other. In fine, his whole behaviour is equally diſtant from conſtraint and negligence, and he commands your reſpect, whilſt he gains your heart.

There is in his whole carriage ſuch an engaging ſoftneſs, that one cannot perſuade one's ſelf he is ever actuated by thoſe rougher paſſions, which, wherever they find place, ſeldom fail of ſhewing themſelves in the outward demeanour of the perſons they belong to: but his conſtitution is a juſt temperature between indolence on one hand, and violence on the other. He is mild and gentle, wherever his affairs will give him leave to follow his own inclinations; but yet never failing to exert himſelf with vigour and reſolution in the ſervice of his prince, his country, or his friend. Z

WEDNESDAY,

No. 468. Wednesday, August 27.

Erat homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer, et qui plurimum et salis haberet et fellis, nec candoris minus.

Plin. Epist.

He was an ingenious, pleasant fellow, and one who had a great deal of wit and satire, with an equal share of good-humour.

My paper is in a kind a letter of news, but it regards rather what passes in the world of conversation than that of business. I am very sorry that I have at present a circumstance before me, which is of very great importance to all who have relish for gaiety, wit, mirth, or humour; I mean the death of poor *Dick Eastcourt*. I have been obliged to him for so many hours of jollity, that it is but a small recompense, though all I can give him, to pass a moment or two in sadness for the loss of so agreeable a man. Poor *Eastcourt!* the last time I saw him, we were plotting to show the town his great capacity for acting in his full light, by introducing him as dictating to a set of young players, in what manner to speak this sentence, and utter the other passion.—He had so exquisite a discerning of what was defective in any object before him, that in an instant he could shew you the ridiculous side of what would pass for beautiful and just, even to men of no ill judgment, before he had pointed at the failure. He was no less skilful in the knowledge of beauty; and, I dare say, there is no one who knew him well, but can repeat more well-turned compliments, as well as smart repartees of Mr. *Eastcourt*, than of any other man in *England*. This was easily to be observed in his inimitable faculty of telling a story, in which he would throw in natural and unexpected incidents,

to

to make his court to one part, and rally the other part of the company: then he would vary the uſage he gave them, according as he ſaw them bear kind or ſharp language. He had the knack to raiſe up a penſive temper, and mortify an impertinently gay one, with the moſt agreeable ſkill imaginable. There are a thouſand things which crowd into my memory, which make me too much concerned to tell one about him. *Hamlet* holding up the ſkull which the grave-digger threw to him, with an account that it was the head of the king's jeſter, falls into very pleaſing reflections, and cries out to his companion;

Alas, poor Yorick! *I knew him,* Horatio, *a fellow of infinite jeſt, of moſt excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thouſand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is, my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips that I have kiſſed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment that were wont to ſet the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning; quite chop-fallen! Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come. Make her laugh at that.*

It is an inſolence natural to the wealthy, to affix as much as in them lies, the character of a man to his circumſtances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praiſe faintly the good qualities of thoſe below them, and ſay, it is very extraordinary in ſuch a man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the value of him whoſe lowneſs upbraids their exaltation. It is to this humour only that it is to be aſcribed, that a quick wit in converſation, a nice judgment upon any emergency that could ariſe, and a moſt blameleſs inoffenſive behaviour could not raiſe this man above being received only upon the foot of contributing to mirth and diverſion. But he was as eaſy under that condition

as

as a man of ſo excellent talents was capable; and ſince they would have it, that to divert was his buſineſs, he did it with all the ſeeming alacrity imaginable, though it ſtung him to the heart that it was his buſineſs. Men of ſenſe, who could taſte his excellencies, were well ſatisfied to let him lead the way in converſation, and play after his own manner; but fools, who provoked him to mimicry, found he had the indignation to let it be at their expence who called for it, and he would ſhew the form of conceited heavy fellows as jeſts to the company, at their own requeſt, in revenge for interrupting him from being a companion to put on the character of a jeſter.

What was peculiarly excellent in this memorable companion, was, that, in the accounts he gave of perſons and ſentiments, he did not only hit the figure of their faces, and manner of their geſtures, but he would, in his narration, fall into their very way of thinking, and this when he recounted paſſages wherein men of the beſt wit were concerned, as well as ſuch wherein were repreſented men of the loweſt rank of underſtanding. It is certainly as great an inſtance of ſelf-love to a weakneſs, to be impatient of being mimicked, as any can be imagined. There were none but the vain, the formal, the proud, or thoſe who were incapable of amending their faults, that dreaded him; to others he was in the higheſt degree pleaſing; and I do not know any ſatisfaction of any indifferent kind I ever taſted ſo much, as having got over an impatience of ſeeing myſelf in the air he could put me when I have diſpleaſed him. It is indeed to his exquiſite talent this way, more than any philoſophy I could read on the ſubject, that my perſon is very little of my care; and it is indifferent to me what is ſaid of my ſhape, my air, my manner, my ſpeech, or my addreſs. It is to poor *Eaſtcourt* I chiefly owe, that I am arrived at the happineſs of thinking nothing

a diminution to me, but what argues a depravity of my will.

It has as much ſurpriſed me as any thing in nature, to have it frequently ſaid, that he was not a good player: but that muſt be owing to a partiality for former actors in the parts in which he ſucceeded them, and judging by compariſon of what was liked before, rather than by the nature of the thing. When a man of his wit and ſmartneſs could put on an utter abſence of common ſenſe in his face, as he did in the character of *Bullfinch* in the *Northern Laſs*, and an air of inſipid cunning and vivacity in the character of *Pounce* in the *Tender Huſband*, it is folly to diſpute his capacity and ſucceſs, as he was an actor.

Poor *Eaſtcourt!* let the vain and proud be at reſt; they will no more diſturb their admiration of their dear ſelves, and thou art no longer to drudge in raiſing the mirth of ſtupids, who knew nothing of thy merit, for thy maintenance.

It is natural for the generality of mankind to run into reflections upon our mortality, when diſturbers of the world are laid at reſt, but to take no notice when they who can pleaſe and divert are pulled from us: but, for my part, I cannot but think the loſs of ſuch talents, as the man of whom I am ſpeaking was maſter of, a more melancholy inſtance of mortality than the diſſolution of perſons of ever ſo high characters in the world, whoſe pretenſions were that they were noiſy and miſchievous.

But I muſt grow more ſuccinct, and, as a SPECTATOR, give an account of this extraordinary man, who, in his way, never had an equal in any age before him, or in that wherein he lived. I ſpeak of him as a companion, and a man qualified for converſation. His fortune expoſed him to an obſequiouſneſs towards the worſt ſort of company, but his excellent qualities rendered him capable of making the beſt figure in the moſt refined. I have been

preſent

preſent with him among men of the moſt delicate taſte a whole night, and have known him (for he ſaw it was deſired) keep the diſcourſe to himſelf the moſt part of it, and maintain his good-humour with a countenance, in a language ſo delightful, without offence to any perſon or thing upon earth, ſtill preſerving the diſtance his circumſtances obliged him to; I ſay, I have ſeen him do all this in ſuch a charming manner, that I am ſure none of thoſe I hint at will read this, without giving him ſome ſorrow for their abundant mirth, and one guſh of tears for ſo many burſts of laughter. I wiſh it were any honour to the pleaſant creature's memory, that my eyes are too much ſuffuſed to let me go on—— T

No. 469. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28.

Detrahere aliquid alteri, et hominem hominis incommodo ſuum augere commodum, magis eſt contra naturam, quam mors, quam paupertas, quam dolor, quam cætera quæ poſſunt aut corpori accidere, aut rebus externis. TULL.

To detract from other men, and turn their diſadvantages to our own profit, is more contrary to nature than death, poverty, or grief, or any thing which can affect our bodies, or external circumſtances.

I AM perſuaded there are few men, of generous principles, who would ſeek after great places, were it not rather to have an opportunity in their hands of obliging their particular friends, or thoſe whom they look upon as men of worth, than to procure wealth and honour for themſelves. To an honeſt mind the beſt perquiſites of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.

Thoſe

Thoſe who are under the great officers of ſtate, and are the inſtruments by which they act, have more frequent opportunities for the exerciſe of compaſſion and benevolence, than their ſuperiors themſelves. These men know every little caſe that is to come before the great man, and, if they are poſſeſſed with honeſt minds, will conſider poverty as a recommendation in the perſon who applies himſelf to them, and make the juſtice of his cauſe the moſt powerful ſolicitor in his behalf. A man of this temper, when he is in a poſt of buſineſs, becomes a bleſſing to the public: he patronizes the orphan and the widow, aſſiſts the friendleſs, and guides the ignorant: he does not reject the perſon's pretenſions, who does not know how to explain them, or refuſe doing a good office for a man, becauſe he cannot pay the fee of it. In ſhort, though he regulates himſelf in all his proceedings by juſtice and equity, he finds a thouſand occaſions for all the good-natured offices of generoſity and compaſſion.

A man is unfit for ſuch a place of truſt, who is of a ſour untractable nature, or has any other paſſion that makes him uneaſy to thoſe who approach him. Roughneſs of temper is apt to diſcountenance the timorous or modeſt. The proud man diſcourages thoſe from approaching him who are of a mean condition, and who moſt want his aſſiſtance. The impatient man will not give himſelf time to be informed of the matter that lies before him. An officer with one or more of theſe unbecoming qualities, is ſometimes looked upon as a proper perſon to keep off impertinence and ſolicitation from his ſuperior; and this is a kind of merit that can never atone for the injuſtice which may very often ariſe from it.

There are two other vicious qualities which render a man very unfit for ſuch a place of truſt. The firſt of theſe is a dilatory temper, which commits

innumerable cruelties without deſign. The maxim which ſeveral have laid down for a man's conduct in ordinary life, ſhould be inviolable with a man in office, Never to think of doing that to-morrow which may be done to-day. A man who defers doing what ought to be done, is guilty of injuſtice ſo long as he defers it. The diſpatch of a good office is very often as beneficial to the ſolicitor as the good office itſelf. In ſhort, if a man compared the inconveniencies which another ſuffers by his delays, with the trifling motives and advantages which he himſelf may reap by ſuch a delay, he would never be guilty of a fault which very often does an irreparable prejudice to the perſon who depends upon him, and which might be remedied with little trouble to himſelf.

But, in the laſt place, there is no man ſo improper to be employed in buſineſs, as he who is in any degree capable of corruption; and ſuch an one is the man who, upon any pretence whatſoever, receives more than what is the ſtated and unqueſtioned fee of his office. Gratifications, tokens of thankfulneſs, diſpatch-money, and the like ſpecious terms, are the pretences under which corruption very frequently ſhelters itſelf. An honeſt man will, however, look on all theſe methods as unjuſtifiable, and will enjoy himſelf better in a moderate fortune that is gained with honour and reputation, than in an overgrown eſtate that is cankered with the acquiſitions of rapine and exaction. Were all our offices diſcharged with ſuch an inflexible integrity, we ſhould not ſee men in all ages, who grow up to exorbitant wealth with the abilities which are to be met with in an ordinary mechanic. I cannot but think, that ſuch a corruption proceeds chiefly from men's employing the firſt that offer themſelves, or thoſe who have the character of ſhrewd worldly men, inſtead of ſearching out ſuch as have had a

liberal education, and have been trained up in the ſtudies of knowledge and virtue.

It has been obſerved, that men of learning who take to buſineſs, diſcharge it generally with greater honeſty than men of the world. The chief reaſon for it I take to be as follows. A man that has ſpent his youth in reading, has been uſed to find virtue extolled, and vice ſtigmatized. A man that has paſſed his time in the world, has often ſeen vice triumphant, and virtue diſcountenanced. Extortion, rapine, and injuſtice, which are branded with infamy in books, often give a man a figure in the world; while ſeveral qualities which are celebrated in authors, as generoſity, ingenuity, and good-nature, impoveriſh and ruin him. This cannot but have a proportionable effect on men, whoſe tempers and principles are equally good and vicious.

There would be, at leaſt, this advantage in employing men of learning and parts in buſineſs, that their proſperity would ſit more gracefully on them, and that we ſhould not ſee many worthleſs perſons ſhot up into the greateſt figures of life. C

No. 470. FRIDAY, AUGUST 29.

Turpe eſt difficiles habere nugas,
Et ſtultus labor eſt ineptiarum.

MART. Epig. lxxvi. l. 2. ver. 9.

'Tis folly only, and defect of ſenſe,
Turns trifles into things of conſequence.

I HAVE been very often diſappointed of late years, when, upon examining the new edition of a claſſic author, I have found above half the volume taken up with various readings. When I have expected to meet with a learned note upon a doubtful paſſage in a *Latin* poet, I have only been informed, that

that ſuch or ſuch ancient manuſcripts for an *et* write an *ac*, or of ſome other notable diſcovery of the like importance. Indeed, when a different reading gives a different ſenſe, or a new elegance in an author, the editor does very well in taking notice of it; but when he only entertains us with the ſeveral ways of ſpelling the ſame word, and gathers together the various blunders and miſtakes of twenty or thirty different tranſcribers, they only take up the time of the learned reader, and puzzle the minds of the ignorant. I have often fancied with myſelf how enraged an old *Latin* author would be, ſhould he ſee the ſeveral abſurdities in ſenſe and grammar, which are imputed to him by ſome or other of theſe various readings. In one he ſpeaks nonſenſe; in another makes uſe of a word that was never heard of: and indeed there is ſcarce a ſoleciſm in writing which the beſt author is not guilty of, if we may be at liberty to read him in the words of ſome manuſcript, which the laborious editor has thought fit to examine in the proſecution of his work.

I queſtion not but the ladies and pretty fellows will be very curious to underſtand what it is that I have been hitherto talking of; I ſhall therefore give them a notion of this practice, by endeavouring to write after the manner of ſeveral perſons who make an eminent figure in the republic of letters. To this end we will ſuppoſe that the following ſong is an old ode, which I preſent to the public in a new edition, with the ſeveral various readings which I find of it in former editions, and in ancient manuſcripts. Thoſe who cannot reliſh the various readings, will perhaps find their account in the ſong, which never before appeared in print.

My love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would ſettle in my heart:
From beauty ſtill to beauty ranging,
In ev'ry face I found a dart.

'Twas firſt a charming ſhape enſlav'd me,
An eye then gave the fatal ſtroke:
'Till by her wit Corinna *ſav'd me,*
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and laſting anguiſh
For Belvidera *I endure;*
Hourly I ſigh, and hourly languiſh,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the falſe unconſtant lover,
After a thouſand beauties ſhown,
Does new ſurpriſing charms diſcover,
And finds variety in one.

Various Readings.

Stanza the firſt, verſe the firſt. *And changing.*] The *and* in ſome manuſcripts is written thus &, but that in the *Cotton* library writes it in three diſtinct letters.

Verſe the ſecond. *Nor e'er would.*] *Aldus* reads it *ever would;* but as this would hurt the metre, we have reſtored it to the genuine reading, by obſerving that *ſynæreſis* which had been neglected by ignorant tranſcribers.

Ibid. *In my heart.*] *Scaliger* and others, *on my heart.*

Verſe the fourth. *I found a dart.*] The *Vatican* manuſcript for *I* reads *it;* but this muſt have been the hallucination of the tranſcriber, who probably miſtook the daſh of the *I* for a *T*.

Stanza the ſecond, verſe the ſecond. *The fatal ſtroke.*] *Scioppius*, *Salmaſius*, and many others, for *the* read *a*, but I have ſtuck to the uſual reading.

Verſe the third. *Till by her wit.*] Some manuſcripts

ſcripts have it *his wit*, others *your*, others *their wit*; but as I find *Corinna* to be the name of a woman in other authors, I cannot doubt but it ſhould be *her*.

Stanza the third, verſe the firſt. *A long and laſting anguiſh.*] The *German* manuſcript reads *a laſting paſſion*, but the rhyme will not admit it.

Verſe the ſecond. *For* Belvidera *I endure.*] Did not all the manuſcripts reclaim, I ſhould change *Belvidera* into *Pelvidera*; *Pelvis* being uſed by ſeveral of the ancient comic writers for a looking-glaſs, by which means the etymology of the word is very viſible, and *Pelvidera* will ſignify a lady who often looks in her glaſs; as indeed ſhe had very good reaſon, if ſhe had all thoſe beauties which our poet here aſcribes to her.

Verſe the third. *Hourly I ſigh, and hourly languiſh.*] Some for the word *hourly* read *daily*, and others *nightly*; the laſt has great authorities of its ſide.

Verſe the fourth. *The wonted cure.*] The elder *Stevens* reads *wanted cure.*

Stanza the fourth, verſe the ſecond. *After a thouſand beauties.*] In ſeveral copies we meet with a *hundred beauties*, by the uſual error of the tranſcribers, who probably omitted a cipher, and had not taſte enough to know that the word *thouſand* was ten times a greater compliment to the poet's miſtreſs than an *hundred.*

Verſe the fourth. *And finds variety in one.*] Moſt of the ancient manuſcripts have it in *two.* Indeed ſo many of them concur in this laſt reading, that I am very much in doubt whether it ought not to take place. There are but two reaſons which incline me to the reading as I have publiſhed it: Firſt, becauſe the rhyme, and, ſecondly, becauſe the ſenſe is preſerved by it. It might likewiſe proceed from the oſcitancy of tranſcribers, who, to diſpatch their work the ſooner, uſed to write all numbers in ciphers, and ſeeing the figure 1 followed by a little daſh of the

pen, as is cuſtomary in old manuſcripts, they perhaps miſtook the daſh for a ſecond figure, and by caſting up both together, compoſed out of them the figure 2. But this I ſhall leave to the learned, without determining any thing in a matter of ſo great uncertainty. C

No. 471. SATURDAY, AUGUST 30.

Ἐν ἐλπίσιν χρὴ τὰς σοφὰς ἔχειν βίον. EURIPID.

The wiſe with hope ſupport the pains of life.

THE *time preſent* ſeldom affords ſufficient employment to the mind of man. Objects of pain or pleaſure, love or admiration, do not lie thick enough together in life to keep the ſoul in conſtant action, and ſupply an immediate exerciſe to its faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this defect, that the mind may not want buſineſs, but always have materials for thinking, ſhe is endowed with certain powers, that can recal what is paſt, and anticipate what is to come.

That wonderful faculty, which we call the memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing preſent to entertain us. It is like thoſe repoſitories in ſeveral animals that are filled with ſtores of their former food, on which they may ruminate when their preſent paſture fails.

As the memory relieves the mind in her vacant moments, and prevents any chaſms of thought by ideas of what is *paſt*, we have other faculties that agitate and employ her upon what is *to come*. Theſe are the paſſions of hope and fear.

By theſe two paſſions we reach forward into futurity, and bring up to our preſent thoughts objects that lie hid in the remoteſt depths of time. We ſuffer miſery,

miſery, and enjoy happineſs, before they are in being; we can ſet the ſun and ſtars forward, or loſe ſight of them by wandering into thoſe retired parts of eternity, when the heavens and earth ſhall be no more.

By the way, who can imagine that the exiſtence of a creature is to be circumſcribed by time, whoſe thoughts are not? But I ſhall, in this paper, confine myſelf to that particular paſſion which goes by the name of Hope.

Our actual enjoyments are ſo few and tranſient, that man would be a very miſerable being, were he not endowed with this paſſion, which gives him a taſte of thoſe good things that may poſſibly come into his poſſeſſion. *We ſhould hope for every thing that is good*, ſays the old poet *Linus*, *becauſe there is nothing which may not be hoped for, and nothing but what the gods are able to give us.* Hope quickens all the ſtill parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her moſt remiſs and indolent hours. It gives habitual ſerenity and good-humour. It is a kind of vital heat in the ſoul, that cheers and gladdens her, when ſhe does not attend to it. It makes pain eaſy, and labour pleaſant.

Beſide theſe ſeveral advantages which riſe from hope, there is another, which is none of the leaſt, and that is, its great efficacy in preſerving us from ſetting too high a value on preſent enjoyments. The ſaying of *Cæſar* is very well known. When he had given away all his eſtate in gratuities among his friends, one of them aſked what he had left for himſelf? to which that great man replied, *Hope*. His natural magnanimity hindered him from prizing what he was certainly poſſeſſed of, and turned all his thoughts upon ſomething more valuable that he had in view. I queſtion not but every reader will draw a moral from this ſtory, and apply it to himſelf without my direction.

The old ſtory of *Pandora*'s box (which many of the

the learned believe was formed among the heathens upon the tradition of the fall of man) ſhews us how deplorable a ſtate they thought the preſent life, without hope. To ſet forth the utmoſt condition of miſery, they tell us, that our forefather, according to the *Pagan* theology, had a great veſſel preſented him by *Pandora:* upon his lifting up the lid of it, ſays the fable, there flew out all the calamities and diſtempers incident to men, from which, till that time, they had been altogether exempt. *Hope*, who had been incloſed in the cup with ſo much bad company, inſtead of flying off with the reſt, ſtuck ſo cloſe to the lid of it, that it was ſhut down upon her.

I ſhall make but two reflections upon what I have hitherto ſaid: Firſt, that no kind of life is ſo happy as that which is full of hope, eſpecially when the hope is well grounded, and when the object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its nature proper to make the perſon happy who enjoys it. This propoſition muſt be very evident to thoſe who conſider how few are the preſent enjoyments of the moſt happy man, and how inſufficient to give him an entire ſatisfaction and acquieſcence in them.

My next obſervation is this, that a religious life is that which moſt abounds in a well-grounded hope, and ſuch an one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This hope in a religious man is much more ſure and certain than the hope of any temporal bleſſing, as it is ſtrengthened not only by reaſon, but by faith. It has, at the ſame time, its eye perpetually fixed on that ſtate, which implies in the very notion of it the moſt full and the moſt complete happineſs.

I have before ſhewn how the influence of hope in general ſweetens life, and makes our preſent condition ſupportable, if not pleaſing; but a religious hope has ſtill greater advantages. It does not only bear up the mind under her ſufferings, but

but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the inſtruments of procuring her the great and ultimate end of all her hope.

Religious hope has likewiſe this advantage above any other kind of hope, that it is able to revive the *dying* man, and to fill his mind not only with ſecret comfort and refreſhment, but ſometimes with rapture and tranſport. He triumphs in his agonies, whilſt the ſoul ſprings forward with delight to the great object which ſhe has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being re-united to her in a glorious and joyful reſurrection.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay with thoſe emblematical expreſſions of a lively hope, which the Pſalmiſt made uſe of in the midſt of thoſe dangers and adverſities which ſurrounded him; for the following paſſage had its preſent and perſonal, as well as its future and prophetic ſenſe. *I have ſet the Lord always before me: becauſe he is at my right hand I ſhall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my fleſh alſo ſhall reſt in hope. For thou wilt not leave my ſoul in hell, neither wilt thou ſuffer thine holy one to ſee corruption. Thou wilt ſhew me the path of life: in thy preſence there is fulneſs of joy, at thy right hand there are pleaſures for evermore.*

C

MONDAY

No. 472. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

——— *Voluptas*
Solamenque mali ———

VIRG. Æn. iii. ver. 660.

This only ſolace his hard fortune ſends.

DRYDEN.

I RECEIVED ſome time ago a propoſal, which had a preface to it, wherein the author diſcourſed at large of the innumerable objects of charity in a nation, and admoniſhed the rich, who were afflicted with any diſtemper of body, particularly to regard the poor in the ſame ſpecies of affliction, and confine their tenderneſs to them, ſince it is impoſſible to aſſiſt all who are preſented to them. The propoſer had been relieved from a malady in his eyes by an operation performed by Sir *William Read*, and being a man of condition, had taken a reſolution to maintain three poor blind men during their lives, in gratitude for that great bleſſing. This misfortune is ſo very great and unfrequent, that one would think an eſtabliſhment for all the poor under it might be eaſily accompliſhed, with the addition of a very few others to thoſe wealthy who are in the ſame calamity. However, the thought of the propoſer aroſe from a very good motive, and the parcelling of ourſelves out, as called to particular acts of beneficence, would be a pretty cement of ſociety and virtue. It is the ordinary foundation for men's holding a commerce with each other, and becoming familiar, that they agree in the ſame ſort of pleaſure; and ſure it may alſo be ſome reaſon for amity, that they are under one common diſtreſs. If all the rich, who are lame in the gout, from a life of eaſe, pleaſure, and luxury, would help thoſe few who have it without a previous life of pleaſure, and

and add a few of ſuch laborious men, who are become lame from unhappy blows, falls, or other accidents of age or ſickneſs; I ſay, would ſuch gouty perſons adminiſter to the neceſſities of men diſabled like themſelves, the conſciouſneſs of ſuch a behaviour would be the beſt julep, cordial, and anodyne, in the feveriſh, faint, and tormenting viciſſitudes of that miſerable diſtemper. The ſame may be ſaid of all other, both bodily and intellectual evils. Theſe claſſes of charity would certainly bring down bleſſings upon an age and people; and, if men were not petrified with the love of this world againſt all ſenſe of the commerce which ought to be among them, it would not be an unreaſonable bill for a poor man in the agony of pain, aggravated by want and poverty, to draw upon a ſick alderman after this form;

'Mr. BASIL PLENTY,

'SIR,

You have the gout and ſtone, with ſixty thouſand pound ſterling: I have the gout and ſtone, not worth one farthing: I ſhall pray for you, and deſire you would pay the bearer twenty ſhillings, for value received from,

Cripple-Gate, Aug. 29, 1712.

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

LAZARUS HOPEFUL.

The reader's own imagination will ſuggeſt to him the reaſonableneſs of ſuch correſpondences, and diverſify them into a thouſand forms; but I ſhall cloſe this as I began, upon the ſubject of blindneſs. The following letter ſeems to be written by a man of learning, who is returned to his ſtudy after a ſuſpence of an ability to do ſo. The benefit he reports himſelf to have received, may well claim the handſomeſt encomium he can give the operator.

Mr.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Ruminating lately on your admirable diſcourſes 'on the *Pleaſures of the imagination*, I began to 'conſider to which of our ſenſes we are obliged for 'the greateſt and moſt important ſhare of thoſe plea-'ſures; and I ſoon concluded that it was to the '*ſight*: that it is the ſovereign of the ſenſes, and mo-'ther of all the arts and ſciences, that have refined 'the rudeneſs of the uncultivated mind to a polite-'neſs that diſtinguiſhes the fine ſpirits from the bar-'barous *gout* of the *great* vulgar and the *ſmall*. 'The *ſight* is the obliging benefactreſs that beſtows 'on us the moſt tranſporting ſenſations that we have 'from the various and wonderful products of na-'ture. To the *ſight* we owe the amazing diſcoveries 'of the height, magnitude, and motion of the pla-'nets; their ſeveral revolutions about their common 'centre of light, heat, and motion, the *ſun*. The '*ſight* travels yet farther to the fixed ſtars, and fur-'niſhes the underſtanding with ſolid reaſons to 'prove, that each of them is a *ſun* moving on its 'own axis in the centre of its own vortex or turbil-'lion, and performing the ſame offices to its de-'pendent planets that our glorious ſun does to this.

'But the inquiries of the *ſight* will not be ſtopped 'here, but make their progreſs through the immenſe 'expanſe to the *Milky Way*, and there divide the 'blended fires of the *Galaxy* into infinite and differ-'ent worlds, made up of diſtinct ſuns, and their 'peculiar equipages of planets, till, unable to purſue 'this track any farther, it deputes the imagination 'to go on to new diſcoveries, till it fill the unbound-'ed ſpace with endleſs worlds.

'The *ſight* informs the ſtatuary's chiſel with 'power to give breath to lifeleſs braſs and marble, 'and the painter's pencil to ſwell the flat canvaſs 'with moving figures, actuated by imaginary ſouls. 'Muſic indeed may plead another original, ſince

'*Tubal*, by the different falls of his hammer on 'the anvil, diſcovered by the ear the firſt rude 'muſic that pleaſed the antediluvian fathers; but 'then the *ſight* has not only reduced thoſe wilder 'ſounds into artful order and harmony, but con-'veys that harmony to the moſt diſtant parts of the 'world without the help of ſound. To the *ſight* 'we owe not only all the diſcoveries of philoſophy, 'but all the divine imagery of poetry that tranſ-'ports the intelligent reader of *Homer*, *Milton*, and '*Virgil*.

'As the ſight has poliſhed the world, ſo does it 'ſupply us with the moſt grateful and laſting plea-'ſure. Let love, let friendſhip, paternal affection, 'filial piety, and conjugal duty, declare the joys 'the *ſight* beſtows on a meeting after abſence. 'But it would be endleſs to enumerate all the plea-'ſures and advantages of *ſight*; every one that has 'it, every hour he makes uſe of it, finds them, feels 'them, enjoys them.

'Thus as our greateſt pleaſures and knowledge 'are derived from the ſight, ſo has Providence 'been more curious in the formation of its ſeat, 'the eye, than of the organs of the other ſenſes. 'That ſtupendous machine is compoſed in a won-'derful manner of muſcles, membranes, and hu-'mours. Its motions are admirably directed by 'the muſcles; the perſpicuity of the humours 'tranſmit the rays of light; the rays are regularly 'refracted by their figure, the black lining of the 'ſclerotes effectually prevents their being confound-'ed by reflection. It is wonderful indeed to con-'ſider how many objects the eye is fitted to take in 'at once, and ſucceſſively in an inſtant, and at the 'ſame time to make a judgment of their poſition, 'figure, or colour. It watches againſt our dan-'gers, guides our ſteps, and lets in all the viſible 'objects, whoſe beauty and variety inſtruct and 'delight.

'The pleasures and advantages of sight being so 'great, the loss must be very grievous; of which 'Milton, from experience, gives the most sensible 'idea, both in the third book of his *Paradise Lost*, 'and in his *Sampson Agonistes*.

To Light, in the former.

——Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp: but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, but find no dawn.

And a little after:

Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n and morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surround me: from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quit shut out.

Again, in *Sampson Agonistes*.

——But chief of all,
O loss of sight! of thee I most complain;
Blind among enemies! O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepid age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me 's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd——

——Still as a fool,
In pow'r of others, never in my own,
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half:
O dark! dark! dark! amid the blaze of noon:
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hopes of day!

'The

'The enjoyment of ſight then being ſo great a 'bleſſing, and the loſs of it ſo terrible an evil, how 'excellent and valuable is the ſkill of that artiſt 'which can reſtore the former, and redreſs the lat-'ter! My frequent peruſal of the advertiſements in 'the public news-papers (generally the moſt agreea-'ble entertainment they afford) has preſented me 'with many and various benefits of this kind done 'to my countrymen by that ſkilfulful artiſt Dr. '*Grant*, her Majeſty's oculiſt extraordinary, whoſe 'happy hand has brought and reſtored to ſight ſe-'veral hundreds in leſs than four years. Many have 'received ſight by his means who came blind from 'their mother's womb, as in the famous inſtance of '*Jones* of *Newington*. I myſelf have been cured 'by him of a weakneſs in my eyes next to blindneſs, 'and am ready to believe any thing that is reported 'of his ability this way; and know that many, who 'could not purchaſe his aſſiſtance with money, have 'enjoyed it from his charity. But a liſt of particu-'lars would ſwell my letter beyond its bounds, what 'I have ſaid being ſufficient to comfort thoſe who 'are in the like diſtreſs, ſince they may conceive 'hopes of being no longer miſerable in this kind, 'while there is yet alive ſo able an oculiſt as Dr. '*Grant*.

'I am the SPECTATOR's humble ſervant,

T PHILANTHROPUS.'

No. 473. Tuesday, September 2.

Quid, ſi quis vultu torvo ferus, et pede nudo,
Exiguæque togæ ſimulet textore Catonem;
Virtutemne repræſentet, moreſque Catonis?

Hor. Ep. xix. lib. i. ver. 12.

Suppoſe a man the coarſeſt gown ſhould wear,
No ſhoes, his forehead rough, his look ſevere,
And ape great *Cato* in his form and dreſs;
Muſt he his virtues and his mind expreſs?

Creech.

To the Spectator.

'Sir,

'I Am now in the country, and employ moſt of 'my time in reading, or thinking upon what I 'have read. Your paper comes conſtantly down to 'me, and it affects me ſo much, that I find my 'thoughts run into your way; and I recommend to 'you a ſubject upon which you have not yet touched; 'and that is the ſatisfaction ſome men ſeem to take in 'their imperfections: I think one may call it glory-'ing in their inſufficiency. A certain great author is 'of opinion it is the contrary to envy, though perhaps 'it may proceed from it. Nothing is ſo common as 'to hear men of this ſort, ſpeaking of themſelves, add 'to their own merit (as they think) by impairing it, 'in praiſing themſelves for their defects, freely al-'lowing they commit ſome few frivolous errors, in 'order to be eſteemed perſons of uncommon talents 'and great qualifications. They are generally pro-'feſſing an injudicious neglect of dancing, fencing, 'and riding, as alſo an unjuſt contempt for travel-'ling and the modern languages; as for their part '(ſay they) they never valued or troubled their heads 'about them. This panegyrical ſatire on themſelves 'certainly

'certainly is worthy of your animadverſion. I have 'known one of theſe gentlemen think himſelf obli-'ged to forget the day of an appointment, and 'ſometimes even that you ſpoke to him, and when 'you ſee them, they hope you will pardon them, 'for they have the worſt memory in the world. 'One of them ſtarted up the other day in ſome 'confuſion, and ſaid, Now I think on it, I am to 'meet Mr. *Mortmain* the attorney about ſome bu-'ſineſs, but whether it is to-day, or to-morrow, 'faith I cannot tell. Now to my certain know-'lege he knew his time to a moment, and was 'there accordingly. Theſe forgetful perſons have, 'to heighten their crime, generally the beſt me-'mories of any people, as I have found out by 'their remembering ſometimes through inadverten-'cy. Two or three of them that I know can ſay 'moſt of our modern tragedies by heart. I aſked a 'gentleman the other day that is famous for a good 'carver, (at which acquiſition he is out of counte-'nance, imagining it may detract from ſome of his 'more eſſential qualifications), to help me to ſome-'thing that was near him; but he excuſed himſelf, 'and, bluſhing, told me, Of all things he could 'never carve in his life; though it can be proved 'upon him, that he cuts up, diſjoints, and uncaſes 'with incomparable dexterity. I would not be un-'derſtood as if I thought it laudable for a man of 'quality and fortune to rival the acquiſitions of ar-'tificers, and endeavour to excel in little handy qua-'lities; no, I argue only againſt being aſhamed at 'what is really praiſe-worthy. As theſe pretences 'to ingenuity ſhew themſelves ſeveral ways, you 'will often ſee a man of this temper aſhamed to be 'clean, and ſetting up for wit only from negligence 'in his habit. Now I am upon this head, I cannot 'help obſerving alſo upon a very different folly pro-'ceeding from the ſame cauſe. As theſe above-'mentioned ariſe from affecting an equality with

'men of greater talents from having the ſame faults, 'there are others that would come at a parallel with 'thoſe above them, by poſſeſſing little advantages 'which they want. I heard a young man not long 'ago, who has ſenſe, comfort himſelf in his ig-'norance of *Greek*, *Hebrew*, and the Orientals: at 'the ſame time that he publiſhed his averſion to thoſe 'languages, he ſaid that the knowledge of them 'was rather a diminution than an advancement of a 'man's character: though at the ſame time I know 'he languiſhes and repines he is not maſter of them 'himſelf. Whenever I take any of theſe fine perſons 'thus detracting from what they do not underſtand, 'I tell them I will complain to you, and ſay I am 'ſure you will not allow it an exception againſt 'a thing, that he who contemns it is an igno-'rant in it.

'I am, SIR,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'S. T.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a man of a very good eſtate, and am ho-'nourably in love. I hope you will allow, when 'the ultimate purpoſe is honeſt, there may be, with-'out treſpaſs againſt innocence, ſome toying by the 'way. People of condition are perhaps too diſtant 'and formal on thoſe occaſions; but, however that 'is, I am to confeſs to you that I have writ ſome 'verſes to atone for my offence. You profeſſed au-'thors are a little ſevere upon us, who write like 'gentlemen: but, if you are a friend to love, you 'will inſert my poem. You cannot imagine how 'much ſervice it would do me with my fair one, as 'well as reputation with all my friends, to have 'ſomething of mine in the SPECTATOR. My crime 'was, that I ſnatched a kiſs, and my poetical excuſe 'as follows:

I. Be-

I.

Belinda, ſee from yonder flow'rs
The bee flies loaded to its cell;
Can you perceive what it devours?
Are they impair'd in ſhow or ſmell?

II.

So, tho' I robb'd you of a kiſs,
Sweeter than their ambroſial dew;
Why art thou angry at my bliſs?
Has it at all impoveriſh'd you?

III.

'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
In ſpite of your unkind reſerve,
To keep my famiſh'd love alive,
Which you inhumanly would ſtarve.

'I am, SIR,

'Your humble ſervant,

'TIMOTHY STANZA.'

'SIR, *Aug.* 23, 1772.

'Having a little time upon my hands, I could 'not think of beſtowing it better, than in writing 'an epiſtle to the SPECTATOR, which I now do, 'and am,

'SIR, your humble ſervant,

'ROB SHORT.'

P. S. 'If you approve of my ſtyle, I am likely 'enough to become your correſpondent. I deſire 'your opinion of it. I deſign it for that way of 'writing called by the judicious the *familiar*.' T

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